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THE  
Art of Criticism :  
OR, THE  
METHOD  
Of making a  
Right J U D G M E N T  
U P O N  
SUBJECTS  
O F  
WIT *and* LEARNING.

Translated from the best Edition of the *French*, of the  
Famous Father *Bouhours*, by a Person of Quality.

In Four DIALOGUES.

L O N D O N :

Printed for *D. Brown*, at the *Black Swan* without Temple-  
Bar ; and *A. Roper*, at the *Black Boy* against *St. Dun-*  
*stan's Church* in *Fleetstreet*, 1705.



THE

Art of Criticism

OR THE

METHOD



RIGHT

SUBJECTS

OF

WITNESSING

Printed for O. J. ... by a Person of Quality

In the Year 1740

LONDON

Printed for O. J. ... by a Person of Quality

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T O

*Henry St. Johns, Esq;*

**T**HE following Sheets were given me by a Man of known Sense, and the Choice of Employing his leisure Hours in putting them into an *English* Dress, shews, from his unquestioned Judgement, that they have intrinsic Worth. This made me more curious in my Search, where I should make an Offering, without Injuring what had been approved by him; my Thoughts

A 2 in

### *The Dedication.*

in the enquiry no sooner raised themselves to you, but they fix'd there with Pleasure, your Soul, like his, being elated above the common Level, which creating a Friendship between you, gives me an Assurance that you must have the same Taste.

These Remarks in the Original were made by one of that Society, (however, pernicious in their Principles) to which *France* owes her most ingenious Pieces, and all the Writings of this Jesuit, were famous in his time amongst the *Beaux Esprits*, and therefore to you in whose Power it is as justly to Criticize our present Authors, as this Father

### *The Dedication.*

ther has done the past, it claims a right to your Protection, for he that is so well qualified, by his Conversation with Letters, as you are, to be a Judge, must have a Soul too noble to refuse being a Patron.

Now, Sir, should I aim at an Encomium, (the common Method of Dedications) I must needs be conscious of two Failures ; one is, my Inability to reach your Character, and by that incur the Displeasure of your Friends ; the other (which I fear most) is, to offend your Modesty, in repeating those generous Acts, which you only take delight in the Per-

*The Dedication.*

Performance, and always shun  
the Praise of.

Sir, That may you long re-  
main the Glorious Support of  
your Country, and Ornament  
of the Age, are the humble  
Wishes of,

*Your most Obedient,*

*and Devoted Servant, &c.*

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T O



TO THE  
**READER.**

**T**HE following Dialogues,  
are a Translation of a  
Piece, which was Writ by  
Father Bouhours, one of the fi-  
nest Wits of France, and contain  
several Rules, whereby you will  
be enabled to Judge of the Just-  
ness and Nicety of any Thought.  
They are not laid down as they  
would be, in a Treatise made ex  
profetto on such a Subject, but  
delivered after a free and easy  
manner, in a Discourse between  
two

## To the Reader.

*two Friends. You will find a great many Curious Turns of Wit, taken from the Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish and French Authors, all of which are preserved in their Original Languages: That those who understand any of them, may have all the Pleasure the Original can give; those who do not, may be very well satisfy'd with the English which accompanies them.*

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**THE**

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THE  
*ART of CRITICISM,*  
 OR THE  
 METHOD  
 Of making a right Judgment  
 upon Subjects of *Wit and Learning.*

---

DIALOGUE I.

**E**UDOXUS and Philanthus who manage these following Dialogues, are two Scholars whom their Learning has not spoil'd, and whose Breeding is equal to their Learning. Tho' they had pursu'd the same Studies, and knew for the most part the same things, yet their Characters are widely different. Eudoxus has a true Relish, and nothing pleases him in Ingenious Discourses which is not reasonable and natural. He loves the Ancients much, especially the Authors of *Augustus's* Age, which in his Opinion was the Age of good Sense. *Cicero, Virgil, Livy and Horace* are his Heroes.

As for *Philanthus*, what is florid and glittering; charms him. The Greeks and the Romans, in his Opinion, are not comparable to the Spaniards and the Italians. Among others, he admires *Lopez de Vega* and *Tasso*, and his Head is so full of the *Gierusalemme liberata*, that he prefers it without any ceremony to the *Iliad* or the *Aeneid*. This excepted, he has Wit, is an honest Gentleman, and *Eudoxus's* Friend. Their Friendship, however is no hindrance, but they often quarrel about these things. They reproach one another at every turn with their Tasts, and they differ concerning every Book that is published; but what Differences soever they may have, yet they love each other never the less; and they agree so well together, that they cannot live one without the other.

*Eudoxus* has a very pretty Country House near *Paris*, where he goes in fine weather to take the fresh Air, and to enjoy the Pleasures of Retirement, whenever his Business will permit him to quit the Town.

*Philanthus* went, as he used to do, to see him last Autumn: He found him walking alone in a little Grove, and reading the *Doubts concerning the French Language*, proposed to the Gentlemen of the Academy by a Country Gentleman.

*Philanthus*, who understands the Tongue more by Custom than Rule, fell foul upon *Eudoxus* presently for reading it.

What Business have you with that Country Gentleman, says he; a Man as you are, needs only follow his own Genius to speak and to write well. I do assure you, replies *Eudoxus*, that a Genius alone will not go far, and that one is in danger of committing a thousand Faults against Custom, if he does not reflect upon Custom it self. This Country Gentleman's Scruples are reasonable, and the more I read them, the more necessary they seem.

For my part, says *Philanthus*, I should rather desire his Reflections upon Authors Thoughts: for it seems to me to be a more necessary thing to think well, than

to speak well; or rather, one can neither (\*) speak nor write correctly, unless his Thoughts be just. He promised these Reflections when he told us at the end of his Book, that he had several other scruples about the Thoughts of Authors, besides those concerning the Language: But he has not performed his Promise: and I see plainly that this *Britton* is not too much a Man of his word.

Since the Gentlemen of the Academy gave him no solution of his first Scruples, replied *Eudoxus*, he believed perhaps that it was to no purpose for him to propose new ones. But, take notice that this place where the Low-*Britton*, seems to promise those Reflections you speak of, has caused me to make several which I had not made before: and that when I examined things more nearly, it seemed to me that those thoughts which sometimes appear the brightest in Composures of Wit, are not always the most solid.

I am almost dead with fear, says *Philanthus* interrupting him briskly, least with reading this Book of Doubts so much, you should have learned to doubt of every thing: and that this Country Gentleman who is scrupulously nice, has communicated something of his Spirit to you. It is not the Provincial that I am guided by, reply'd *Eudoxus*, it is good Sense which he himself takes for his Rule in those things which do not perfectly depend upon Custom; for one needs only consult his own Reason, not to approve some Thoughts which almost all the World admires, as for instance, that famous one of *Lucan*, *Victrix causa Dijs placuit: sed victa Catoni*, which the Translator of his *Pharsalia* has thus rendred.

*Les Dieux servent Cesar, mais Caton suit Pompee.*

*The Gods serve Cæsar, but Cato follows Pompey.*

I could be content, says *Philanthus* smiling, that this should not please you; it would, said he, going on in a serious Tone, be so much the worse for you.

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(\*) Scribendi rectè, sapere est & Principium & Fons. *Horat. de art Poet.*



I protest to you, reply'd *Eudoxus*, this never pleased me: and tho' the Adorers of *Lucan* should owe me a spite for it, yet I would not change my Opinion. But what, returned *Philantbus*, can be greater or finer then to set the Gods on one side, and *Cato* on the other?

The misfortune of this Thought is, answered *Eudoxus*, that it hath only a fair outside: and when one fathoms it, he will find it unreasonable at the bottom. For in short, it represents the Gods at the first view fixed to the unjust side, and so *Cæsar's* was, who sacrificed his Country to his ambition, and who pretended to oppress the publick Liberty which *Pompey* endeavoured to defend; now good sense never allows that the Gods should approve of the injustice of an Usurper who breaks the Laws of God and Man, to make himself the Master of the World; and one that thought rightly should have forgot the Gods on such an occasion, much less have brought them into Play.

Besides, *Cato* being a good Man, according to the Poet's own Description of him; there was no reason to oppose him to the Gods, and to set him in an Interest different from theirs. This is to destroy his Character; to take away his Vertue, for if we believe *Salust*, it was a part of the Roman goodness, to be zealous in the Service of the immortal Gods: and the Romans did not begin to neglect them. (\*) till their Morals began to be corrupted. It is yet less reasonable to advance *Cato* above the Gods, and by that means to raise the credit of *Pompey's* party; for this is what *sed victa Catoni* signifies; But *Cato* follow'd *Pompey*. But, here, is a mark of Distinction and Preference.

The truth is, this Roman was in the Judgment of the Romans themselves, (†) a living Image of Vertue, and in every thing more like the Gods than Men; he

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(\*) Avaritia fidem, Probitatem, cæterasque artes bonas subvertit: pro his Superbiam, crudelitatem, Deos negligere Edocuit. *Bell. Catil.*

(†) Homo Virtuti simillimus: per omnia ingenio Diis quam hominibus propior. *Velleius Paterc. lib. 11.*

was, if you will, a Divine Man: he was a Man: and the Poet, how much soever a Pagan, how much soever a Poet, could not give a Man an advantage above the Gods, without doing injury to the Religion in which he lived: so that *Lucan's* thought is at once both false and impious.

I do not reason so much, says *Philanthus*, and all your reasonings will never hinder me from esteeming *Lucan's* as an admirable Thought. You may judge as you please, reply'd *Eudoxus*; but I cannot admire that which is not true.

But, says *Philanthus*, cannot this Thought be thus explained? It pleased the Gods that the unrighteous party should prevail over the righteous, tho' *Cato* wished otherwise. Does this shock Reason; is not this the Sense of the Verse? Good Men every day make Vows for those that are like themselves, for the success of a good Cause; their Vows are not always heard; and Providence sometimes turn's things otherwise.

The Gods declared for *Cæsar* in the Event, tho' *Pompey's* was the juster side, which *Cato* upheld: The But in the Verse signifies perhaps no more than this tho', which gives no offence to the Gods, whose designs are unsearchable.

Were the Poet's Thoughts no more than this, replies *Eudoxus*, it were no great matter, and there would be no cause to cry out against it: I am sure at least that his Defenders do not understand it so: and that the Sense which displeases me is the very Sense which they admire.

To be convinced of this, you need only remember what one of *Lucan's* Admirers says in his reflexions upon our Translators. According to him, *Brebeuf* flags some times; and when *Lucan* happily comes up to the true Beauty of a Thought, his Translator falls very much below it: the Example which this Reflector brings, is that before us.

*Victrix Causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*

*The Gods serve Cæsar, but Cato follows Pompey.*

He maintains that the French Expression does not answer the nobleness of the Latin one, and that this is misrepresenting the Author's Sence : because *Lucan*, whose Mind was filled with *Cato's* Vertues, intended to advance him above the Gods, when he sets *Cato's* Opinion of the Merits of the Cause against theirs ; whereas *Brebeuf* turns this noble Image of *Cato* advanced above the Gods, into one of *Cato* Subject to *Pompey*.

I do not pretend to justify the Translation, says *Eudoxus*, and I agree with him that it is not exact. I say only that the Reflecters Censure proves what I said, that those who are fond of the Latin *Pharsalia* fancy something extraordinary in this Verse.

*Victrix Causa Deis placuit : sed victa Catoni.*

Do not refine too much *Philanthus* : till just now you were of the same Opinion your self ; and this new Sence which you have put upon it, is only an excuse to save *Lucan's* Honour.

Be it as it will, I would have all ingenious Thoughts, in Books of Poetry or Prose, to be like those of a great Orator whom *Tully* speak of ; (\*) which were as sound as they were true : as surprizing, as out of the way ; in short, they were as natural as they were far from all that Lustre which has nothing in it that is not frivolous and childish. For in one word, to tell you my Opinion in some sort of Order ; Truth is the first Quality, and as it were the Foundation of Thoughts : the fairest are the faultiest ; or rather, those which pass

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(\*) Sententiæ Crassi tam integræ, tam veræ : tam novæ ; tam sine pigritiis, tucoque puerili. *De Orat. lib. 2.*

for the fairest, are not really so, if they want this Foundation.

But tell me then, reply'd *Philanthus*, what is the exact Notion of a true Thought: and wherein this Truth consists, without which whatever one thinks, according to you, is so imperfect and monstrous.

Thoughts, Answers *Eudoxus*, are the Images of things, as words are the Images of Thoughts: and generally speaking, to think is to Form in ones self the Picture of any Object spiritual or sensible. Now Images and Pictures are true no further then they resemble: so a Thought is true when it represents things faithfully: and it is false, when it makes them appear otherwise than they are in themselves.

I do not understand your Doctrine, replies *Philanthus*, and I can scarce perswade my self that a witty Thought should always be founded upon Truth: on the contrary, I am of the Opinion of a Famous Critick, that (\*) falshood gives it often all its Grace, and is as it were the Soul of it. Nay, do we not see that what strikes most in Epigrams, and in other things where the Wit gives all the Beauty, generally turns most upon Fictions, upon Ambiguities, upon Hyperboles, which are but so many Lyes?

Do not confound things, if you please, reply'd *Eudoxus*; and allow me to explain my self that I may be understood. All that appears to be false is not so; and there is a great deal of difference between Fiction and Falshood; the one imitates and perfects Nature in some sort: the others spoils and quite destroys it.

In truth, the Fabulous World, which is the World of Poets, has nothing real in it: it is altogether a work of Imagination: and *Parnassus*, *Apollo*, the Muses with the Horse *Pegasus* are only agreeable *Chimeras*. But this System being once supposed, whatever is feigned within its extent passes not for falshood amongst the

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(\*) *Bella falsitas, plausibile mendacium; & ob eam causam gratissimum, quod excogitatum solenter, & ingeniose. Vassor. lib. de Epigram.*



Learned : especially when a Fiction is probable, and has some Truth hidden under it.

According to the Fable, for instance, Flowers grow under the feet of Gods and Heroes, to hint, perhaps, that great Men ought to spread abundance and joy every where. This is plausible, and has probability : so that in reading those Verses of *Racan* upon *Mary de Medicis* where he bids his Flock go into the Fields, and take their pleasure there, making use of the happy season which the Heavens had given in recompence of all these miseries, and not spare the Flowers, because there would grow up enough again under *Mary's* Feet;

*Païssez cheres Brebis, jouïssez de la joye  
Que le Ciel vous envoie :  
A la fin sa clemence à pitié de nos pleurs  
Allez dans la Campagne, allez dans la prairie ;  
N'épargnez point les fleurs ;  
Ils en revient assez sous les pas de Marie.*

I say in reading these Verses, we find nothing choquant in the Poet's Thought ; and if we allow a Falshood, yet it is an establisht one, which has an Air of Truth. So when we read in (\*) *Homer* that the Goddesses of Prayer are deformed and lame ; we are not offended at it ; this makes us imagine, that Prayer has something in it self that is mean ; and that when one Prays, he goes not so quick as when he Commands : which is as much as to say, that Commands are short and Prayers are long : One might add that the one are fierce and haughty, the other humble and creeping.

Neither are we shockt with the Fiction of the Graces being little and very low. Men hereby intended to show that prettinesses consist in little things : sometimes in a Posture or a Smile ; sometimes in a negligent Air and in something less. I say the same of all Fictions

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(\*) *Iliad*. 1.



that have Wit in them: such as the Latin Fable of the Sun and the Frogs which was published in the beginning of the Dutch War, and which was so well received in the World.

That is to say, answer'd *Philanthus* interrupting him, that you would not condemn another Vision of the same Poet; that the Stars jealous of the Sun made a League against him; but that when he appeared, he dispersed the Conspirators, and made all his Enemies vanish. No without doubt reply'd, *Eudoxus*, it is a very happy Thought, and being conceived upon *Parnassus* according to the Rules of Fiction, it has all the Truth it can have. The *fabulous System* Salves all the Falshood which these sort of Thoughts have in themselves; and it is allow'd, nay, it is even glorious for a Poet to lye in so ingenious a manner. But then setting the Fiction aside, Truth ought to be found in Poetry as well as in Prose. Hereby I do not pretend to take away the *marvellous* from Poetry, which distinguishes it from the noblest and the sublimest Prose: I mean only that Poets ought never to destroy the Essences of things, when they would raise and adorn them.

In the humour you are, says *Philanthus*, you will not approve of what *Ariosto* says of one of his Heroes; "that in the heat of the engagement not perceiving that he was killed, he still fought on vigorously, as dead as he was.

*Il pover' huomo che non sen' era accorto  
Andava combattendo, & era morto.*

Neither do I approve, reply'd *Eudoxus*, of what *Tasso* says of *Argante*, He dying threatned, and he fainted not.

*Minacciava morendo, e non languia.*

I give up *Ariosto*, says *Philanthus*: but I beg quarter for *Tasso*, and desire you to consider that a strong and fierce *Sarazen* who had been wounded in the Fight, and who

who died of his Wounds, might when he was a dying threaten him that gave him the fatal blow well enough. I agree with you that he might threaten him, reply'd *Eudoxus*, and even that his dying postures, " That his " last Words might have something in them that was " fierce, proud and terrible

*Superbi, formidabili, feroci*

*Gli ultimi moti sur<sup>o</sup>, l'ultime voci.*

This may be, and this agrees with *Argante's* Character: at his death he might have the same sense of things, which he had when he was alive; he might call together all his Spirits, and what strength he had left to express this his sense: sometimes Men make frightful outcries, before their last groans: but not to faint when they are dying, *e non languia*, is, what is by no means probable. *Montaign's Cannibal* Acts much more naturally than *Tasso's Sarazen*. For in short, if the *Cannibal* Prisoner to his Enemies braves them even in Irons, speaks reproachfully to them, spits in their Faces; if in the midst of Torments and at the point of death, when he has not strength to speak, he makes mouths at them to mock them, and to assure them that he is not yet overcome: there is nothing in all this, which is not conformable to the Genius of a fierce and resolute Barbarian.

But what can be more agreeable to Heroick Vertue, says *Philanthus*, than to dye without any weakness? *Heroes*, replies *Eudoxus*, have Resolution in dying have Constancy when they dye but the firmness of their Minds preserves not their Bodies from weakness: there it is, that they have no privilege. And yet the *non languia* which belongs to the Body, exempts *Argante* from this common Law, and in advancing the Hero, destroys the Man.

I am afraid, answer'd *Philanthus*, that your nicety goes too far, and that you push the Criticism beyond its due bounds. I believe *Tasso* intended to describe *Argante* in a rage against *Tancred*, and threatening him even when he was a dying: and so did not barely say that he dyed: but that his Fury and his Anger some measure

sure took away his faintness, and made him appear vigorous.

It is pity, replies *Eudoxus*, that *Tasso* is not better explained: for my part, I rye my self to what an Author speaks, I don't know how to make him speak what he never says.

After all, says *Philanthus*, some very grave Authors are not of your Opinion, in the matter of that Truth which you would establish and require in all ingenious Thoughts. Not to speak of (\*) *Macrobius* and *Seneca* who call those things pleasant Sophisms, which we term strokes of Wit (+), and the *Italians vivezze d'ingegno*, and the *Spaniards agudezas*; *Aristotle* reduces almost the whole Art of thinking ingeniously to the Metaphor, which is a kind of fraud, and the Count *Tesauvo* (||) says, according to that Philosopher's Principles, that the subtlest and the finest Thoughts are only figurative Enthymems, which equally please and impose upon the Understanding.

All this ought to be understood in a good Sence, replies *Eudoxus*. What is figurative is not false, and Metaphors have their Truth as well as Fictions. Let us call to mind what *Aristotle* teaches in his Rhetorick, and consider his Doctrine a little.

When *Homer* says of *Achilles* he went like a Lion, it is a Comparison: but when he says of the same *Achilles*, this Lion darted forth it is a Metaphor. In the Comparison the Hero is like a Lion: in the Metaphor the Hero is a Lion. The Metaphor you see is briefer and shorter than the Comparison; this represents but one Object, whereas that shows us two. The Metaphor confounds as I may say, the Lion with *Achilles*, or *Achilles* with the Lion: but there is no more falshood in the one than in the other. These Metaphorical Ideas deceive no Man; how little understanding soever

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(\*) Cavillationes *Macrobi*. *Vasæ* & ludicæ Conclusiones. *Seneca*.  
(+) Pointes d'esprit points of Wit. This word literally answers the Italian *vivezze quicknesses*, or the Spanish *agudezas sharpnesses*. (||) *Canonicæ Aristotelicæ*. Lib. 3. cap. 4.

a Man has he knows what they signifie: and he must be very dull, who takes these things literally. In a Word, can we question that *Homer* called *Achilles* a Lion for any other reason, than to describe his strength, his fierceness and his courage? And when *Voiture* says of the great *Gustavus*, behold the Northern Lion, who discovers not, through this Foreign Image a King terrible for his Valour and Power throughout all the North?

We may say then that Metaphors are like transparent Veils, thro' which we see what they cover; or like the Habits of a Mask under which the Persons who are disguised are known.

How glad am I, for the sake of Poets and Orators, says *Philanthus*, that Fiction and Metaphor would not that Truth which you require in compositions of Wit. But I am very much afraid, that Ambiguity and Truth can never agree according to your Principles. And yet it would be a pity that so many Thoughts which are pretty only for their Ambiguity should not be good; for instance, *Voiture's* upon Card. *Mazarin* whom his Coachman overthrew one day in the Water, "Where he desires him to forgive his Coachman who had driven so unfortunately: since it was his Eminences Reputation which made him rash: for he thought in overturning he could not do amiss, because it was the common Report that whatever he did, in Peace; in War, upon the Road, or in Business, he still re-covered himself upon his Feet.

*Prelat (\*) passant tous les Prelats passez,  
Car les presens seroit un peu trop dire,  
Pour Dieu rendez les pechez effacez  
De ce Cocher qui vous sceut mal conduire:  
S'il fut peu caut à son chemin elire.  
Vostre Renom les rendit temeraire.*

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(\*) There is a little quibble in *passant e passez*, in old English *passing* is used for *excelling*, tho' now it is almost out of use. I believe *Voiture* thought of it, tho' *F. Bourbours* omitted it, the Truth is, it is a very mean one.



*Il ne creut pas versant pouvoir mal faire,  
Car chacun dit, que quoy que vous fassiez,  
En guerre, en paix, en voyage, en affair  
Vous vous trouvez tousjours dessus vos pieds.*

All Ambiguities are not like this, answers *Eudoxus*;  
and this Petition for the Coachman who overthrew the  
Cardinal pleases me better then another which I re-  
member, (\*) " Wherein he desires his Eminence to  
" pardon the afflicted Coachman, who by misfortune  
" or carelesness tumbled him into the Water. The  
" too hardy Coachman knew not (says he) the History  
" of *Phaethon* and his Calamity. He had read no *Me-*  
" *tamorphoses*, and he thought he need not fear making  
" any false steps, when he carried *Cæsar* (†) and his  
" fortune.

*Plaise, Seigneur, plaise à vostre Eminence  
Faire la Paix de l' affligè Cocher;  
Qui par malheur, ou bien par imprudence  
Dessous les Flots, vous a fait trebucher.  
On ne luy droit ce crime reprochez:  
Le trop hardi Meneur ne sçavoit pas  
De Phaëton l' Histoire & piteux Cas:  
Il ne lisoit Metamorphose aucune,  
Et ne croyoit qu'on deust craindre aucun pas  
En conduisant Cæsar & sa fortune.*

For if you mind, this Coachman who had not read  
the *Metamorphoses*, knew a considerable passage in the  
Roman History. And yet I cannot see, how a Man  
who had never heard of *Phaethon*, should be so well in-  
formed of *Cæsar*'s adventures. But that's not the thing  
we are now about, and I come back again to the  
Thought of the Petition you repeated. Tho' it be false  
in one sense, yet however it is true in another, accord-  
ing to the Character of Thoughts expressed in Ambi-  
guous terms, which have always a double Sence, one

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(\*) Mr. Voiture. (†) Voiture quibbles here again upon Card, Ma-  
zarine's Name, Julio Mazarini.



proper which is false, the other figurative which is true: Here the proper and false Sence is, that the Cardinal always so recovers himself upon his Feet, as never to fall on the Ground; the figurative and true Sence is, that he always so recovers himself upon his Feet, so that nothing overturns his Designs or his Fortune.

In short, what is true, is always true tho' it be joyned to that which is false: a good Pistol loses none of its Value, when set by a false one; you have but one due to you: there are two offer'd to you, a good one; and a bad one; make your choice, we shall see whether you understand Money; and you will have the Pleasure your self to make Trial of the exactness of your Skill. It is much the same in this playing with Words, which in reality is only a Sport of the Mind. Truth there is joyned to Falshood, and what is very remarkable, the false carries one to the true: for from the proper Sence which is the false Sence of a Quibble, one goes on to the Figurative which is the true one: this is visible in the Example which you brought. When I read what *Voiture* says of Cardinal *Mazarin*, I imagine two things, as I have already told you: one false, that his Feet never fail, but that he always keeps himself upon his Legs: the other true, that his Mind and his Fortune are always in the same Posture. The first brings us immediately to the second, by letting us pleasantly into the Change. These Ambiguities are allowable, and diverting in Epigrams, Madrigals, Masques and other Composures where the Mind diverts it self.

But not to dissemble with you, there is one sort of Quibbles extreamly flat, which Men of a true Relish cannot endure, because the false rules all, so that the true has no share. *St. Amand's* Epigrams upon the burning of the *Palais* (\*), is of this kind,

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(\*) *A pile of Buildings in Paris answerable to our Westminster-Hall, where their Courts of Justice are kept.*

*Certes l'on vit un triste jeu;  
Quand à Paris Dame Justice  
Se mit le Palais tout en feu,  
Pour avoir mangé trop d'épice.*

*Surely there was sorry sport when at Paris Dame Justice  
set the Palais in a Flame for having eaten too much  
Spice.*

This Quatrain (\*) dazled formerly: and there are some People still who think it extreamly witty. Why, can there be any thing happier or prettier, says *Philantbus*, interrupting him? There can be nothing more empty or more frivolous, replies *Eudoxus*: these are only words in the Air which have no manner of Sence; it is all over false. For in one word, what is called *Spice* in the *Palais* has no relation to burning: and the *Palat* (†) in a Flame after eating too much Pepper never leads a Man to the firing of a Building were Justice is administred, and sold, if you please.

What think you, says *Philantbus* of that Quibble which makes all the smartness of another of St. *Amand's* Epigrams?

*Cy gist un fou nommé Pasquet,  
Qui mourut d'un coup de Mousquet;  
Lorsqu' il voulut lever la Cresse.  
Quant a moy, je croy que le sort  
Luy mit du Plomb (||) dedans la Teste  
Pour le rendre sage en sa mort.*

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(\*) A Quatrain is a Stanza of four Lines wherein every other Line (at least) Rhimes. (†) Palais stands for the Court of Justice at Paris, and for the Palat of one's Mouth. (||) Il ait du Plomb en sa Tette, He has Lead in his Brains, is a French Proverb for a solid, grave, wise Man.

Here lies a Fool called Pasquet who dy'd by the Shot of a Musquet as he lifted up his Head. For my part I believe that Fate put all this Lead into his Pate to make him Wise ere he was dead.

This may be allow'd in Burlesque or Comical Writings, with Catches (\*) or Ballads, replies *Eudoxus*. These are false Jewels which are worn at Masques and Bails: it is false Money which does no injury to Trade, when it is paid for what it is worth; but he that would have it pass for sterling, would make himself very ridiculous in the Company of Men of Sense.

Generally speaking, there is no wit in Quibbling or very little: Nothing costs less, or is more easily found. Ambiguity, which makes up its Character, is less an Ornament of Discourse than a Fault; and it is that which makes it insipid, especially when he who uses it, thinks he speaks finely and values himself upon it. On the other side, it is not always easy to be understood: the mysterious Appearance which gives it the double meaning, is the occasion that a Man cannot often come at the true Sense without some pains; and when he is come at it, he is sorry for his Labour, he thinks himself cheated, and I cannot tell, but that what he feels at such a time is a sort of Vexation, for having searched so long to find nothing.

All these Reasons sink the Credit of pure Quibbles very low with Men of good Sense. I say pure Quibbles; for all figures which contain a double Sense, have every one in its kind their Beauties and Graces which make them valuable, tho' they have something in them of the Quibble. One single Example will make you understand what I mean. *Martial* tells *Domitian*,

(\*) Turlupinades & Quo libets are the Words of my Author: they are generally used, for such Poems as will make sport over a Cup of Ale, or please Women and Children when Sung in a Street.

(\*) The

(\*) The People of your Empire speak several Languages: yet however they have but one Language, when they say that you are the true Father of your Country. Here are two Sences, as you see, and two Sences which make an *Antithesis*; *speak several Languages and have but one Language.* They are both true, as they are severally taken, and one destroys not the other: On the contrary they agree very well, and from the Union of these two opposite Sences there arises something, *I can't tell what*, which is ingenious, founded upon the Ambiguous word *Vox.* in Latin, and *Language* in English. Several smart things in Epigrams, and a great many Jest and witty Repartees affect us only because of the double Sense which is found in them: and these are properly those Thoughts which *Macrobius* and *Seneca* call agreeable Sophisms.

As far as I see, says *Philantbus*. Truth has a larger extent than I imagined; since it may agree with equivocal Expressions in matters of Wit: There is nothing now to be done; but to reconcile it to (†) Hyperboles, and I would very willingly know your Opinion about them.

The bare Original of the Word, replies *Eudoxus*, decides the thing in General: Whatever is *excessive* is vitious, even in Vertue, which ceases to be Vertue when it comes to extremities, and keeps no longer within bounds. So likewise, Thoughts which turn upon an Hyperbole, are all false in themselves, and deserve to have no Place in reasonable Discourses, unless the Hyperbole be of a particular kind, or that such Qualifications are admitted which moderate its excess; for some Hyperboles are less bold than others, and go not beyond their bounds, (‡) tho' they are above common belief. There are others naturalized (as I may say) by custom, which are so established, that they have nothing choquant (\*) *Homer* calls *Nireus* Beauty

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(\*) *Vox diversa sonat; Populorum est vox tamen una: Cum verus Patre diceris esse Pater.* In *Amphit. Caesar.* (†) *Hyperbole, ἀπὸ τοῦ ὑπερβάλλειν to exceed.* (‡) *Ultra fidem, non ultra modum.* *Quintil. lib. 9. cap. 6.* (\*) *Iliad. 2.*



it self, and *Martial* says that (+) *Zoilus* is not vicious, but Vice it self. We say daily when we are speaking of a very wise and vertuous Person, *He is Wisdom, he is Vertue it self.* We say also after the Greeks and Romans; *She is whiter than Snow: He goes faster then the Wind.* These Hyperboles, according to *Quintillian*, (||) lye without deceiving; or, as (\*) *Seneca* says, they bring the Mind to Truth by a Lye, by causing it to comprehend what (+) they signifie, when they express any thing in such a manner as seems to make it incredible.

Those therefore which are prepared and brought on by little and little, never shock the Minds of the Readers or the Audience. They even gain belief, I know not how, as *Hermogenes* says; and the falsest things they propose, become at least propable. We have an noted Example in *Homer*. He does not say all at once that *Polyphemus* tore off the Top of a Mountain; that would scarce have appeared credible. He disposes the Reader, by his Description of that *Cyclops*, whom he sets forth as a Person of an enormous Stature, and then gives him Strength equal to his Height, when he makes him carry the Body of a great Tree for a Club, and stop the Mouth of his Cave with a large Rock. Besides, he makes him eat more Mear at a Meal then would serve several Men; and at last he adds that *Nep-tune* was his Father. After all these Preparations, when the Poet comes to say that *Polyphemus* tore off the Top of a Mountain, the Action does not seem so strange. Nothing seems impossible to a Man who is the Son of the God of the Sea, and who is not made like ordinary Men.

There are other ways of qualifying an Hyperbole, and which give it even an Air of probability. *Virgil* says, that to have seen *Antony's* and *Augustus's* Fleets at

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(\*) Mentitur qui te vitiosum, Zoile dixit. Non vitiosus homo es, Zoile, sed vitium. *Lib. xi.* (||) Movere satis est moneiri Hyperbolem, nec ita ut mendacio fallere possit. *Quin. lib. 8. cap. 6.* (||) In hoc Hyperbole extenditur, ut ad verum mendacio veniat. *Sen. de Benef. lib. 7. cap. 23.*

the Battel of *Actium*, (\*) one would have thought they had been the *Cyclades* floating in the Sea. And *Florus* speaking of the Expedition with which the Romans built a great number of Ships in the first *Punick* War, says that (†) the Ships did not seem to have been made by Workmen, but the Trees seemed to be turned into Ships by the Gods. They do not say that the Vessels were floating Islands, or that the Trees were turned into Ships: they say only, that one would think it was so, and that they seemed to be so: This precaution serves for a Passport to an Hyperbole, as I may say: (‡) and makes it allowable even in Prose: “For whatever is excused before it is spoke, is always favourably hearkned to, be it as incredible as it will.

*Voiture* never fails to bring in these sorts of qualifications where there is need of them: and no Writers knows better than he how to make a thing in some sort True, which is not so.

*Eudoxus* who loves reading, when he goes a walking alone, generally carries a long with him a Book or two; and now besides the British Gentleman's *Scruples* he took *Voiture's* Letters, which he is never weary of reading, and where he always finds new Graces. He opened the Book, and read in the Letter to Cardinal *de la Valette*, concerning the Walks at *la Barre*; “When they rose from Table, the sound of the Violins made all the Company go up Stairs: where they found a Chamber so very light, that it seemed as if the Day which was no longer upon the Earth, had been entirely retired thither.

This it seems says *Eudoxus* further, rectifies the Thought, and as hyperbolical as it is, reduces it to a reasonable Sence. He read afterwards in a Letter written to *Madam de Saintot*, when he sent her *Ariosto's Orlando Furioso* Translated into French; he read, I say, these following words which relate partly to *Angelica*;

(\*) Pelago credas innare revulsas Cycladas. (†) *Aeneid. lib. VIII.* Ut non Naves arte factæ, sed quodam munere Decorum in naves mutatae arbores viderentur. *Hist. Rom. lib. 2. cap. 2.* (‡) Propitiis auribus auditor, quantumvis incredibile est, quod excusatur antequam, dicitur. *Seneca Rhet. Suasor. 2.*

“ All the Colours and Paint of Poesy could not draw  
 “ her so fair as we see you to be : and the Imagination  
 “ of the Poets could not reach so high.

This is very excessive, and very false, interrupts *Philanthus*. I agree with you, replies *Eudoxus*, and I confess the Thought would be a very bad one, if the Author had staid there : but hear what follows.

“ So that, to speak Truth, Chrystal Chambers and  
 “ Diamond Palaces are much easier to be imagined :  
 “ and all the Enchantments of *Amadis* which to you  
 “ appear so incredible are not near so great as yours ;  
 “ which at first sight seize the most resolute Souls and  
 “ those that are not in the least born for Slavery ;  
 “ which raise in them a sort of Love that acknowledges  
 “ Reason, and is acquainted with nothing so much as  
 “ Desire and Hope ; which fills the Minds of those  
 “ with pleasure and glory whom you deprive of ease  
 “ and liberty. These effects are stranger and far less  
 “ probable, than the Griffins and flying Chariots, and  
 “ all the most wonderful Tales which are related in  
 “ Romances.

These Reflexions justify every thing : and it is by such ways as these (\*) that the boldest Hyperbole comes to be believed even when what it asserts is above belief.

An Irony seems also very proper to make an Hyperbole pass, continues *Eudoxus*. When Men are in jest or banter, they have a right to say any thing. “ If  
 “ *Balzac* had said smilingly that his Muscadines bore  
 “ enough to make half *England* drunk ; that the super-  
 “ fluity at his House was as much as ought to be  
 “ drunk in a whole Country ; that there were more  
 “ Perfumes in his Chamber than in all *Arabia Felix*,  
 “ and that sometimes there was so great a Torrent of  
 “ Orange Flower and Jasmin Water, that he and his  
 “ Family could save themselves only by swimming ;  
 I say, if *Balzac* had said this in jest, *Philarchus* perhaps

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(\*) Nunquam tantum sperat Hyperbole quantum audet sed incredibilia affirmat, ut ad credibilia perveniat. Senec. de Beneficijs. lib. 7. cap. 23.

would have had nothing to have reproached him with upon this Head ; but he unhappily says this in very good earnest : and is the first Man in the World who ever spoke of the extremities of things, where there is nor the least appearance of Truth, in a Grave Tone.

*Voiture* is very far from this Character : he speaks in a jesting way when he says any thing Hyperbolical. Here's another passage of his Letter to the Card : *de la Valette* concerning the *Divertisements of la Barre*.

" The Ball lasted with a great deal of Pleasure : when  
" on the suddain a great noise was heard from without,  
" which obliged all the Ladies to look out at the Win-  
" dow ; and so great a number of Fire works were  
" seen to come out of a great Wood three hundred pa-  
" ces from the House, that it seemed as if all the  
" Boughs and Trunks of the Trees had been turned in-  
" to Squibs, and all the Stars in the Sky had fallen, and  
" the Sphere of Fire would have took its place in the  
" middle Region of the Air. These, my Lord, are  
" three Hyperboles, which appraised and reduced to  
" their true value, are worth three dozen of Squibs.

This Conclusion is too bantring and Ironical. *Voiture* believed that the Corrective it seemed was not enough upon this occasion, and that he ought to turn it all into Raillery. *Le Tesauro* does not use so much Ceremony : he is contented to say when he speaks of these Sky Rockets (\*) that they looked as if they would have inflamed to the fiery Sphere ; have lighten'd the very Lightenings, and alarmed the Stars. He is contented, I say, to soften it with, *an it seems, par che Sagliano* ; and so makes no further excuses about that matter. If he had Bantred as *Voiture* did, his Thoughts would have passed, as bold, and as false as they are : for I say it once more, one may say any thing in jest : and besides, if you consider it (†) what is false becomes true with the help of an Irony : 'tis that which has introduced what we call (‡) *Counter-truths* ; so that when we

(\*) *Par che Sagliano* ad infiammar la sfera delluoco ; à fulminare i fulmini, & à gridar allarme contra le stelle. (†) *Omnis falsè decendū ratio in eo est, ut aliter quam est, rectum verumque dicatur.* Quintil. lib. 6. cap. 3. (‡) *Contre-veritez.*



call a lewd and scandalous Woman a very honest Person, every Body understands what we say, or rather (\*) what we say not.

But I am weary of speaking all alone : and you may perhaps be willing that I should take a little Breath. I have heard you without interrupting, replies *Philanthus*; because I took a Pleasure in hearkning to you, and I was not willing to lose any thing of a Doctrine whereof I had very confused Notions. I am glad however, that you will allow some little favour to an Hyperbole, which is so dear to the *Italians* and *Spaniards* my good Friends. I understand Reason as you may see, replies *Eudoxus*, and I am not so severe as you may think ; but do not deceive your self; and remember upon what Conditions these Figures are allowed : especially never forget what one of the greatest Wits of our Age has said upon this Argument (†) that “ nothing is “ fine but what is True : Truth alone is to be valued : “ it ought to reign every where ; yea, even in Fable.

I question then, replies *Philanthus*, whether it reigns in an Epitaph of *Francis I.* composed by way of Dialogue by *St. Gelais*. I read it lately, and I have not forgot it (‡). *Who is buried under this Marble ?* Answer, *the Great Francis that incomparable King.* *Why had this Prince so narrow a Tomb ?* Answer, *Here is only his Heart.* *Then here is not all that great Conqueror ?* Answer, *Here is all; for he was all Heart.*

Your Scruple is well grounded, answered *Eudoxus*. A very serious Piece requires something more solid and substantial. At this rate, says *Philanthus*, *Mareschal de Ranau's* Epitaph is not much better than that of *Francis I.* I remember the last Verse which contains the whole Thought. You know that this *Mareschal* lost an Eye and a Leg in the War, and that perhaps there was never a General of an Army more Maimed then he was. Upon this the Poet grounds his Thought.

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(\*) Intelligitur quod non dicitur ibid. (†) Rien n'est beau que le vray le vray seul est aimable ; il doit regner par tout, & même dans le fable. (‡) Qui gient enclos cec marbre que Je voy ? Reponse Le grand Francois incomparable Roy. Comme eût tel que si court monument ? Reponse. De luy n'ya que le cœur seulement. Donc icy n'est pas tout de ce grand vainqueur. Reponse il yest tout, car tout il estoit cœur.



After he had said that there was but one half of the Great *Rançau* under the Tombstone, and that the other was left behind in the Field, he concludes thus

*Et Mars ne luy laissa rien d'entier que le Cœur.*

And Mars left him nothing entire but his Heart.

But the Heart, says *Eudoxus* interrupting him with a Smile, were not his Lungs and his Liver left entire, nor to speak of any more? You think then that this Thought is false, replies *Philanthus*? Yes, returns *Eudoxus*, and I like much better what *Voiture* says to *Mademoiselle Pauline*. If I durst write mournful Letters, I would say things which would break your Heart; but to tell you the Truth, I had much rather it should keep whole; and I should be afraid that if it were once in two, it might be divided in my absence. You see how I can make use of those pretty things which I hear said.

For in short, says *Eudoxus*, *Voiture* is pleasant and in jest. He Laughs at some body who had said some such thing. And I am amazed that he that writes about *Excellence* should fall foul upon our Author himself. For this without doubt, the Censor did not take notice of these Words, *You see how I can make use of those pretty things which I have said.*

But had *Voiture* said this of his own Head, I should not have blamed him. He is a pleasant Writer who out of a Frölick says ludicrous things, to make himself and others merry: much after the same rate as an agreeable companion at Table with his Friends, would make a show of saying some extravagant things after a chearful Glafs. What falls from Men upon such occasions ought not to be taken literally: and for my part I should much less willingly endure what another Writer says calmly after he had been troubled with vomiting of Blood.

" I durst not say as formerly that I love you with  
" all my Soul, since I have lost more than half it. To  
" speak regularly, I say that I love you with all my  
" Strength.

These are *Balzac's* Words which I read this Morning, I was amazed at them. What fault do you find with them, says *Philanthus*? Besides that it is only allow'd to Poets, replies *Eudoxus*, to counfound *Blood* and *Soul* together, and to take one for the other; if he has lost half his *Soul*, he has not much *Strength* left: and he expresses his renderness but weakly, when he tells his Friend, that he loves him with all his *Strength*.

But what he says in another place is neither truer nor more exact. I am as much tattered as if I had been in "all the Battels which I have read of. I am now only "a Piece of my self, not above a Quarter, or Half a "Quarter of what I was.

It belongs only to *Voiture*, says *Eudoxus*, to think pleasantly and correctly at the same time, here's a Place which fully proves it.

"I cannot absolutely say that I am got to *Turin*, for  
"there is only one half of my self arrived there: You  
"think I mean that the other half stays behind with  
"you. But that's not it; of 104 Pound that I weigh-  
"ed, I weigh now but 52. Nothing can be so lean,  
"or so out of Flesh as I am.

You see that *Voiture* is not false when he is in jest, and that *Balzac* is so when he is serious. But are you sure, says he further, that one single false Thought, is enough to spoil a fine Piece in Prose or in Verse?

*Malherb* perhaps never made any thing finer than those (\*) *Spiritual Stanza's* which begin with this Verse

*N'esperons plus, mon ame, aux promesses du monde.*

*Trust no longer, my Soul, in the Promises of the World.*

And it is pity there should be any thing false in the most remarkable *Stanza*

*Ont ils rendu l'esprit? ce ne'st plus que Poussiere  
Que cette Majeste si pompeuse & si fiere*

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*Spirituelles here is not witty, but what we call Divine in Poetry to distinguish it from prophane.*

D'ont l'eclat orgueilleux etonnoit l'univers;  
Et dans ce grands tombeaux ou leurs ames hautaines  
Font encore les vaines  
Ils sont manger de vers.

" Have they given up the Ghost? There is only the  
" Dust left of that pompous and fierce Majesty whose  
" proud Lustre amazed the Universe: and in these  
" stately Monuments where these haughty Souls still  
" act a vain part, they are devoured by Worms.

*Costar* has well observed that the Souls of those Kings, whom the Poets speaks of, do not mind acting a vain part in their Graves, where they are not, either according to the Heathen Divinity, or according to ours. But this learned Man who has made such curious Observations upon *Malberb's* Poems, says *Philanthus*, has also well observed the Poets have a Theology by themselves, according to which *Malberb* might say that Souls are in their Graces as *Ronsard* has said it before him

Ha, que diront là-bas sous les Tombes poudreuses  
De tant de vaillans Roys les ames genereuses.

" Alas! What will the generous Souls of so many  
" Valiant Kings say in their dusty Graves below?

The remarks of this Author of the Observations is very true, replies *Eudoxus*, as to the particular Theology of the Poets. The Question is now only to know whether *Malberbe* speaks like a Divine of *Parnassus*. I agree with you, that the dead both Soul and Body may be supposed to be in their Graves, and in writing their Epitaphs one may make them speak.

I confess also that in a work which is profane and perfectly Poetical, it is allowable with *Virgil* (\*) to bury the *Manes*, and yet one has a Right to make the Souls of the dead wander about the Places where they are interred; but I question whether in a Christian Discourse all of a Piece, that has nothing Poetical in it but the Numbers, such as *Malberb's* is, one may speak in

(\*) Id cinerem, & Manes credis curare sepultos. *Æneid.* 4,

the Language of the sublimest Poetry. *Ronsard's* Poem upon the Miseries of the Times, allows of Ideas and Expressions, which a *Spiritual Stanza* upon the Vanity of worldly greatness would not away with.

Let what you say, be as it will, replies *Philanthus*, it is certain that the Pride of Great Men appears even after their Deaths, in the Pomp of their Funerals, and especially in the magnificence of their Tombs. Is it not enough to say, that their Souls act still a vain part in their proud Monuments, unless they be there themselves? Since they still display their Vanity there, or rather since their Vanity is still display'd there?

I do not think, answers *Eudoxus*, that this is what the Poet meant; and this seems to me to weaken his Thought, when it intends to justify it. One may mend it at least, says *Philanthus*, by putting *Shades* instead of Souls.

*Et dans ces grands tombeaux ou leurs ombres hautaines  
Font encores les vaines.*

" And in these stately Monuments where their  
" haughty Shades still act a vain part.

If by *Shades*, replies *Eudoxus*, you mean only Figures and Representations of Brasses or Marble raised over the burying Places of Kings, I see no inconvenience in it: but if you mean what the Ancients meant by the *Shades* of the Dead, which they called *Manes*, the Thought is a little Heathenish. After all I should be less offended with their *Shades* than their *Souls*, and perhaps Christianity and Poetry may here agree together.

The Author of the Poem of *St. Lewis*, says *Philanthus*, carries things much further than *Malherbe*, when he speaks of his Hero who went to *St. Denys* before he departed for the Holy Land.

*Il visite le Temple ou regnent ses Ayeux  
Dans leurs Tombeaux encore du temps victorieux.*

" He visits the Temple where his Ancestors reign in  
" their Graves still victorious over Time.



I do not see, answers *Eudoxus*, how the Kings of *France* reign there, nor how they are victorious over Time: they themselves are nothing but Ashes; and Time which consumes all things spares neither their Statutes nor their Monuments.

The weakness of these *French Verses*, says *Philanthus*, makes me afraid for a Latin Epitaph of Cardinal *Richelieu* which we have read together more than once, and which I always admired. It must be owned, replies *Eudoxus*, that this Epitaph is full of Wit, and perfectly describes the Character of that great Minister; but it cannot also be denied, that it is false in more Places than one. It begins with these words, as I remember: *Asia, Viator, quod usquam videbis, & audies hic tegitur.* Is this tolerable? Stop Traveller, all that you will see or hear any where else is covered here.

The Place where he speaks of the Herse in which his Body was carried by Night to the Place of Burial is no truer than the other. The words are these, *secuti pedites, equitesq; magno numero, facies pratulerunt; crucem nemo, quia publicam currus deferabat.* After he had said, as you see, that several Footmen and Horsemen carried Flambeaus, he adds (\*) *no man carried a Cross, because the Common Cross was carried in the Herse.*

With the Author of the Epitaph's good leave, his Thought is false: it might have been true, nay and it might have pleased too with all its malice, if in these sort of Funeral Solemnities it had been usual to carry Crosses, and upon this occasion they had omitted it. But these being civil Ceremonies, and in some sort prophane, the Church never concerns it self: so that it was not because the Herse carry'd the Common Cross that there was no other carry'd: and our Author's reasonings are wholly groundless. His last Thought seems to me not to be much more solid: *Inter Theologos situs; ingens disputandi argumentum.* A happy Conclusion; He is laid among the Divines; a mighty Theme for Disputes!

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(\*) He alludes to a Procession, wherein Crosses and Torches are carried before them: and so confounds Funerals and Processions: for which reason our Author afterwards calls this a civil Ceremony.



These are properly, says *Philanthus*, what they call *Turns* of Wit. Yes, replies *Eudoxus*; and it is these aimers at *Turns* who generally think falsely. Whatever Subject they have in Hand, they will have it glitter, for 'tis not good Sense for the most part which they look after. Their design is to dazzle: but they impose only upon the People, that is to say upon those who are contented with the Appearances of things: Men that think rightly and solidly are never cully'd by them.

One of these smart Men who in his time was much admired in the Court of *Savoy*, who composed *Lewis XIII's* Elegy in Latin, says that this Prince (\*) would infallibly cure *France* of all her Diseases, since his Mother was a Princess of the House of *Medici*, and he was Born upon *St. Cosmas* and *St. Damian's* Day who were both Physicians. He says moreover that (†) *Lewis* the Just had his Horoscope in *Libra*, and that *Henry* the Great put a Sword into his Hand; that so all Men might acknowledge his Person to be a perfect Image of Justice (‡). And I wonder, pursues *Eudoxus* that the *Panegyrist* did not put a Veil over this Prince's Eyes, by making one of his Diadem; this was all which was wanting to make his Thought complete.

After all, replies *Philanthus*, there is Wit in this turn of the *Sword* and the *Balance*. What Wit? good God! answers *Eudoxus*, and where are we got now, if *Juglaris's* be an ingenious Thought? I would advise you then to admire that of an *Italian* Poet upon the Sign *Cancer*, which this upon the Sign *Libra* put me in mind of: 'Tis made upon the great Apostle of the *Indies* *St. Francis Xavier*, who had the Crucifix which he had let fall into the Sea brought to him by a Sea-Crab.

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(\*) Galliae Medicus ē matre Medicæ Cosmæ & Damiano medicis festo Die, infecto regno peperit genitus spem salutis. (†) Justitiæ simulacrum ut Ludovico mundus adoraret in Puero; jam habenti Libram ab Horoscopo, gladius additur ab Henrico. [What Juglaris is I know not: unless it be the Name of the Harbor of the Panegyrick.]

I know what you are going to say, says *Philanthus* interrupting him : The Verses are made by *Achillini* ; I learnt them by Heart.

*Perde Xaverio in mare  
Il Crocifisso, e piange ;  
Quasi che possa in porto  
De la stessa salute esser absorto  
Mentre sul' lido ei s'ange,  
Ecco un granchio marino  
Recargli fra le branchie il suo consorto.  
E guisto su che de l'amor divino  
Fra le beate arsure onde si duole  
Non altro che in granchio s'havesse il sole.*

A pretty Fancy, says *Eudoxus*, that during those ardours of divine Love wherewith this Saint was enflamed, the Sun could only be in *Cancer* ! not to speak now of this *Haven of Salvation* which could not be swallowed up. Are these in your Opinion regular Ambiguities and Metaphors ? The Thought perhaps is not so good in *French*, replies *Philanthus* ; but say what you will, it is excellent in *Italian*. Every Nation has its own peculiar relish in Wit, as well as in Beauty, in Clothes, and in every thing else. As if (\*) *justness* of Sence were not the same in all Languages, replies *Eudoxus* : and that what is bad in its self ought to pass for good in any Country with Men of Sence.

I will not always contradict you, says *Philanthus* ; and now we talk of *justness*, I would rather desire to know what your Idea of a *just* Thought is.

Truth, answers *Eudoxus*, which is indivisible at other times, is not so here (†) Thoughts are more or less True, as they are more or less agreeable to their Object. An entire agreement makes what we call *justness* in a Thought : that is to say, as Clothes are fit when they fit well about ones Body, and when they are

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[Porto de la salute : the Crucifix.] (\*) *Justesse* properly signifies exactness of thinking and writing : we have no English word which fully expresses it. (†) *Pejus adhuc quo magis falsum est, longiusq; petendum, Quir. Lib. 8. cap. 5.*

perfectly proportionable to the Person who wears them; so *Thoughts* are just likewise, when they perfectly agree to the things which they represent. So that to speak properly a *Thought* is just when it is true on all sides, and in every Light in which it is view'd. We have a fine Example of this in a Latin Epigram upon *Dido* which was so happily translated into our Language.

(\*) *Pauvre Didon, ou t'a reduite  
De tes marts le triste sort ?  
L'un en mourant cause ta fuite  
L'autre, en fuyant, cause ta mort.*

*Unhappy Dido, you're will Wed to none.  
One dies you fly. You dye when t'other's gone.*

This, you see, supposes what the History tells, that *Dido* sav'd her self and all her Wealth in *Africa*, when *Sicheus* was killed: and also what the Poem feigns; that she killed her self after *Aeneas* had left her.

It is true, says *Philanthus*, that these proportions cannot be better observed than they are in *Ansonius's* Epigram, where every thing hits admirably. You must not imagine however, replies *Eudoxus*, that (†) *returns* so just as these are essential to *justness*: It does not always require so much symmetry, nor so much pleasantness: it is enough if the *Thought* be true in its whole extent, as I have said already, and that nothing contradicts it self on which side soever you take it. But it belongs not to all the World to think *justly*: one must have a ready Wit, a sound Judgment, and something of *Homer's* Genius, who in *Aristotle's* Opinion, had always *Thoughts* and *Words* proportioned to the Subject he treated of.

(\*) *Infelix Dido, nulli bene nupta marito:  
Hoc pereunte fugis: hoc fugiente peris, Ansonius.*

(†) *Retour here is a second comparing of a Thought without its Original.*

*Balzæ* who is not so correct as *Voiture* in his Thoughts, tho' he is more so in his Elocution and Style, yet sometimes he has a great deal of *justness*: Witness what, he says of *Montaigne* that he is a wandering Guide, but such a one as leads Men into more agreeable Countries than he promised.

In short, in what kind soever one writes, *justness in thinking* is necessary, tho' it be more so, at some times, than at others. Elegy, for Example, and Tragedy require a more exact Truth, than Epigrams and Madrigals. There are comical and pleasant Subjects in Prose where this exactness has less place: there are other graver and more serious Subjects where it is absolutely necessary: especially those which treat of morality. And yet there are several Books of that kind which have numbers of false Thoughts: I have observed some in reading, which I have also writ down, and which I will show you when we are in my Study.

The Sun being set, and the time no longer proper for walking, *Eudoxus* and *Philanthus* went home. *Eudoxus's* Study is on the Top of the House, and has an admirable prospect. It is hung with Maps, and on every side beautified with Books: a small Library composed of the best Authors in Greek, Latin, Italian, Spanish, and French. *Eudoxus* is not contented with reading of his Books, but makes Extracts which he reads over again from time to time; so that he has those things much at command, and he knows almost by Heart all the fine passages of his Collection.

When they were in the Study, *Eudoxus* took up some Sheets, and read what follows.

" All kinds of writings please us only because of the  
" Secret corruption of our Heart: if in a Discourse  
" that is well written we love the Sublime of the  
" Thoughts, the free and noble Air of some Authors:  
" it is because of our vanity, and because we love to  
" be great, and independent.

You have set this down, says *Philanthus*, for a false Thought? yes, replies *Eudoxus*: for what can be false than to attribute that to the Corruption of the Heart, which is the effect of an exquisite discretion, and the Mark of a true Taste? Discourses that are well

Writ



Writ please Men of Sence, because it is a regular thing for them to be pleased with what is finely said, and the Mind is contented for the most part with any thing that is perfect in its own way. Vanity has no more part in the Pleasure which the reading of *Virgil* and *Tully* gives, than it has in that which is taken in seeing excellent Pictures, or in hearing excellent Musick. The humblest Man in the World is touched with these Beauties as much as any Body else, provided that he understands them, and is able to relish them. When I read the Holy Scriptures, whose simplicity has so much Sublime, think you that is the Love of my own Loftiness, or the Corruption of my Heart which makes me relish what I read? Is it not rather that simple and majestical Character of the Word of God which makes the Impression on me? And may not much the same thing be said of the Language of the great Masters in Poetry and Eloquence? What a Fancy is it, to imagine that we love the nobleness and the easiness of their Style, from a Spirit of haughtiness and independency!

Herein I am of your Opinion, says *Philanthus*; and I dont know why one should seek for false Reasons, when true ones offers themselves: But lets see what follows in your Papers. *Eudoxus* went on and read.

“ All Men endeavour to take up the most room they  
 “ can in their own Imaginations: and they push them-  
 “ selves forward and grow great in the World, only  
 “ to augment that Idea which they form of themselves  
 “ in their own Minds: this is what is aimed at in all the  
 “ Ambitious Designs of Men. *Alexander* and *Cæsar*  
 “ had no other Aim in all their Wars than this: and  
 “ if it is asked why the *Grand Signior* destroy'd lately  
 “ a hundred thousand Men in *Candy*, one may answer  
 “ for certain, that it was only to annex the Name of  
 “ Conqueror to that internal Idea which he had of  
 “ himself.

This Thought seems to me, to be no truer than  
 rother, says *Philanthus*, at least as to the *Grand Signior*.  
 He might not so much as think of his own internal Idea  
 when he besieged *Candy*. He had a Mind, perhaps. to  
 take a Place that lay convenient for him, or to be re-  
 venged



venge on the *Venetians* who dared to make War against him. He might desire to encrease his Reputation, that is, the Opinion which the World had of his power and of his greatness: Now the Opinion which Men have of us, resides not in our selves, but in those who value us.

What you say is very good Sence, replies *Eudoxus*, and is as true of *Alexander* and *Cæsar* as it is of the *Grand Seigneur*. But give me leave to add, that tho' the Thought should be true in some cases, yet it cannot be so in that extent which is given to it. In short, how many Rogues are who to get Reputation, and to raise themselves by it, desire to appear faithful, disinterested and vertuous? They know in their Hearts what they are; they do themselves Justice; and it is the least of their care to take up much room in their own Imaginations, to use so new and so elegant a Phrase. Far from thinking to encrease in their own Minds the Opinion which they have there formed of themselves, they only take care to make an advantageous impression on others of that honesty which they have not, and which they never intend to have.

However this agrees with Mr. *Paschal's* Notion, who is the Hero and Pattern of this Author whose Thought we now examine: We would all live an imaginary Life in the Ideas which other Men have of us. " If we have generosity, fidelity, moderation, we take pains to make it known, to annex these Vertues to that imaginary Being by which we subsist out of our selves: we would rather really part from them, than not joyn them to this strange Phantom of the Foreign *Like*, and we should all willingly be Cowards to have the Reputation of being Valiant. Hence it follows that all Men do not endeavour to take up what room they can in their own Imaginations, and that the Aim of all the Ambitious Designs of Men is not to enlarge that Idea which they Form of themselves in their own Minds.

This seems convincing to me, says *Philanthus*; but pray lets go on: Mind this, answers *Eudoxus*.

“ When unlearned Men see those great Libraries  
 “ which one may almost call the Storehouses of Mens  
 “ Imaginations; they fancy that such a Man would be  
 “ happy, or at least very Wise, who should know all  
 “ that is contained in those Collections of Books which  
 “ they look upon as Treasures of Light; but they  
 “ judge wrong. If all this were gathered together in  
 “ one Man’s Head; that Head would be neither Wiser,  
 “ nor more Methodical; it would only encrease his  
 “ Confusion, and darken his Understanding:

Hence one may conclude, says *Philanthus*, that Ignorance is more valuable than profound Learning, and that the less one knows, the Ideas which he has of things will be clearer and more distinct. You reason justly upon a false Principle, replies *Eudoxus*; I say upon a false Principle: for it is not true that those several Notions which are got by reading, do in themselves produce Confusion and Obscurity. These ill Effects proceed only from the Indisposition of the Mind. A Learned Man of our acquaintance is an Abyſſe of Knowledge; but an Abyſſe that may be called a Chaos, where all Languages and all sorts of Learning are jumbled together, because his Thoughts lye the most imethodically, and the most confusedly that can be imagined. Other Learned Men are of a quite different Character; they have vast numbers of Notions which are ranged orderly in their Heads, and they speak distinctly of every thing.

So that tho’ a Man knew all that was contained in these Books; tho’ he were (as it was said of *Origen*) a living Library; yet he would be neither more obscure nor the more confused in his Discourse, if he had a clear and ingenious Head. Nay, he might be Wiser and more Methodical in the management of himself, if he made good use of what he understood.

But these Examples are enough, continues *Eudoxus*, to shew you the deficiency of those Thoughts in morality, which are not true. For I say nothing of Maxims which have the least falshood in them; and for that Reason are not worthy of the name of Maxims, whose only design is to regulate Mens Manners, and to guide their Reason. Historical Reflections are not much  
 better

better, when they are false. Truth being, as you know, the Soul of History, it ought to be spread over all that an Historian says; but especially in his Reflections it ought to shine the brightest: and there is nothing more improper than to reason falsely upon real matters of Fact.

(\*) *Plutarch* who was a Wise Man took notice of this, when he condemned the famous Thought of an Historian about the Burning of the Temple at *Ephesus*: "that, it was no wonder that this magnificent Temple consecrated to *Diana* should be burnt that very night" that *Alexander* came into the World: because the Goddess was so busie in assisting at *Olympias's* Labour, that she could not quench the Fire.

But *Tully* commended this for a pleasant Thought, says *Philanthus* interrupting him; that *Tully* who in your Opinion always thinks and judges well. I own it freely, replies *Eudoxus*, that I cannot fully comprehend him here. He considered *Timæus's* Thought without question, only as a Fiction of a Poet, and not as the Reflection of an Historian. That cannot be said, answers *Philanthus*, for *Tully* commends (+) *Timæus* for thinking so pleasantly in his History. For my part I am persuaded that the *Roman* Orator, whose Head naturally lay for drollery, and who loved a Jest to such a Degree as sometimes to say those that were dull enough himself, as *Quintilian* observes, was touch'd with the pleasantness of *Timæus's* Thought, without examining any further; whereas *Plutarch* who was a Serious Man and a Critick, consider'd only the Falshood of it.

You do not judge much amiss, replies *Eudoxus*; but don't you think that this Austere Critick has forgot his severity, when he adds that the Historian's Reflection is so cold, that it was enough to have extinguished the Fire? For my part, I look upon *Plutarch's* Thought

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[\*] *Plutarch in Alexandro.* [†] Concinné ut multa *Timæus*, qui sum in *Historiâ* dixisset, quâ nocte natus *Alexander* esset, eadem *Dianæ Ephesiæ* templum deslagravisse: adjunxit minime id esse mirandum, quod *Diana* cum in partu *Olympiadis* adesse voluisset, abuisset de mo. *De Nativitate Deorum, Lib. 2.*

to be a thousand times falser and duller than *Timaus's*; and I see but one excuse to save him, which is, to say that he had a Mind to droll in the very Place where he speaks gravely.

Be that as it will, says *Philanthus*, I conclude from the several Determinations of these two Great Men, that what pleases one Man of good Sence, does not infallibly please another. You say well, replies *Eudoxus*, and you may add the Example of two famous Members of the *French Academy*, to that of *Plutarch* and *Tully*.

*Balzac* will not allow what *Pompey* says when he embark'd against the Advice of the Seamen in very tempestuous Weather. (\*) *There is a necessity for me to go; but there is no necessity that I should live.* Here is something, cries *Balzac* like a jest, which if it be nearly "view'd destroys it self, and implies a perfect Contradiction; for he that goes, must live, and so "one is as necessary as the other.

On the other Hand *La Mothele-Vayer* thinks it is an excellent saying, full of Reason and Sence, as well as Resolution and Bravery. Which of these two should I believe, says *Philanthus*? interrupting him, I see no Contradiction in *Pompey's* Words, replies *Eudoxus*: it perfectly agrees with the Notions of a true *Roman*. He declares that he values his Life less than his Honour, when he is to obey the Senate's Orders; for it is as if he had said, I am indispensably obliged to do my Duty, tho' it were at the hazard of my Life; I ought not to be careful of Life at the Expence of my Honour: there is a necessity that I should obey, that I should embark, what dangers soever may be feared upon the Sea, in so ill a time of the Year, and in such tempestuous Weather; but there is no necessity that I should preserve my self, or that I should Live. Where is the Contradiction, continues *Eudoxus*? *Balzac* was plainly mistaken in the double Sence of the word *Necessity*: He looked no further then the proper and physical Sence, when he says that he that goes must live; and that the one was as

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[ ] *Plutarchus* in *Pompeio*.



necessary as the other : whilst the figurative and moral Sence in which Pompey understood it, carries Obligation and Duty along with it.

I remember, answers Philanthus, that Alexander says in Quintus Curtius, Translated by Vaugelas, I had rather fight than live; and Titus in Rapine's Berenice, The Question is no longer whether we shall live, we must reign. These two strokes are very like what Pompey said; and no Critick has thought fit hitherto to speak any thing against them : Neither have they any thing but what is just, says Eudoxus, nothing unworthy of a great Soul, and of good Sence.

But to return to what we were speaking of concerning Historical Reflections; if the greatest part of those which Historians affect to make, were examined, one might find much falshood in them. I remember one among the rest which I read in the History of the War of Flanders, concerning Count Baylamont, who was killed before Maestricht in a dangerous Action where Alexander Farnese exposed himself as a common Soldier without receiving the least hurt. Whereupon the Historian says, (\*) so true is it that 'tis not a vain Observation, that God takes care of Princes lives; and has granted the privilege to Generals in Armies, as well as to the Heart in our Bodies, to dye last. Nothing is more false than this so true is it, if apply'd to the second Proposition, for the Heart indeed dies the last in a Man; but it does not always happen that Generals die the last in their Armies; witnesses the Great Gustavus, and the Great Turenne, to say nothing of others who were killed amongst the foremost.

The Reflection of one of our Historians concerning Admiral Coligny, who was one of the principal Victims at the Massacre of Paris looks something suspiciously, replies Philanthus; and I am much deceiv'd if it be not false. The Historian says that after the Admiral had receiv'd a Stab in the Belly, and a Blow cross his Face

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[\*] Adeo non ex vano observatum curæ esse Deo principum vitam : quasi non magis cordi in homine, quam Imperatori in exercitu, novissimum mori datum sit, Strada de Bello Belgico Dec. 2. Lib. 3.



“ with a Sword, they try’d to throw him out of the  
 “ Window, and they found that even the most intrep-  
 “ pid Men have as natural and as violent a desire of  
 “ Life as the most fearful; and that Heroes only hide  
 “ it, or to speak more properly disguise it rather than  
 “ stifle it in their Hearts.

“ This fine Reflection which our Author bestows  
 “ upon the Murtherers is founded upon this, that the  
 “ Legs of the Admiral, who had waited for death  
 “ with great constancy whilst he had the use of his  
 “ Reason, were folded, after he had lost it, about the  
 “ cross Bars of the Window, and stuck there so close-  
 “ ly, that they could scarce unloosen them, to throw  
 “ him down.

There is no solid ground for this Thought, replies *Eudoxus*, and one may say that it is grounded upon nothing. For how can the folding of ones Legs about a Window, by a natural Motion caused by the Remains of the Spirits, prove that fearless Men resemble the most fearful in their love of Life; and that Heroes are truly so no longer, when once they have lost their Reason, or the Use of it? For in the Place you quoted just now, one cannot tell whether *after he had lost it* it refers to *Reason* or to the *Use of it*: and yet there is a great deal of difference between these two things; the first, signifies a Man’s being a Fool: the other, only his being sick, or otherwile disabled from exercising the Functions of his Mind. Be that as it will, there is no wonder, that when a Man acts no longer as a Man, he should not be brave; and it is a jest to reproach Heroes with love of Life at a time when they have not Reason enough to brave Death; or rather, when that natural Inclination which all living Creatures have to preserve themselves, extinguishes all their Notions of Heroick Vertue. I might almost as well accuse them of Cowardise, for not pursuing their Enemies, when they are all over covered with wounds, and have lost their Blood; or for suffering themselves to be stript and insulted after they have given up the Ghost.

If the Reflections of Historians, says *Philanthus*, ought to be true, those of Preachers methinks should not be false; that would be to corrupt the Word of  
 God

God, replies *Eudoxus*, to intermix it with the Shadow of a Lye; and yet we have seen Preachers, replies *Philanthus*, charm the World with Discourses sprinkled all over with conceit (\*) and false Thoughts. The relish of the Age is well altered as to that matter, says *Eudoxus*; a Preacher would be laught at now a days, who, to prove that Young Men sometimes dye before those that are Older, should say that (†) *John* out run *Peter*, and came before him to the Sepulcher; Neither would Men be endured to tell us from the Pulpit, that Women with their Patins, add something to their Sature, against the expresse Words of our Saviour, and make Truth it self to lye.

Neither do I believe that those Thoughts would be now allow'd which I have seen admired formerly: As this, that the Heart of Man being Triangular, and the World round, it was plain, that all worldly greatness could not fill the Heart of Man: or this, that the same Word stood for Life and Death in the *Hebrew*, and that there was only a point between them; whence the Preacher concluded, that there was but a Point between Life and Death: But the Preacher ralked extravagantly and his Principle was not more solid than his Conclusion; for it is not true, that the same Word stands for Life and Death in the *Hebrew* Language.

I have heard in a Sermon, replies *Philanthus*, when I was a Young Man, that *Judas's* ill breeding was the cause of his Damnation, and that this unhappy Disciple was undone for putting his Hand into the Dish with his Master. It is not long since a Young Abbot preaching a Passion Sermon at a Grate (‡) say'd that our Saviour who sweat Blood all over his Body in the Garden, ought not to Weep any other way, because God is all Eye: That he kept silence before *Herod*, because the Lamb loses his Voice when he sees the Wolf: That he was naked upon the Cross, because he fell into the

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(\*) The English word conceits, tho' a little out of use, fully answers this Italian word: But since our Author puts it into his text, I have left it, as I found it. (†) John XX. 4. (‡) Grille *Wage*, is the Grate in *Nunneries*, where the Nuns gather to hear Sermons, to make Confessions, and to talk with Strangers.

hands of Robbers: That he would have no Flambeau's at his Funeral, not so much as the Flambeaus of Heaven, because he would condemn the Vanity of Funeral Solemnities; and in short, that he would be put into a Sepulchre of Stone, to teach us that tho' dead as he was he abhorred Effeminacy.

Here was a pleasant Passion Sermon, says *Eudoxus* Smiling, and I question not but the Auditory were mightily affected with these sharp things: They did not Weep, replies *Philanthus*, but in requital, they gave a (\*) Hum at all these fine strokes, and especially the Sisters were extremely pleased; and really something more than they were upon *Easter-Sunday*: For the Preacher, seeking for a Reason why Jesus after his Resurrection first discovered himself to the *Maryes*, say'd coldly, that it was because God intended to make the Mystery of his Resurrection publick, and that when the Women first knew a thing of much importance they would be sure to spread the News every where.

Believe me, replies *Eudoxus* sourly, such Preachers that disgrace their Office, and make it useles ought to be forbid the Pulpit: What! I go to Church to be instructed, to be sensibly touch'd; and shall I hear only trifles there, fit to make me laugh, which would scarce have a place allow'd them in the Academical Discourses of *Loredano* and *Mancini*!

For my part, continues he, I cannot bear Men that are pleasant out of Season, or that Reason in the wrong Place; and I had rather have one bare Proverb, than a hundred bantring and whifling strokes of Wit: For Proverbs have nothing false at least, and truth always gives content.

Since I do not hate Proverbs, when they are well chosen, and well apply'd, reply'd *Philanthus*, I like the Preference which you give to them, well enough. There are *Hebrew*, *Greek*, *Latin*, *Italian*, *Spanish*, and *French* and *English* Proverbs, or rather they are much the same in all Languages; but what Language soever they speak, they speak nothing but what is true;

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(\*) [On *sermocin*: the Words are something ambiguous]

and for the most part, they contain great Sense in low Terms.

Common Sentences, allow'd by publick Approbation, answers *Eudoxus*, have the truth of Proverbs without the meanness of them: These for instance; *A good Man is a Stranger no where; He is happy who is content with his Fortune; Good Fortune is not so easily born as bad:* or to speak more properly, Sentences are Gentlemens Proverbs, and Proverbs are ordinary Peoples Sentences.

Now we talk of Fortune, says *Philanthus*, I would willingly know your Judgment of those Thoughts where Fortune enters as a Person; such as these *Fortune does not always consider Merit. Fortune often favours injustice.*

If we consider these Thoughts in their Original, replies *Eudoxus*, they are purely *Pagan*; for the Heathens worshipped the Goddess *Fortune* who governed all things according to her own humour, and who rarely agreed with *Vertue*. It was to this freakish and ill-natured Deity that Vows were pay'd upon all Occasions; and prophane Authors speak of her, when they say that (\*) *Fortune's favours are not always pure; that (+) Fortune plays with our miseries without remorse; and that (\*) whenever she has a Mind to make sport, she raises Men of low condition, to the highest pitch of human greatness.*

All this is true in the *Pagan* System; but nothing is faller in the *Christian* Religion which knows no other Fortune but *Providence*, and which rejects the Goddess *Fortune* as a vain *Chimæra*; this *Chimæra* however is settled amongst us; and Custom will have us make a Person of Fortune as well in Prose, as Verse, not only against Reason, but against Religion too; the Reading of the Ancients has introduced this irreligious Custom, and our wisest Writers practise it without scruple. They tell us, that Fortune sometimes makes "use of our Faults to raise us; that Fortune can hard-

(\*) *Fortuna nunquam simpliciter indulget. Quin: Curt. Lib. 4.*  
(+) *Fortuna impotens, quales ex humanis malis ipsa tibi ludos facit? Senec. Consol. ad Polybium.* (||) *Quales ex humili magna ad fastigia rerum. Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna jocari Juvenal. Satyr. 3.*



“ ly advance those Persons whom she doth not teach  
 “ how to live; that Fortune was weary of advancing  
 “ Charles V. and that she would make reparation in  
 “ the Person of Henry II, for the injustice she had  
 “ committed against Francis I.

I allow much to Custom, and I have too great a respect for our Masters not to approve of these Thoughts; but if I durst give my Opinion in this matter, I would say that one ought to keep within bounds; I'll explain myself. The whole Question is almost reduced to Prose; for the Poetick System being fabulous and perfectly Pagan in it self, the Goddess Fortune is receiv'd there, without difficulty, with the Goddess Diana, and the Goddess Minerva; and our Poets have a right to make them act according to the Character which the Idolaters gave them. I believe therefore that we may in Prose be Pagans thus far: when the Subject of our Discourse is like that of those Books out of which we have taken this Person of Fortune; I mean, where our Religion has nothing to do with them, such as Panegyricks and profane Histories may possibly be, and Discourses purely Moral, and purely Political; Dialogues like that which was made by a Man of Wit, some Years since, entituled (\*) *a Dialogue between Fortune and Merit*: But I question whether one ought to make Fortune act so much in Discourses which are entirely Christian; and methinks a Sermon ought not to allow of Thoughts which can only be taken in a Pagan Sense; such as these may be; *Fortune takes a delight in putting down those whom she has raised to the Top of her Wheel; Fortune often crosses the great ones of the Earth; as if she were jealous of the Favours which she had bestow'd upon them.* I say these Thoughts can be taken only in a Pagan Sense; because they can only be understood of the Goddess Fortune; and it cannot truly be said of the Divine Providence, that she raises to the Top of her Wheel, or that she is jealous of the Favours which she has shown. I see plainly, answers *Philanthus*, that you would have the word Fortune banished

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(\*) Dialogue de la Fortune, & du Merite.

out of Pulpits, when it signifies any thing but good or bad Luck, and when they make a Person of it. No, replies *Eudoxus*, I allow, since Custom will have it so, that Fortune raises Shepherds to the Throne; that Fortune overturns the best laid Designs; that Fortune favours the Arms of good Princes: for this may be understood of Providence; but I would not have a Preacher ever attribute to the Person of Fortune that which can only agree to this Pagan Deity; and I should think it ridiculous for a Man to say, *This blind Deity which presides over the Events of Life, and which dispenses Good and Evil according to her own humour*; unless it were to expose the Blindness of the Heathens.

It would not also perhaps be much amiss to correct sometimes the word *Fortune* by that of *Providence*, in saying with the Author of the (\*) *various Thoughts* which are Printed with those of the *Marchioness de Sable*, *Fortune, or to speak more like a Christian, Providence distributes the several Parts which every Man acts upon the great Theatre of the World*; or with an illustrious Member of the Academy in his Panegyrick to the "King; amidst so much Prosperity and so many Triumphs, if Fortune, or rather that Superiour Wisdom which seems blind only to the blindness of "Mankind, does once or twice use him as all the rest "of the greatest Men have been used, one would "think it is only to humble the Nation, and thereby to "raise the Princes Merit so much the higher.

The same Rules ought in my Opinion to be observed in an Ecclesiastical History; and if I were to write that of Heresie, in speaking of *Zisca* that famous General of the *Hussites*, who after he had lost his sight, still led Armies, and obtained Victories, I would not say, *as if Fortune that was blind took a pleasure in favouring one that was so*; if my Religion would allow it, I question whether good Sense would. I would say indeed with *Tully* in a Discourse wholly profane, (\*) *Fortune is not*

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(\*) Pensées Diverses. Non solum ipsa Fortuna cæca est; sed eos etiam plerumque cæcos efficit quos complexa est. *De Amicitia*.

*only blind her self; but she makes those blind for the most part whom she embraces.*

Here I am perfectly of your Opinion, says *Philanthus* interrupting him, and I do assure you, that this Phantom of Fortune has always shock'd me in Discourses of Piety, especially when they made a Person of it unworthy of the Wisdom of God. But I should not take it ill for a Man of the World to write in the Memoirs of his own Life; *The miserable are not so always; and even Fortune teaches us by her inconstancy that the Miserable have something to hope for, and the Fortunate to be afraid of: nor that another should say in a Comical History, "If I find my self to be only an unhappy "Comedian, 'tis without doubt, because Fortune "would be revenged of Nature, and had a Mind to "take something of me without her consent; or if "you please, that Nature sometimes takes delight in "favouring those, against whom Fortune has taken an "Aversion.*

But what will you say of those Persons who are brought into Epistles Dedicatory? Hear me out, if you please. The Author of a Book which treats of *Cesar's Conquests, or Hippolytus's Adventures*, makes no scruple of telling a Prince, to whom he dedicates  
*"the Book; Here's the Conqueror of Gaul who comes to  
 "pay his homage to you. Hippolytus comes out of the  
 "thickest of the Woods with a design to make his Court to you.* There is nothing falser than this, replies *Eudoxus*; and it is ridiculous to confound the Book which one dedicates with the Hero who is the Subject of the Book; unless by a kind of Fiction, the Author makes his Hero, or his Heroine speak instead of speaking himself; as has been ingeniously done by one of our Poets in publishing of a Play.

And yet *Voiture* who is one of your Oracles, replies *Philanthus*, confounds the Hero and the Romance and takes one for the other, in two of his Letters: He opened the Book, and read the beginning of a Letter superscribed, *to my Lord Duke de Bellegarde when he "sent him Amadis.* My Lord, at a time when History  
*"is so confused, I thought I might send you Fables,  
 "and that in a Place where your only care is to give a  
 "loose*

“ loose to your Thoughts, you might allow some of  
 “ those Hours which are bestow’d upon your Country  
 “ Gentlemen, to entertain *Amadis* with : I hope in this  
 “ your present retirement, he may sometimes agreea-  
 “ bly divert you, whilst he relates his own Adven-  
 “ tures, which will be without doubt the finest in the  
 “ World, as long as you will not suffer it to be ac-  
 “ quainted with yours.

You see he speaks only of the Book *Amadis* in the Title, and in the Letter our Author speaks of the Hero called *Amadis de Gaule* ; he does the same in a Letter superscribed to *Madam de Saintor*, when he sent her *Ariosto’s Orlando Furioso Translated into French*.

“ This questionless is the finest Adventure which  
 “ *Orlando* ever met with : and when he defended  
 “ *Charles the Great’s* Crown by himself, and wrested  
 “ Scepters out of the Hands of Kings, he never did  
 “ any thing so glorious for himself, as now when he  
 “ has the Honour to Kiss yours.

If I durst condemn *Voiture*, replies *Eudoxus* ; I would say, that in these two places he forgets himself a little, and recedes from the Character of a Man of true and fine Sense ; but I had rather say that he plays with his Subject, and that Letters of Galantry require not so severe Truth as Epistles Dedicatory, which are grave and serious things of themselves. I understand you, says *Philanthus*, and I perceive that I begin to distinguish Truth from Falshood by my self. I do not know however, whether a Thought which I lately saw in some Memoirs that were very curious, and very well written be true or false : These are the very Words, *the Heart is more ingenious than the Mind*.

It must be confessed, replies *Eudoxus*, that the *Heart* and the *Mind* are very fashionable things : There is scarce any thing else talk’d of in fine Company ; they

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[*Cœur* & *Esprit* are words of so many Senses, and *Heart* and *Mind* have so few beside the Literal one in English ; that this thought sounds but flat in our Language ; but the *Heart* is here only the Seat of the Passions, and the *Mind* the Seat of Reason. I do not enquire into the Philosophy of this making the Faculties of the self same Soul look like two distinct Souls ; this is enough to understand the whole force of the Thought.

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are brought into play at every turn: We have a Book called a *Quarrel between the Mind and the Heart* (\*), and even Preachers themselves run Divisions in their Discourses between them. *Voiture* is perhaps the first Man who ever opposed one to the other when he writes to the Marchionese de Sablé. "My Letters," says he, are writ with so true an Affection, that if you make a right Judgment, you will Value them more than those you have redemanded; those were only to show my *Wit*; (†) these come from my Heart.

The Author of the *Moral Reflections* (||) refines much upon *Voiture*, when he says, "That the Mind is always the Cully of the Heart: That every Man speaks well of his Heart, when no Man dares say so of his Mind: That the Mind cannot long act the part of the Heart.

But not to ramble too far, what you proposed is somewhat of the Nature of those Paradoxes, which are false and true both at one time, according to the different Lights in which one views them. For if you only look upon Thought; (if I may so speak) if you keep to the Terms in which it is expressed, it is false that the Heart can have more Understanding (\*) than the Understanding it self: but if you go to the Depth of the Business, and without Amusing your self with the Words, you stick to the Sense; you will find that a Lover has more Notions, more Expedients, more Arts of Address to come to an end of his designs in the matter of his Passion, than another very witty and very able Man who is not in Love.

The Question cannot be better cleared, says *Philanthus*: But give me leave now, proceeds *Eudoxus*, to take my turn; and to ask your Opinion of the Thought of a Greek Historian, about which two Learned Men of our Age (*Girac* and *Costar*) are not agreed: To understand the Thought, it is necessary to know the matter of Fact.

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(\*) Le Dénêlé du Coeur, & de l'Esprit. (†) [the word *Esprit* is used here again.] (||) *Reflections Morales*. (\*) [Esprit is the word again.]

A *Persian Cavalier* took a *Scythian Woman* Prisoner in an Engagement and dismounted her. When he found she was young and handsome, he gave her Life and Liberty: But as soon as ever he had lost sight of her, he fell passionately in Love with her; she despising his Passion, he was seized with a violent Grief, and despair made him take up a Resolution to dye, and he really did so, but before he dy'd he writ to her who was the cause of his Death; *I sav'd your Life, and I have dy'd for you.*

The Question is, Whether there be Truth in this, *I have dy'd for you*: For he could not be dead when he said it; and he could not be alive if he spoke Truth.

May not these words be verifys'd, replies *Philanthus*, by saying that tho' the Cavalier might perhaps send the Letter before he dy'd, yet he took his measures so well, that the Woman had not the news of his Death till he was really dead?

It is a good useful Expedient, replies *Eudoxus*, and I fancy *Girac* hit upon it before you: For he maintains against *Costar*, that the Words of the Billet are true. But neither of your Expedients hinder their being false at the time they were writ; for the *Persian* was not yet dead, when he wrote *I have dy'd for you.*

It belongs only, if we believe *Costar*, to that frozen Lover for whom *Madam Desloges* set an Air, to say in a Song; *I am a dying, I dye, I am dead.*

The Truth is *Demetrius Phalereus* favours *Girac's* Notion, when he says that *Ctesias* (that's the Name of the *Greek Historian*) makes the Cavalier say he was dead because this had much more Emphasis and Force, than if he had barely said, *I dye, or I am a dying.* For things are much plainer, and make much more impression upon Mens Minds, says the same *Demetrius*, when they are once fulfilled; than whilest they are a doing, or are to be done afterwards.

Hence I conclude, says *Philanthus*, that the Thought would be false if it were literally taken, and according to the Rigour of the Words: But that it is not, provided that by, *I have dy'd*, you understand, *I dye, or I am a dying*; that is to say, that the Falshood, if there is any, lies only in the Expression, or in the turn which

is giv'n to that Thought, to make it clearer and brisker.

For my part I conclude, replies *Eudoxus*, that the Cavalier would never of himself have thought of using so eloquent an Expression, when he was a dying, and he would have said naturally, *I dye for you*, if *Ctesias* had not made him speak after his own way. For this Historian did not love simplicity; and *Demetrius* himself calls him the Poet, not only because of the Fables with which he fills his History, but also because of his florid, lofty, and poetical Style.

To conclude all that we have said, Reason is of it self an Enemy of Falshood, and those that would think justly, ought to imitate the great Painters, who give truth to all their Pieces; or rather to follow Nature by which Painters guide themselves. Hence comes it also that well chosen Comparisons, which are drawn from Nature are always the Foundation of very reasonable Thoughts; as these for instance, *Grateful Persons are like fertil grounds, which give much more than they receive. Princes Actions are like great Rivers, whereof few Men see the Original, and all the World sees the Course.*

*Seneca*, who does not always think justly, when he follows his own Genius, is true and correct in his Thoughts when he Copies after Nature; and all his Comparisons are the finest in the World.

I said that Comparisons ought to be well chosen; for it is easie to mistake, and the ablest Men are sometimes mistaken; Cardinal *Pallavicini*, when he was but a Jesuit, Dedicated one of his Books which I have by me, entituled, (\*) *Considerations concerning the Art of Style and Dialogue*, to Monsignor *Rinuccini* Archbishop of *Fermo*; and in his Dedication, commending this Prelate for several Treatises which he had written concerning the Episcopal Function, he says, (†) *That to find so*

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(\*) Considerazioni sopra l'arte dello Stile, è del Dialogo. (†) Il sentir materie così aride, così austere, così digiune, trattate con tanta copia de pellegrin concerti, con tanta sojyn avita di Stile, con tanta lautezza d'Ornamenti e di Figure, summi oggetto di più alto stupore, che non farebbono ideliziofi giardini fabricati su gli ermi scogli dall'arte de Negromanti.

"dry, so austere, so empty a Subject, treated of with so great variety of curious Notions, with so much sweetness of Style, with so great an abundance of Ornaments and Figures, was to me an object of as great amazement as delightful Gardens built by the black Art upon desert Rocks would have been.

It is not a happy Comparison? for besides that there is not much relation between a Bishop, and a Magician; to say, that this dry and hard Subject treated of with so much Wit, so much politeness and so much eloquence has something more surprizing than the delicious Gardens which appear all at once upon frightful and barren Rocks by the help of Magick; is not this to say (without thinking of it) that this Prelates works are not solid, and that there is more show than substance in what he writes? In truth, enchanted Palaces and Gardens dazle and charm Mens Eyes; but all this is only illusion, and there is nothing less real, than what pleases most.

The late Duke of Rochefaucault, who thought so justly, and had so sound a Judgment, says *Philanthus*, said one Day, after he had read a Book full of subtilty and very sparkling, that it seemed to him as if he had seen those Palaces built in the Air by charms, which vanish away in Smoke at the time when they dazle the most.

The Duke of Rochefaucault's Thought, replies *Eudoxus*, is as true as Cardinal *Pallavicini's* was false. But as to Comparisons, says he further, one ought chiefly to avoid falsifying of Nature, if I may so speak; by attributing to her what does belong not to her, as those Orators, or rather corrupters of Eloquence whom (\*) *Quintilian* Laughs at, who Thought it was a fine thing to say, that great Rivers are navigable at the Fountain-head, and good Trees bear Fruit at their first springing up.

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[ ] Quod quidem genus a quibusdam declamatoriâ maximè licentiâ corruptum est: Nam e falsis utuntur: magnorum Fluminum navigabiles fontes sunt, & generosioris arboris statim planta cum Fructu est. Lib. 8. cap. 4.



That which amazes me, replies *Philanthus*, is, that Cardinal *Pallavicini* should not think *justly* in a Book which treats of *justness*, and where the Author accuses good writers of *Falshood*; among others *Tasso*, who before he describes the last Battle of the Infidels against the Christians, says that the Clouds disappeared just as the Engagement began, and that Heaven resolved to see without a Vail those great Acts of Valour which were then to be shew'd on each side.

*E Senza velo*

*Volve mirar l'opre grandi il Cielo.*

“ For we know very well, says *Pallavicini*, that the  
 “ material Heaven has no Eyes to see with, nor Soul  
 “ to desire, and that the inhabitants of Heaven if he  
 “ means them, see through the thickest Clouds what-  
 “ ever mortals Act upon the Earth.

He criticizes also upon a Poet of his own time, I cannot tell who; 'tis who being willing to commend an ancient Statuary for the Statue of a Goddess, said of him that he was himself a God, since it belonged to God alone to give Life to Marble.

*Tu pur Dio sei;*

*Che Dio sol é, chi puo dar vità à i marmi.*

The fallacy in this Censor's judgment lies in taking that in a proper Sense, which for the most part is only taken in a Metaphorical one; I mean the Privilege which is allow'd to excellent Statuaries to give Life to Marbles. This Privilege literally speaking is a Mark of the Power of a God; such as that of *Jupiter* was, who quickned the Stones, according to the Fable, which *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha* threw; which is not true, and cannot be said of Statuaries unless in a Metaphorical Sense, because of the resemblance which their workmanship has to living Creatures.

I am surprized, I say, that so exact and so judicious a Critick, should fall himself into that fault which he reproves. For my part, replies *Eudoxus*, I wonder not at it, Wise Men have their bad intervals, as well

as Fools their good ones: and even in matters of Morality and Style, those who know the Rules very well, do not always follow them; and sometimes Philosophers use fallacies: you and I, with all our Reflections upon the falshood of Thoughts, are capable of mistaking; and we mistake perhaps at the very time when we would correct others; let us at least love the Truth even in our mistakes; which I say, all Men Love: and (\*) when we read any thing that is true, it is neither the Book nor the Author which makes us find it out to be so; it is something we carry about us that's very much advanced above Body and sensible Light, and which is an impression, a Spark (†) of the Eternal Light of Truth: So a very sensible Man of our Age assures us, “ That when a Natural Discourse paints a “ Passion, we find within our selves the Truth of what “ we heard, which was there before without being “ taken notice of, and we find our selves carry'd to “ love him who made us perceive it; for he shew'd us “ not his own happiness, but ours.

All this is fine and curious, says *Philanthus*. But is it enough to think well, that our Thoughts have nothing false in them? No, replies *Eudoxus*; Thoughts may be so very true, that they may be sometimes trivial; and therefore it was that *Tully* commending *Crassus's* Thoughts, after he had said they were as perfect as they were true; adds that they were equally new and out of the common Road: That is to say, that besides the Truth which always contents the Mind, there must be something else which strikes and surprizes it. I do not say that all ingenious Thoughts ought to be as new as *Crassus's* were: it would be hard to say nothing but what is new: it is enough that the Thoughts made use of in Discourses of Wit, are not common: or, if the Invention be not wholly new, yet that the way of turning them at least should be so: or, if they have not

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(\*) Aug. Epist. 39. (†) [Rejailissement is properly a dashing, but what is never used in our Language, but of the Spray of Water, or of least some Liquid thing.] (||) Sententiæ Crassi tam integræ, tam veræ, tam novæ, De Orat. lib. 2.

the Graces of being new even in the turn; yet they should have something in themselves which may create Pleasure and Admiration.

Ah! this is what I love says *Philantbus*, and I dye with longing to know all your Thoughts upon this Subject.

This will serve for another time, replies *Eudoxus*: it is already very late, and I see that the Victuals is ready.

Here they ended their Conversation: went to Supper, and talked only of indifferent things, till they parted.

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### *The End of the First Dialogue.*

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DIALOGUE II.

**P**HILANTHUS's Head was filled all Night long with that Truth and Falshood which had been the Subject of their Dialogue. The Principles and Examples upon which *Eudoxus* had built it, came into his Mind again when he awaked: But his Friends last words made him extremely impatient to renew the Discourse.

He rose betimes contrary to his Custom, and went immediately to seek *Eudoxus* whom the love of Study had made a very early Man, after the Example of those Philosophers who believed that the most precious Hours of the Day for Scholars were those in the Morning: without doubt, because the Head is then freest, and the Images of things are clearest after sleep; or, because the Mind is more recollected, before it is distracted with Business. *Philanthus* found *Eudoxus* in his Closer, and let him see presently how much he desired to begin again the *Discourse concerning Thoughts*: I am at work about it now, says *Eudoxus*, and I have been above this Hour, reviewing all my best Extracts out of the Antients and Moderns. To come back again then to the Place where we left off Yesterday, I told you, that for ingenious Thoughts, it was not enough for them to be true, something extraordinary must be added over and above to strike the Mind: We have said already, and it cannot be said too often; Truth is to a Thought, what Foundations are to a Building, it supports it and makes it strong: But a Building which is only strong will not have wherewith to please those that understand Architecture. They look for nobleness, beauty, and even fineness in well built Houses, besides strength: and this also is what I would have in those Thoughts we are now speaking of. Truth which in so many other Cases pleases without any Ornament,



requires it here : and this Ornament is sometimes nothing but a new turn which is given to things. Instances will make you understand what I mean. *Death spares no Man*. Here's a very true Thought, and but too true, the more's the pity, adds *Eudoxus* : yet it is a very ordinary and a very plain one. To raise it, and to make it in some sort new, one needs only turn it as *Horace* and *Malherbe* have done.

The first, as you know very well, turns it thus; (\*) *Pale Death knocks equally at King's Palaces, and poor Men's Cottages*. The Second takes another turn. (†) *The poor Man in his Cottage, covered over with Straw is subject to her Laws: and the Guard which watches at the Gates of the Louvre defends not our Kings*.

I understand you, says *Philanthus*; but which of these two Thoughts, or rather of these two Turns pleases you most? Both in their kinds have something which pleases, replies *Eudoxus*: The turn of the *Latin* Poet is more figurative and smart; that of the *French* Poet is more natural and finer; there is something Noble in them both.

For my part, replies *Philanthus*, I chiefly love Thoughts which have softness in them, and which represent only great things to the Mind. Your Taste is not very bad in that, says *Eudoxus*, the Sublime, (‡) the Grandeur in a Thought is that properly which carries all before it, and which ravishes, provided the Thought agrees to the Subject: for this is a general Rule, that one ought to think according to the matter he treats of, (\*) and nothing is more foolish than to have sublime Thoughts on a Subject which requires only mean ones: and it would almost be better to have none but mean Thoughts upon an Argument which might require sublime ones: so that *Timæus* whom *Lon-*

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(\*) *Pallida mors æquo pulsat pede Pauperum tabernas regumq; turres. Carm. lib. 1. Od. 2.* (†) *Le Pauvre en la cabane, où le chaume le couvre, est sujet à ses Loix. Et la Garde qui veille aux barrières de l'ouvre, n'en défend pas nos Rois.* (‡) *Non ad persuasionem, sed ad stuporem rapiunt grandia. Long. de sublimi. Sect. 1.* (\*) *A Sermone tenui sublime discordat, sitq; corruptum, quia in plano tumet. Quintil. Lib. 8. cap. 3.*

ginus speaks of, that commended *Alexander* for Conquering all *Asia*, in fewer Years than *Isocrates* composed his Panegyrick upon the *Athenians*, troubles me less than *Balzac* who says thus to *la Motte Aigron*; " Let me dye if the least part of the work which you show'd me, be not worth more than all that ever the *Hollanders* did; provided you except the Victories of the Prince of *Orange*."

The Truth is, *Longinus* condemns this Comparison of the King of *Macedon* with a Sophist, and of the Conquest of *Asia* with a simple Discourse, as low and childish: But yet there is more proportion between an illustrious Conqueror, and a Famous Orator; between an effect of Heroick Vertue, and a Master-piece of Eloquence; than there is between a small part of a little Work, and all that a powerful and a happy People have done: For not to speak of the Prince of *Orange's* Victories, since our Author desires they should be excepted: How far has not the *Dutch Commonwealth* carried her power by Sea and Land, notwithstanding all the Forces and all the Politicks of *Spain*?

Here as I am not for *Balzac*, says *Philanthus*, so neither am I for *Longinus*: and I think he criticizes too far when he reproaches *Timæus* with childishness for his commendation of *Alexander*. If any one should say of *Lewis* the Great, that he conquered the *Franche-Comté* the first time, in fewer Days than one could write his Panegyrick, would he, think you, speak foolishly? And if at his return from so short and so glorious a Campaign, it should be said that those who were to complement his Majesty, had need of more time to prepare their Harangues, than had been spent in that Conquest: do you believe that would be a bad Thought?

I do not think it would, answers *Eudoxus*; but however I think that *Timæus's* Thought is faulty, because the Harangues you speak of relate to the King and his Conquest, whereas *Isocrates's* Panegyrick no ways concerned *Alexander* or his Victories. But lets not ramble too far, let us go back to that Nobleness which you love so much.

(\*) Her .

(\*) *Hermogenes* sets down several Degrees of noble and majestic Thoughts as he calls them: The first is of those which have a Relation to the Gods, and which express something Divine. So that one may say according to this Rhetorician's Doctrine, that there is a great deal of Dignity in what a *Greek* Father said, that Christianity is an imitation of the Divine Life: and a *Latin* Father, that he takes his revenge upon God who loves his Enemies.

Then there is not much less, returns *Philanthus*, in what *Tully* says, that (†) Men in nothing come so near the Gods, as when they give Life to Men. No, doubtless replies *Eudoxus*. *Velleius Paterculus's* Thought concerning *Cato* is much of the same Nature, (†) He was a Man very like Vertue it self: He had a "Mind which came nearer to the Gods than Men: "and he never did well that he might seem to do it. "That of *Seneca* (‡) upon Heroes and vertuous Men "who are ill used by Fortune is plainly of this sort, "says *Philanthus*. "When a great Man falls, he falls "great; and he is no more looked upon with contempt, than the Ruines of Sacred Buildings, when "they are trodden under Foot: and which Religious "Men respect and adore in their very Ruines.

Lastly, the famous Thought of *Sannazar* upon the City of *Venice*, replies *Eudoxus*, ought to be joyned to these. The Poet feigns that *Neptune* seeing *Venice* raising her self above the Waters of the *Adriatick* Gulf, and giving Laws to all the Sea, said to *Jupiter* in an insulting manner, (\*) *Boast now as long as you please of your Capitol, and those famous Walls of your Mars; if you prefer Tyber to the Sea, view both the Cities: That you will say was built by Men, this by the Gods.*

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(\*) De form. Orat: cap. 6. (†) Homines ad Deos nullā re propriis accedunt, quam salute Hominiſibus danda. Orat. pro Ligarij. (‡) Homo virtuti ſimillimus, per omnia ingenio Diis quam hominibus propior: qui nunquam rectē fecit, ut facere videretur. Lib. 2. (¶) Si magnus Vir cecidit, magnus jacuit: non magis illum putes contemni, quam cum ædium ſacrarum, ruinæ calcantur: quas religioſi æq; ac ſtantes adorant. Conſolat. ad Helviam, cap. 13. (\*) Si pelago Tyberim præfers, urbem adſpice utramq;: Illam homines diſces, hanc poſuiſſe Deos.

The nobleness of Thoughts, continues *Eudoxus*, arises also, according to *Hermogenes*, from the Nature of things which are indeed human; but which pass for great and illustrious among Men, as Power, Generosity, Wit, Courage, Victories and Triumphs. Here are some Examples which I took notice of, and set down.

(\*) *There is nothing greater in your Fortune than an ability to preserve great numbers of Men; nor nothing better in your Nature than a desire to do it: It was to Cæsar that this was said by the Roman Orator; see also, how your beloved Historian, who in your Opinion has something brisker than Livy, speaks of this same Orator: (†) He ow'd all his advancement to himself: a Man of a mighty Genius, who prevented our being overcome by the Wit of those whose Arms we had conquered. But the Elder Seneca says a greater thing of him, when he (||) says that Tully's was the only Genius which the People of Rome had that was equal to their Empire.*

*Cato* perhaps is the Man of all the *Romans* who has been the Subject of the sublimest Thoughts. (\*) *The blessed are by their selves, says Virgil and Cato giving Laws to them. (†) The whole World was subdued, says Horace, all but the fierce Soul of Cato.*

I would fain know, replies *Philanthus*, who thought most nobly of *Cato*, *Virgil*, or *Horace*. Their Thoughts at the Bottom, answers *Eudoxus*, are almost equally noble: For it is very near as great to be at the Head of Good Men, and their Commander; as to be the only Man who refuses to submit to the Conqueror of the World. But if one Judges by Appearances, *Horace's* Thought has more loftiness and majesty than

(\*) Nihil habet nec Fortuna tua majus quam ut possis; nec Natura tua melius quam ut velis conservare quamplurimos. *Orat. pro Ligario*.  
 [†] Omnia incrementa sua sibi debuit: vir ingenio maximus, qui effecit ne quorum arma viceramus, eorum ingenio vinceremur. *Vell. Pater. lib. 2.*  
 [||] Illud ingenium quod solum Populus Romanus par imperio suo habuit. *Controvers. Lib. 1.* [∗] Secretosq; pios, his dantem jura Catonem. *Æneid. 8.* [†] Et cuncta terrarum subacta, præter atrocem animum Catonis. *Carn. Lib. 2. Od. 1.*



*Virgil*. (\*) I do not pretend to determine after all, whether it is the same *Cato* they both speak of. It is certain *Horace* speaks of *Cato Uticensis*: and it is probable at least that *Virgil* does so too, because in the foregoing Verse he mentions *Catiline*, to whom the Elder *Cato* had no Relation.

But to return to my Notes: an Antient Poet, a Great Imitator of *Virgil*, has a very noble Thought of *Hannibal*, whom some had resolved to set upon at a Feast. (†) You are deceived, said one to a Young Man of *Capua* who had formed this bold Design, you are deceived, if you think to find *Hannibal* unarmed at Table: That eternal Majesty which was acquired with so much Blood, and by so many engagements, defends the General: come a little nearer, you shall see *Cannæ* and *Trebia* stand before you, the Trophies of *Thrasymenus*, with the Shadow of the Great *Paulus* all in view.

One of the most Celebrated Orators of our time, replies *Philanthus*, has used this Thought of the *Latin* Poet, to very good purpose in a *Latin* Harangue, where he tells us that the Great Prince of *Conde* was never alone in the most solitary Walks at *Chantilly*, that his Victories went along with him in all Places: that when he looked round him, the Images of *Rocroy*, *Lens*, *Friburgh*, *Nordlingen* and *Senef*, presented themselves to his Mind; and that he might imagine that he saw the Shades of those famous Generals in his retinue whose Armies he had conquered.

I remember also continues *Philanthus*, that an excellent *Latin* Poet of our time, when he describes the engagement at *Tolhuysse*, after they had passed the Rhine, says that the Enemies could not bear the Prince of *Con-*

( ) There is as little comparison to be made between *Virgil's* Thought and *Horace's*, as there is between the *Aeneids* and his *Odes*; for it is a Nobler thing by far to give Laws to the Blest above, whose Understanding and Wisdom as much excels ours, as their happiness does; than to be the only Man in the Roman Empire, that would not submit to *Cæsar's* power. (†) Fallit te Menſas inter quod credis inermem: Tot bellis quæſita viro, tot cædibus armat Majeſtas æterna Ducem: ſi admoſeris ora. Cannas & Trebiam ante oculos, Traſymenaq; buſſia & Paulli ſtare ingen-tem miraberis umbram. *Stili. Ital. Lib. 2.*

de's presence. (\*) That they fled before him tho' unhurt, as if they had been half dead; having *Nordlingen* and *Lens* always in their Eye. Neither can I here forget what I read in the Poem of *St. Lewis*, concerning two Bodies of his Army that were sent from *Greece*, who were thought to be descended from those *Antient Grecians* who made themselves Masters of *Asia*, and who obtained two such famous Victories over the *Persians*, at *Thermopylae* and *Arbela*. The *French Poet* speaks of these brave Men who composed these two Bodies in this manner,

*De ces Peres fameux les Noms, & la Memoire  
Qui combattent encore, & regnent dans l'Histoire  
Leur inspirent un air de gloire, & de valeur,  
Leur remettent Athene & Sparte dans le cœur;  
Et pour mot a marcher, par leurs rangs & leurs files,  
On n'entend resonner qu' Arbelle & Thermopyles.*

The Name and Memory of these their famous Ancestors, who fight still and command in History, inspires them with an Air of Glory and of Courage: hereby they are brought to think upon Athens and Sparta, and when they are to march in rank and file, they bear no word given but *Arbela* and *Thermopylae*.

But I interrupt you, and you do not go on with your Notes. *Quintilian*, pursues *Eudoxus*, (†) says that *Cesar* has as much vehemence, quickness and fire in his Discourses, that he seems to have spoken with the same Air and the same Force with which he fought. It was said of him, replies *Philanthus*, that he had an admirable Genius for Eloquence: but that he chose rather to overcome Men than perswade them: it was said also, that he seemed not to desire Victory, but only that he might have the Glory of forgiving.

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[\*] Quà ruis exanimis fugiunt sine vulnere turmæ: Multa oculis Norlingua, & Lentia multa recurvat. [†] Tanta in eo vis est, id acumen, ea concitatio, ut illam eodem animo dixisse quo bellavit appareat. *Lib. 10. cap. 1.*

Tully (\*) spoke very nobly replies *Eudoxus*, when he said that there was no necessity of opposing the *Alpes* to the *Gauls*, or the *Rhine* to the *Germans*: and that tho' the loftiest Mountains should sink, tho' the deepest Rivers should be dried up, without the help of Nature, by *Cesar's* Victories alone, and by his great Actions *Italy* would be sufficiently fortify'd. But lets joyn *Pompey* to *Cesar*, and hear your favourite Historian once more. (†) *Pompey* overcame all the Nations whom he made War against, and Fortune raised him to that height that he first triumph'd over *Africa*, then over *Asia*, and at last over *Europe*: that so he might raise as many Monuments of his Victories, as (‖) there were parts of the World.

Hear what another Historian (\*) says of *Pompey* who would not suffer *Tigranes* to lye along at his Feet, after he had conquered him, but set his Crown again upon his Head: He restored him to his former station, thinking it equally noble to conquer Kings, and to make them. *Mutianus* in *Tacitus* (†) finds his interest more in giving the Empire, than in getting it; in making *Vespasian* Emperor, than in being one himself; (‖) tho' in my Judgment it was rather the Historians thought, than the Hero's Opinion.

This is all great, says *Philanthus*; and nothing in my Mind raises Men's Spirits higher than these sort of Thoughts: but it seems to me, that Men had at least

[\*] *Perfecit ille ut si montes resedissent, amnes exaruisent, non natura praesidio, sed victori à sua, rebusq; gestis Italiam munivit habereamus.* *Cont. Pison.* [†] *Ut Primum ex Africa, iterum ex Europa, tertio ex Asia triumpharet: & quot partes terrarum orbis sunt, totidem faceret monumenta victoriae sua.* *Vell. Pat. Lib. 2.* [‖] *In pristinam fortunæ habitum restituit: aequè pulchrum esse judicans, & vincere Reges, & facere.* *Valer. Maxim. Lib. 5. cap. 1.* [\*] *Cui expeditus fuerit tradere imperium, quam obtinere.* *Hist. Lib. 1.* [†] *Our Author seems not to have attended to the word Expeditus. Tacitus says it was easier for Mutianus to give the Empire to another, than to get it for himself: and it is very possible for a Man who has great power, but ill below'd, by joyning with a Man of less power but better below'd, to get that for him, which he could never have got for himself. It is plain from the Story, that this was Tacitus's meaning. He describes Mutianus as a Man who made a Virtue of necessity: and therefore finds more of the Statesman than the Hero in his coming into Vespasian.*

as noble Thoughts upon the *Romans* in general, as upon those particular Men who distinguished themselves by their extraordinary Merit.

You are in the right, answers *Eudoxus*, and if we will believe not only *Roman* Authors, but those that have writ in other Languages; it was the Trade of the People of *Rome* to command other Nations; Kings were nothing in comparison to the Citizens of *Rome*: the Name of the *Romans* alone made every thing tremble, conquered every thing; their power had no bounds: and it was only the excessive greatness of *Rome* which was the cause of her Ruine.

But do not think that when *Rome* lost the Empire of the World, that she lost all the Greatness and Majesty which she had. One sees even in her Ruines, the Majesty of that conquering People which was the Mistress of others; and a great (\*) Wit of *Italy* has described this very well in an Epigram of his directed to a Traveller, who looked for *Rome* in *Rome* her self. *View*, says he, these heaps of Walls, these broken Stones: these vast Theaters overwhelmed with their own squallid Rubbish; these are *Rome*: see how the Carcass of this great City, still breaths out threatnings; has something in it still that is imperious.

Of all the great Men whom *Italy* has produced; replies *Philanthus*, *Tasso* perhaps is the Man who thinks the Noblest. His *Gierusalemme* is full of sublime Thoughts, and one needs only open it, to find as many as one pleases. He took the Book, and in opening fell upon the Place, where *Lucifer* harangues the *Demons* in behalf of the *Sarazin* Army, and bids them remember the fight which they once maintained against the Troops of Heaven.

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[Tu regere imperio populos, Romane memento. (Hæ tibi erunt rates) pacisque imponere morem. Parcere Subjectis, & debellare superbos. *Virgil. Æn. 6.*] [\*] Adspice murorum moles, præruptaq; laxa, Obrutaq; horrenti vastâ Theatra situ; Hæc sunt Roma, videntur velut ipsa cadavera tantæ Urbis adhuc spirent imperiosa minas. *Janus Vitates.*



*Fummi (io n'ol nego) in questo conflitto vinti,  
Pur non mancò virtute al gran pensiero :  
Hebbero i più felici allor vittoria,  
Rimase a noi d'invitto ardir la gloria.*

Can there be any thing conceived more sublime than this? *We were I confess, overcome in the fight: but we wanted not courage for so great an undertaking: and if the more Fortunate got the Victory, yet we at least had the Glory of our unconquer'd Courage still allow'd to us.*

*Argante's death is expressed no less nobly than the overthrow of the Demons. This Sarazin (\*) who was so valiant and so fierce: or rather so barbarous and cruel, so indefatigable and invincible in War, who braves Heaven, and places all his Reason and all his Law in his Sword; this Sarazin, I say, falls by the Hand of Tancrede: but he threatens (†) him who kills him, and ev'n when he was dying would not seem to be overcome: He ought to have said that Argante would seem to be victorious; like that (||) Samnite General, who, according to your beloved Historians account, had more the Air of a Conqueror than a dying Man.*

*Tasso, replies Philanthus, says a greater thing than this of another Sarazin,——E morto anco minaccia; This Barbarian threatens the Christians as dead as he is; that is, says Eudoxus, that there was a threatening Air in the Countenance of this dead Man, as Florus (\*) says of those generous Soldiers who dy'd upon their Enemies, and who even when they were a dying would not part with their Swords: This also is what Salust (†) says of Catiline that his Body was found amongst his Enemies; still retaining ev'n in his Countenance that fierceness, which he had when he was alive.*

[ ] Impatiente, inessorabit, fero; nell'arme infaticabile & invitto; Dogni Dio sprezzator, se chi repone Nella spada, sua legge e sua ragione. [†] E vuol morendo anco, parez non vinto. [||] Telesinus semianimis repertus est, victoris magis quam morientis vultum retines. *Vell. Pater. Lib. 2.* [ ] Quidam hostibus suis immortui; omnium in manibus enses & relictæ in vulubus minæ. *Lib. 1. cap. 18.* [†] Catilina longè a suis inter hostium cadavera repertus est: paululum etiam spirans, ferocemq; animi quam habuerat vivus, in vultu retinens. *Bel. Catilinar.*

These Thoughts, replies *Philanthus*, puts me in Mind of one of a *Spanish* Author upon the Prince of *Bourbon's* death who was killed before *Rome*: *Aunque le quito & ser, pero un solo punto non le pudo quitar la magnanimidad y vigor en tanto que el everpo tenio sentimiento.* That is, as you see, Sir, that his Courage never left him, not for a Moment; that his Heart was always steady and fearless, as long as his Body kept either Sense or Heat.

What a Poet of the latter Ages, who was illustrious for his Character, both of a Governour and a Bishop, says of the *French* in General, replies *Eudoxus*, you ought to think much finer.

—— (\*) *Animique supersunt  
Iam prope post animam.*

Their courage still survives, even almost after Death. He means that they fight bravely even to the last Breath; and his setting two words [*Animus* and *Anima*] very like one another, which yet mean not the same thing, so near together, makes a happy turn.

A *Latin* Historian has not so good an Opinion of us, (†) replies *Philanthus* for he says the *French* are more than Men at the first Onset: and less than Women at the second.

But I will read two or three more passages of *Tasso* to you, which in my Opinion have something in them that is very Heroical.

*I gradi primi  
Pui meritar, che conseguir desio:  
Ne, pur che me la mia virtù sublimi,  
Di scettri altezza invidiar degg'io.*

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[ ] *Sidonius Apollinaris.* [†] *Sicut primus impetus eis major quam virorem est: ita sequens impet quoque seminarum.* *Florus Lib. 24 cap. 4.*

Is not this a Notion worthy of *Rinaldo*, and of *Ariosto's Hero*, rather to be willing to deserve the chiefest Dignities, than to obtain them; and not to envy Kings their Scepters, or their Crowns, if a Man can but raise himself, and be distinguish'd by his Vertue?

Give me leave to interrupt you, says *Eudoxus*, and to take my turn to tell you two Thoughts which are, perhaps, Copies of that passage of *Tasso* which you have quoted. The one concludes a Madrigal, which is a Character of the Great Prince of *Conde*, which you will not be unwilling to hear entire.

*J'ay le Cœur comme la Naissance;  
Je porte dans les yeux un feu vif & brillant;  
J'ay de la Foy, de la Constance:  
Je suis prompt, je suis fier, genereux & vaillant,  
Rien n'est comparable a ma gloire;  
Le plus fameux Heros qu'on vante dans l'Histoire,  
Ne me le scauroit disputer.  
Si se n'ay pas une couronne,  
C'est la Fortune qui la donne:  
Il suffit de la meriter.*

“ My Heart is equal to my Birth: I have a brisk  
“ and sparkling fire in my Eyes: I have Faith, and I  
“ have Constancy: I am quick, fierce, generous, and  
“ valiant: Nothing is comparable to my Glory: The  
“ greatest Heroes whom History boasts of, cannot dis-  
“ pute it with me: If I have not a Crown, yet that is  
“ only the gift of Fortune: it is enough to me that I  
“ have deserved it.

The other Thought, or rather Notion, (\*) is of *Christina Queen of Sweden*, who in a Letter which she wrote to the King of *Poland* in *Italian*, after his raising the siege of *Vienna*, tells him; that she envies him not

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[ ] Io non le invidio il suo regno, ne quanti tesori e spoglie. ella s'acquisto: io invidio solo a V. M. le sue fatiche, e li suoi pericoli, io invidio sì bel Titolo di Liberatore della Christianita, il gusto di dare ogno hora la vita e la libertà a tanti sfortunati deglimici e nemici; quali devono a lei la libertà, o la vita loro.

his Kingdom, nor the Treasure or Spoils which he carry'd away with him; she envies him only his Fatigues, and the Dangers which he run through; she envies him that noble Title of the Deliverer of *Christendom*: and the pleasure which he had of giving Life and Liberty to so many unfortunate Friends and Enemies, who owe both the one and the other wholly to him.

It is true, replies *Philanthus*, that the Thoughts of the Madrigal, and the Letter are very like what I said of *Rinaldo*; but give me leave now to make an end of what I begun.

When the same Hero fought with *Gernando*, and was killed by him, he was so far from submitting to the Laws of Military Discipline, and the Orders of the General of the Christian Army, that he spoke fiercely with a Smile mixt with Disdain, that it was for Slaves or those who deserv'd to be so, to justify themselves in Irons: for his part, he was born free; and had liv'd, and would dye so; he said besides, that a Hand like his, which had been used to handle a Sword, and gather Lawrels, knew not what Chains meant. Perhaps the Thought will please you better in *Italian*.

*Sorrise albor Rinaldo, e con un volto  
In cui tra'l Riso lampeggiò lo sdegno,  
Difenda sua ragion ne ceppi involto,  
Chi servo è, disse, d'esser servo è degno.  
Libero i nacqui, e vissi, e morirò sciolto;  
Pria che man porga ò piede à laccio indegno,  
Usa à la spada è quella destra ed usa  
A le Palme, e vil nodo ella recusa.*

I confess, says *Eudoxus*, that when *Tasso* thinks well, he thinks better than any body, and his Heroes have very noble Ideas: But especially, replies *Philanthus*, this Divine Poet thinks most excellently upon his principal Hero.

*Armida* tells *Godfrey*, when she desires his assistance, (\*) that it was his fate to will nothing but what was

(\*) Tu cui Concessse il cielo, e dietti in fato, Voler il giusto, e poter ciò che voi,



just, and to be able to put all his designs in Execution.

It is a noble Thought, says *Eudoxus*, and is much the same with that of a Panegyrist of *St. Lewis*: that true greatness does not lye in doing whatever one has a Mind to, but rather in desiring only what one ought. I cannot tell whether the *French* Orator does not outdoe the *Italian* Poet.

One of the Ambassadors of the *Sultan of Egypt*, continues *Philanthus*, tells the same *Godfrey*, to divert him from the Siege of *Jerusalem*, that nothing could be added to the Reputation of his Arms: He might, indeed, make new Conquests, but he must in vain hope to acquire new Glory (\*).

*Godfrey* tells Prince *Altamor*, who yielded himself up in combat, and offered all the Gold of his Kingdom with the Jewels of the Queen his Wife for his Ransom: Keep the most pretious things of *India* and *Persia* for your self: I do not seek to enrich my self by another Man's Life: I make War in *Asia*, I do not drive a Trade there (†).

Dont you think this very noble, and well worthy of a Christian Hero, who had no interest but that of his Religion in his Eye? Nothing can be more generous, replies *Eudoxus*, but then nothing can be better imitated, not to say better stolen, says he further. For in short, *Alexander* says almost the very same thing in *Quintus Curtius*, (‖) in his answer to *Parmenio* who made him some advantageous tho' ungenerous Proposals: That if he were *Parmenio* he would prefer Money to Glory; but since he was *Alexander* he did not fear being Poor: And as I remember, he says besides, I am not a Merchant, but a King. (‖).

(\*) E se bene acquistar puoi novi imperi: Acquistar nova gloria indarno spero. (†) cio che tien da l'Indiche maremme, Habbiti pure, e cio che Persia, accoglie: che de la vita altrui prezzo non cerco; Guereggio in Asia, e non vi cambio o merco. (‖) Ma non mercatorem mermini esse, sed Regem. Lib. 4. (\*) [Both the one and the other seem to have been taken from that saying of Pyrrhus in Ennius, which Tully quotes in his Offices, Non cuponantes bellum, sed belligerantes.]

*Quintus Curtius*, if I mistake not, makes him say in the same Place, that it was not his Custom to set upon Prisoners or Women: he had only to do with those who had Arms in their Hands, and who were able to defend themselves. Has not *Tasso* (\*) in your Opinion stolen from *Quintus Curtius*, when he says of his *Rinaldo*, that an unarmed Man need not be afraid of him; that he only fought against those who had Swords in their Hands: and that he scorned to spend his Fury upon those who were unable to oppose him.

Whence I conceive, pursues *Eudoxus*, that this great Poet who had so fertile an Imagination, and such a happy Genius, was something like those Men who tho' they have good Estates of their own, yet will make use of other Mens Money. If you quarrel with *Tasso* upon this score, says *Philanthus*, You may do the same with a great many more: It is the misfortune of the Moderns that they did not come first; and all their crime, very often, is only that they thought as the Antients had done before, without having read them.

I agree with you there, returns *Eudoxus*; but then you ought also to agree with me, that there are Thoughts which one may without scruple believe to have been stolen from the Antients. Not to speak of those which *Phyllarchus* took notice of in *Narcissus's* works, as so many visible Thefts: That *Carkass* of Antient *Rome* which I instanced in, out of a Modern Author, is plainly taken out of a Letter of *Sulpitius* to *Tully* to comfort him for the Death of his Daughter: For after he had said that coming home out of *Asia*, and sailing by *Megara*, he looked round about him; and saw *Agina*, *Megara*, *Piræus* and *Corinth*, all once very flourishing Cities, but then wholly ruined; he says afterwards that this Thought came into his Mind; And (+) what shall we poor Mortals think much when any of us dye; whose Life ought to be so much shorter, when we see

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(\*) Difesa é qui l'esser de l'arme ignudo: sol contra il ferro, il nabil ferro adopra: E sdegno negli inermi esser feroce. (+) Hem nos hominuli indignamur si quis nostrum interiit, quorum vita brevior esse debet, cum uno loco tot oppidorum cadavera projecta jaceant. *Sculptim ciceroni*,

the Carcasses of so many Towns lye along scattered in one place. But your Tasso, pursues Eudoxus, has made good Use of Sulpitius's Reflection when he speaks of the Ruines of Carthage: If I were not afraid of vexing you, I would tell you that he is a Thief who may be convicted of the Robbery. You shall be the Judge your self.

(\*) *Giace l'alta Cartago: a pena i segni  
De l'alte sue Ruine il lido serba:  
Muoiono le Citta; muoiono i regni;  
Copre i fasti e le pompe arena ed herba;  
E l'huom' d'esser mortale par che si sdegni.*

What can come nearer in the Sense, and in the Words, than, *Hem nos homunculi indignamur, si quis nostrum interijt*, and *E l'huom' d'esser mortale par che si sdegni*? The rest of the Verses seem not to be so closely copy'd; and if one views them nearly but never so little, he will find that the Latin Letter is the Original of the Italian Stanza: and that these Ruines of Carthage, whereof the Footsteps can now scarce be traced, that these Cities and Kingdoms would dye, are only Copies of the Carcasses of Aegina, Megara, Piræus, and Corinth.

But if Tasso did not take it all from Sulpitius, yet he might very well borrow some part of it from Lucan, (†) and apply that to Carthage which he spoke of Troy; *The whole City is overgrown with Bushes: even its Ruines are lost*. For this is not very much unlike to those two passages in the Italian Stanza;

*Copre ai fasti e le pompe arena ed herba;  
A pena i segni  
De l'alte sue Ruine il Lido serba.*

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(\*) The lofty Carthage now lies prostrate: The Shore scarce preserves the Footsteps of her mighty Ruines: Cities dye: and Kingdoms dye: the Sand, and the Grass covers what once was pompous and splendid, and Man seems to scorn to be mortal.] (†) Jam tota teguntur Pergama dummo; etiam periire ruinae. Lib. 9.

As if these sort of Thoughts, returns *Philanthus*, could not occur to all Mankind, and that the Subject did not furnish them of it self. You will say no doubt for the same Reason, that the Author of the *Latin Epigram* (\*) directed to a Traveller who sought for *Rome* in *Rome* if self, took that from *Florus*; that *Florus* took it from *Seneca*, and *Seneca* from *Tully*. For *Florus* (†) says that the *Romans* destroy'd the very Ruines of Cities to that degree, that one might now look for *Samnium* in *Samnium* it self, so that one cannot now easily conceive what should give occasion for four and twenty Triumphs. *Seneca* (‡) speaking of the burning of *Lyons*, says that it would be hard to find where that *Lyons* was which before was so famous in *Gaul*; And (||) *Tully* accuses *Verres* of destroying *Sicily* so very much, that ev'n the Country about *Aetna* looked so very squalid, that in the fruitfulest part of *Sicily* Men might search to find where this *Sicily* was. Here is the the same Thought in them all, and in all probability each of these Authors ow'd their own only to themselves.

Be it as it will, replies *Eudoxus*, *Virgil* thought better than any of them, when he said, that there was nothing left of *Troy*, but the Place where it stood. (\*) *Et campos ubi Troja fuit*. This is more than what *Lucan* said, who speaks of her Ruines; or what another Poet, I cannot tell who, said, who talks of her Ashes. By the Fields where *Troy* once was, one has no Idea of Ruines or Ashes, which are at the least the remains of a City which is destroy'd and burnt; the Place only where it once stood occurs to ones Mind. You put me in mind says *Philanthus*, of a Sonnet of *Girolamo Preti* upon old *Rome*: it is admirable, and worthy of the whole *Roman* Greatness.

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(\*) Qui Romam in media quæris novum advena Roma; Et Romæ in Roma nil reperis media. *Janus Vitalis*. [†] Ita ruinas ipsas Urbium diruit, ut hodie Samnium in ipsa Samnio requiratur, nec facile appareat materia quatuor & viginti triumphorum; Lib. 1. cap. 16. [‡] Lugdunum quod ostendebatur in Gallia, quæritur. *Epis* XCI. [||] *Aetnensis* Ager sic erat deformis atque horridus, ut in uberrima Sicilia parte Siciliam quæreremus. *Cic. Lib. 3. in Verrem*. [†] *Aeneid*, 3.



Qui fù quella di Imperio antica sede  
 Temuta in pace, e trionfante in Guerra.  
 Fu: perch' altro che il loco hor non si vede,  
 Quella che Roma fù, giace sotterra:  
 Queste cui l'erba copre, e calca il piede  
 Fur moli al ciel vicine, ed hor son Terra.  
 Roma che l'mondo vinse, al tempo cede,  
 Che i piani inalza, e che l'altezze atterra:  
 Roma in Roma non è: Vulcano e Marte,  
 La Grandezza di Roma a Roma han tolta:  
 Struggendo l'opre e di Natura, e d'Arte.  
 Volto flossopra il Mondo, e'n polve è volta:  
 E Fra queste ruine a Terra sparte  
 In se stessa cadeo morta e sepolta.

I would Translate this Sonnet thus; " Here was  
 " once the Capital City of the Empire, dreaded in  
 " Peace, and triumphant in War. It was; for one  
 " only sees now the Place where it stood. What once  
 " was Rome, is now under ground: What is now co-  
 " vered with Grass, and trodden under Foot, were  
 " once Massy Stones almost as high as Heaven, tho'  
 " they are now only Earth. Rome which once con-  
 " quered the World, yields to Time, that advances  
 " the lowest things, and abases the highest. Rome is not  
 " now in Rome it self: Vulcan and Mars have taken  
 " away all her Greatness, when they destroy'd those  
 " works of Nature and Art. The World is now  
 " turned upside down and reduced to Ashes; and lies  
 " dead and buried in it self amongst these Ruines which  
 " are scattered upon the Earth.

There is Wit, Nobleness and Magnificence if you  
 please, in this Italian Sonnet, returns Eudoxus: but  
 not to conceal any thing from you, that single saying of  
 Virgils, And Fields now where Troy was, as simple as it is,  
 seems finer and nobler to me.

One may refine upon Virgil's Thought, interrupts  
 Philanthus; and Tasso has done it, when he says of  
 Armida's

*Armida's* enchanted Palace (\*) that it appears no more; not so much as its Footsteps; and that it could not be said that ever it was there.

Cry up *Tasso* as much as you please, says *Eudoxus*, I am for *Virgil* still, and I declare that I would not have more Wit than he. It is not that I despise *Tasso's* Poem; it has great Beauties, and the Sublime in several Places: But it is that I set a greater Value upon the *Æneids*, whose Thoughts have nothing but what is noble and regular. Neither am I so obstinate for the Antients, as to admire no Thoughts but theirs; the Moderns have excellent ones; and not to speak of the *Italians* or the *Spaniards*, I have observ'd some of these noble sort of Thoughts, we are speaking of in reading our *French* Authors, which may be set against those of *Augustus's* Age.

How glad am I, says *Philanthus*, that you are not one of those that are blinded by the love of Antiquity, and who fancy there is no Wit in these latter Ages: For my part, I am something of Chancellor *Bacon's* Mind, who believes that the Antiquity of past Ages was the Youth of the World, and that in right reckoning, we properly are the Antients. I cannot tell, replies *Eudoxus*, whether *Bacon's* Thought is not too subtle: But I know very well without determining whether we be the Antients or no, that we have at least as much good Sense, Loftiness and Justness as the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

Then *Eudoxus* took up his Papers, and turning them over went on thus. One of our best Writers says of Cardinal *Richelieu*, " That his Mind and his Verrues  
" made him a greater Man than his Dignities and his  
" Fortune; always in business, and always above it;  
" capable of managing what was present, and of fore-  
" seeing what was to come; of securing good Fortune,  
" and of repairing bad: Vast in his Designs, penetrating  
" in his Counsels, judicious in his Choice, happy in his  
" Undertakings, and to speak all in a few Words, fil-

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[\*] Ne poi il palazzo appar, ne pur le sue Vestigia; ne dir puossi, egli qui fue.

“ led with those excellent Gifts which God bestows upon  
 “ on some particular Souls, whom he created to be  
 “ Mistresses over others, to cause those Springs to  
 “ move, which his Providence makes use of, to set up  
 “ or to pull down, according to its eternal Decrees,  
 “ the fortune of Kings and Kingdoms.

These thoughts have something great in them, and may be apply'd perfectly well to a great Minister of State: The Thought of one of our Poets who made an Epitaph upon this Cardinal in a Sonnet, is likewise very noble and very just;

*Il fut trop absolu sur l'Esprit de son Maître,  
 Mais son Maître par luy fut le Maître des Roy's.*

“ He had too great an ascendant over his Master:  
 “ But he made his Master the Master of Kings.

Here are four Verses of an Epitaph upon Anne of Austria, which in my Opinion are incomparable.

*Elle sceut mepriser les caprices du sort,  
 Regarder sans horreur les borreurs de la mort,  
 Affermir un grand Trofée, & le quitter sans peine,  
 Et pour tout dire enfin, vivre & mourir en Reyne.*

“ She knew how to despise the caprices of Fortune;  
 “ to look upon the terrors of Death without horror;  
 “ to secure a great Throne, and to part with it with  
 “ ease; and to speak all at once, to live and dye like a  
 “ Queen.

The Funeral Oration upon Henrietta of France Queen of England, and that upon Henrietta Anne of England Dutchess of Orleans, are full of those Thoughts which Hermogenes calls Majestical, and I have some here, which can stand alone by themselves very well, out of the Body of the Work whence they are taken.

“ Her Soul was ev'n greater than her Birth; any  
 “ place else but a Throne had been unworthy of her.  
 “ She was sweet temper'd, familiar, and agreeable as  
 “ well as resolute and vigorous, and made her Reason  
 “ to be no less esteem'd than her Authority.

“ Now

“ Notwithstanding the unhappy Success of his unfortunate Armies, (*he speaks of Charles I. King of England*) tho’ they could conquer him, yet they could not force him; and as he never refused any thing that was reasonable when he was a Conqueror, so he always rejected whatever was mean or unjust when he was a Captive.

“ This magnanimous Prince (*Charles II.*) might have hastened his Business by making use of who offered to destroy Tyranny at a Blow. His great Soul scorned those meaner Methods. He believed that in what condition soever Kings were, it became there Majesty to act only by their Laws, or by their Arms. These Laws which he protected restored him almost alone: He Reigns peaceably and gloriously upon his Ancestors Throne, and makes Justice, Wisdom and Clemency reign along with him.

“ The misfortunes of her Family (*he speaks of the Dutchess of Orleans*) could never overwhelm her in her earliest Years, and ev’n then a Greatness was seen in her, which ow’d nothing to Fortune.

“ Tho’ the King of *England* whose Heart is equal to his Wisdom, knew that the *Princess* his Sister who was sought after by so many Kings, could have graced a Throne, yet he with joy saw her fill up the second place of *France*, that the Dignity of so great a Kingdom might be set in Comparison with the Chiefest of the rest of the World.

What one of our most Famous Orators says of one of our Heroes is very Heroical.

“ Employments carried him into different Countries, Victory follow’d him almost every where, and Glory never forsook him: If he did not always overcome, yet he always at least deserved to conquer.

“ As long as this great Man Leads us, *said the Soldiers*, We fear not Men or Elements; and eased of the care of looking after our selves by the Experience and Capacity of our General, we need mind nothing but our Enemies and our Glory.



Another Orator says of the same Hero; "He speaks every one listens to his Oracles: He commands, every one with joy obeys his Orders. He marches, every one thinks that he runs after Glory; it may be said, that he went to fight against confederate Kings with only his own Family, like another *Abraham*; that those who follow him are his Soldiers and Domestick Servants, and that he is a General and Father of a Family both at once.

A Famous Author (\*) remarkable for his Talent in writing as politely in the Language of the old *Romans* as in our own, says of a great Magistrate, a Friend of this Hero whom we are speaking of, that "Every thing was eloquent in his Person, even his Air and his Silence; the nobleness of his Soul seemed to be in some sort painted in the nobleness of his Discourse. He persuaded yet more by the Opinion which Men had of his Probity, than by the Esteem which was paid to his Learning. It was not so much to his Eloquence and his Dignity that Men submitted, as to the Authority of his Vertue: Sensible Men were ashamed not to yield themselves to his Reasons.

One cannot give in few words, says *Philantbus*, a juster or a loftier Idea of the late chief President *Mr de Lamoignon*. We may add to conclude his Character, what the Panegyrist of the Parliament of *Paris* apply'd to him, and what was said of one of the greatest Men of the Antients, (†) *He never did, spoke, or thought any thing but what was commendable in his whole Life.*

But it is upon the Prince who governs us, replies *Eudoxus*, that our best Writers have had the most noble Thoughts; as if their Genius was elevated by the Nobleness of the Subject, and that *Lewis the Great* had inspired them with Thoughts worthy of himself.

A Man of quality who has a great deal of Wit, and who writes in a different manner from other Men, says, in the Picture of the King; that he has the Air of

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[\*] I believe he means *Rapin*, who dedicated most of his Latin Poems to *Mr Lamoignon*. [ ] *Nihil in vitâ nisi laudandum, aut fecit, aut dixit, ac sensit. Vell. Patere. Lib. 1. de P. Scipione Æmiliano.*

a Hero, and even tho' we paid no respect to his Royal Dignity and Majesty, we wou'd give it to his Person; " we should admire him were he but a private Man, " and the Purple, which ordinarily exalts the Magnificence of good qualities, receives lustre from his. Another fine Wit, and a very ingenious Man has a Thought upon the same Subject equally just and sublime.

*Ton E'sprit que rien ne limite  
Fait bon Joya neur à la royauté :  
Et on ne voit que ton merite  
Au dessus de ta dignité.*

" When I speak of *Lewis the Great*, says the Author " of a very ingenious and neat Discourse, I name a " Prince who does more honour to the Throne than the " Throne to other Kings ; a Prince who darkens " and elevates at once the glory of his Ancestors ; " and gives more honour to them, than he receives " from them.

He whom I have mentioned already, speaking of the Cardinal *Richelieu* and of Mr. *Turenne* who, writes equally well in Verse or Prose ; says in an Elogy of the King has not been printed :

*Son ame est audeffus, de sa grandeur supreme ;  
La vertu brille en lui plus que le diademe ;  
Quoy qu'un vaste estat soit soumis a sa Loy,  
Le Heros en Louis est plus grand que le Roy.*

*His Soul is above his supreme Grandeur ;  
Vertue glitters in him more than the Diadem :  
And tho' vast Dominions are subjected to his Laws  
The Hero in Lewis is greater than the King.*

The Author of a Letter writ from the Country to a Person at Court, contents himself with saying that in him the Man is as great as the King. For after having said, that " the Grandeur is so natural to him, that it is not in " his Power to put it off; that he can hardly descend " from the Throne by the familiarity of Conversation, " that

“ that in the time when he makes no use of the Authority which Sovereign power allows, he distinguishes himself by the Authority which Reason permits; “ that there is always something in him that raises him “ against his will, that the Glory which attends him is “ independant of his Crown; that it comes from his “ Person as from its Spring, and that it returns back in “ the least of his Actions, in his Discourse, in his “ Gestures, in his looks; that tho’ he shou’d forget what he is, a thousand things would come from him which wou’d not permit others to forget him, and that it is thus all the World speaks of him. After all, I say the Authors adds.

*Mais parle t’on de bonne foy ?*

*Est-ce une fable, est-ce une histoire ?*

*Si ce qu’on dit est vray, rien ne manque*

*A sa gloire :*

*Et dans lui, qui le pourroit croire*

*L’homme est aussi grand que le Roy ?*

*But is it spoke seriously ?*

*Is it a Fable, is it a Story ?*

*If what is said be true, nothing is wanting to*

*His Glory :*

*And in him, who cou’d believe it*

*The Man is as great as the King ?*

By that it follows, reply’d *Philanthus*, that our Monarch is much different from those Princes, whose Merits consist only in the Glory of their good Fortune, and of which we may justly say with the Author of the Elogy that is not publish’d, and which you have shewn to me. *Ils ne servient plus rien s’ils Cessoient d’être Rois. They wou’d be nothing, shou’d they leave off being Kings.*

For his least quality is to be King; and the Count *de Fuenfaldagne* said one day and a purpose that the Royalty was superfluous in him, that he had no need of it; and that his own Merit makes him deserving in all: *Le Sobra ser Rey*, that is a nice Word; and has given opportunity to a pretty Device, which for a Body has the

Sun

Sun surrounded with the Meteor called the Crown and for a Soul these words: *Le sobra la corona.*

One of our Friends, resumed *Eudoxus*, who is the Glory of her Sex, and a little the shame of ours, has sublime Thoughts upon the King. Speaking of a Place where all the Pictures of the Kings of *France* were, after having said that *Lewis* the XIV. excelled the rest in all exteriour Advantages as well as in military and pacifick Vertues, she adds: *Il paroist enfin d'etre le Roy de tous ces Rois*: That is, he seems in short to be the King of all those Kings.

She says, making (\*) the *Seine* speak, upon the Subject of the Fire-works that were made upon the Water before the *Louvre* upon the Birth-day of the Duke of *Burgundy*.

*Nouveau Prince dont l'Origine  
Toute grande, toute divine  
Vous montre tant & tant des Roys  
Dignes du sceptre des Francois:  
Plusieurs Louis, un Charlemagne,  
Un Henry terreur de l'Espagne,  
Vainqueur de ses propres sujets  
Qui m'enrichit de ses bien faits.  
Vous scaurez bientost leur histoire:  
Mais pour aller droit à la gloire,  
Croiez moi tous ces Rois si grands,  
Justes, pieux, ou conquerans  
Leur bonte comme leur naissance  
Leur valeur comme leur prudence.  
Enfin tous leurs faits inouis  
Vous les trouverez en Louis.*

New Prince, whose Origine so Great and Divine, shews you so many Kings worthy of the Sceptre of France: Many *Lewis's*, a *Charlemagne* ea *Henry* the Terror of Spain, Conquerour of his own Subjects, who enriches me with his Favours. I'll tell you presently their History: But to go

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(\*) The River at Paris.



directly to the Glory, believe me all those Great Kings, Just, Pious, or Conquerours, their Bounty like their Power, their Valour like their Prudence, in fine all their great and unheard Facts you'll find them all in Lewis:

All this concerns properly the Person of our great Monarch in general: But what great things have not been said upon his Actions, upon his Conquests, and upon his particular Virtues? I could never have done, shou'd I read to you all I have observ'd relating to that: I'll limit my self to three or four pretty turns, which touch me most.

" You go your self in defence of your People, and  
 " preferring honour to rest, you value not your Victo-  
 " ries, except you take part of the Dangers and Fati-  
 " gues of the Wars. Your Camp is your Court for to  
 " you it is the same thing: Your best Courtiers are  
 " your bravest Warriours: Your martial Labours are  
 " your only Diversions; and when Glory calls you,  
 " you dont command them to serve but to follow you.

This is what a famous Academick says in his Compliment to the King in the Name of the Academy.

He says in the same Piece upon his Majesty's undertakings: " Wisdom formes them, and conducts them  
 " her self, Valour executes them, and Glory crowns  
 " them. He adds speaking of the French Academy:  
 " Happy she would be, Sir, if she could Write and  
 " Think as nobly as you Act: Is not this Thought as  
 " good as Quintilians, who says of Caesar, that he  
 " spoke with as much Vigour as he has Fought?

What does not another famous Academick say in an Academical Discourse which methinks is a Master-piece, and I would read it all to you, had I not limited my self? hear this passage only where after having said to a Man of Merit who was received that day into the Number of the Academicks,

" And who, but your self, can better Aid us to speak  
 " of so many great Events, of which the Motives and  
 " the Principal Ressorts have been so often trusted to  
 " your Fidelity, to your Wisdom? who is better ground-  
 " ed in memorable things in Foreign Courts? the  
 " Treaties, the Alliances, and in short, all the Import-  
 " tant Negotiations, which under his Reign have bal-  
 " lanced

“ lanced all Europe; he goes on thus: However lets speak  
“ Truth; the way of Negotiation is very short under  
“ a Prince who always having Power and Reason on  
“ his side, needs nothing to have his Pleasure executed,  
“ but to declare it.

But I can't forbear to read what a Prelate of an extraordinary Merit (renown'd by his Amabssys so profitable to the Church and *France*) says of the King in the Funeral Sermon of *Queen Mary Theresia of Austria*; and what a great Magistrate said of him two or three Years ago in a fine Harangue which is fallen into my Hands.

“ Who knows not but he could have extended the  
“ *French* Empire far beyond all our Frountiers, if, in  
“ extending the Limits of *France*, he cou'd in the mean  
“ time have given full liberty to his Glory, which cannot be more solid, nor purer, nor greater? I am mistaken, he is come to the Universal Monarchy, which has been the Chimerical Design of our Neighbours: But he is arrived at it by innocent and glorious Means, free from violence and injustice. 'Tis the Work of his Heroick Qualities, which Fame has proclaimed in the very utmost Parts of the World: For if he reigns happily over the *French* by a Natural Legitimate and Hereditary Power, he Reigns as gloriously in Foreign Nations, in *Spain*, in *Italy*, in *Germany*, by the Terrour of his Arms, by the Reputation of his Wisdom, of his Valour, and of his Justice. Thus you have the Passage of the Funeral Oration; and here is that of the Harangue.

“ Those who are the most jealous of his Glory, are  
“ constrain'd to own that he is the Absolute Arbiter  
“ of their destiny, the firmest support of his Allies,  
“ and that his Justice is the only Rampart that is opposed against the Rapidity of his Conquests. It is the who has disarmed *Him* in the very Arms of Victory, weary of Conquering, he has given peace to his Enemies; and far from taking the Advantage of his Strength, and their weakness, yet still he loves better to mainrain *Europe* in quietness than to gain the Empire of it.

Add to these last Thoughts, said *Philantbus*, those of an Epistle in Verse which treats of the same Subject, and which I know almost by Heart. What is finer and nobler than those six Verses which follow the Picture of the Heroes of different Characters?

*Grand Roy, sans recourir aux histoires antiques ;  
 Net'avons nous pas ven dans les plaines Beligues,  
 Quand l'Ennemi vaincu desertant ses remparts  
 Au devant de ton ioug courit de toutes parts  
 Toi-mesme te borner au fort de la victoire,  
 Et chercher dans la paix une plus iuste gloire ?*

*Great King, without recourse to ancient Histories ;  
 Have we not seen thee in the Belgick Fields,  
 When the Conquer'd Enemy deserting his Ramparts  
 Run from all parts to obviate your Yoke,  
 To stop your self in a full career of Victory  
 And to look in peace for a more just Glory ?*

Six other Verses of an other Poer, reply'd *Eudoxus*, have also a great deal of nobleness in them.

*Regler tout dans la paix, vaincre tout dans la guerre ;  
 D'un absolu pouvoir calmer toute la terre ;  
 A tous ses ennemis avoir donné des loix ;  
 C'est etre au plus haut point de la grandeur supreme:  
 Pour sauver ses sujets ; iuger contre soy mesme ;  
 C'est etre le meilleur des Roys.*

*To rule all in Peace, to conquer all in War ;  
 To calm all earth with an absolute power ;  
 Is to be at the highest pitch of supreme Grandeur.  
 To judge against himself, to save his Subjects ;  
 Is to be the best of Kings.*

These two last Verses regard the Affair that was reported in the Council some Years ago by a Magistrate equally capable and upright, whose prudence, equity, integrity, and love for the People, and Zeal for Religion have  
fines

since appeared with so much splendor in more than one Province of the Kingdom.

Lets add, if you please, said *Philanthus*, upon the extinguish'd Hereſie in *France*, the Conclusion of an *Italian Sonnet* compos'd by a Jesuit, illustrious (\*) by his Name, by his Wit, and by his Vertues. The Sence is this, that since the King has destroy'd *Calvinism* with one Word, and by his Royal Authority, he wants only to be Master of the World, to make all of it Catholick; nay, that the *Arabian*, the *Indian*, the *Moor*, the *Persian*, and the *Turk* submit themselves to the Yoke of the Church.

*Perche adorino al fin la fè di Piero  
l'Arabo, l'Indo, il Mauro, il Perso, il Trace;  
Ab sia del gran luigi il mondo intero.*

But don't lets forget, resum'd *Eudoxus*, what we have read in an Harangue compos'd by the Magistrate I was just speaking of, and pronounced in the States of *Languedoc*, with such a Grace and Strength as you rarely find together. We must not forget, I say, the Place where the happy constraint which, in part, has brought back our wandering Brethren, is compar'd to those dark and threatening Clouds which fill the Country with Terrour, set all the Labourers in an uproar, and look as if they would ravish from them the hopes of their Harvest; but who afterwards desolve themselves in soft Rain, necessary and fruitful, of which the only effect is to carry Joy and Plenty every where, and to oblige the Flock to enter into the Fold.

Lets say once more, reply'd *Philanthus*, what *Sappho* says to her Bird, upon the Pardon the *Genouese* obtain'd on their Subinissions.

*Allez, doge, Allez sans peine  
Lui rendre grace a genoux:  
La Republique Romaine  
En evit fait autant que vous.*

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(\*) Father Spinola Nephew of Cardinal Spinola and Missionary in China, but then at Paris.



Go, Dage, go without scruple  
 And give him Thanks upon your Knees:  
 The Roman Republick  
 Wou'd have done as much as you.

And what she says her self upon the Genius of *Lewis* the Great, Superiour to that of his Captains and his Ministers: *Il est l'ame de ses Armees & de son Etat comme le soleil l'est de l'Univers.* That is, he is the Soul of his Armies and Dominions, as the Sun is of the Universe: It is a happy and a rich Comparifon, reply'd *Eudoxus*, and nothing can give us a higher Idea of the Prince's Conduct, who at present governs *France*.

Methinks, reply'd *Philanthus*, that well chosen Comparifons, taken from the great Subjects of Nature, always produce very noble Thoughts. Yes, reply'd *Eudoxus*, and (\*) *Longinus* who gives rules of the sublime not only in Words, but in Thoughts, thinks very nobly himself; when he compares *Demosthenes* to a Tempest and Thunder that ravages and carries all away; *Cicero* to an everlasting Fire, and who according to the proportion it goes on gets new Strength, The Comparifons of Art, persued he, excell sometimes those we borrow from Nature; and one of our Panegyriste says excellently upon the surprizing Actions of *St. Lewis* in a memorable Battle, and which appeared above the Rules of common Bravery: " That those  
 " Examples are to be compared to those noble Pictures  
 " full of Shades and Obscurities; which at first sight  
 " look Rough, and seem to offend the Eyes and Rule  
 " by some bold and deep strokes to those who have no  
 " skill in it, is a happy Boldness, and a Master-piece of  
 " Art to understanding and skilful People.

History also furnishes us with very fine Comparifons, upon one of the Medals that were said in the Foundations of the Jesuits Church of *St. Lewis*, which *Lewis* the Just built these words were ingraven: *Vicit ut David, ædificat ut Salomon.* What can Imagination afford greater? He conquered like *David*, he built like *Solomon*.

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(\*) *Longinus*. *Sc. 10.*

In respect to the Jesuits and Comparisons, said *Philanthus*, do you know the Thought of a great Prince upon the Subject of the new Lives of St. Ignatius and St. Xavier to shew the Character of those two Apostolick Men? St. Ignatius said one day, *It is Caesar who never does any thing but for good Reasons; St. Xavier, Alexander is sometimes transported with his courage.* The Prince you speak of reply'd *Eudoxus*, was of those extraordinary Men in whom Wit and Science don't submit to Heroick Valour: He judg'd admirably of all things, and he cou'd place *Caesar* and *Alexander* where he pleas'd; he that knew them so well, that express'd them both in himself, and has been call'd *more a Captain than Caesar, and as much a Soldier as Alexander.*

I dont know after all, replied *Philanthus*, whether the Comparison be well grounded, and the Rules of *Aristotle* exactly observ'd. For what Analogy is there between a Saint and a Conqueror? are they of the same kind? there is a great deal more agreement said *Eudoxus*, between the two Saints and the two Heroes in Question, than there seems to be at first sight. St. Ignatius before his Conversion was a Warlike Man, illustrious by the Acts of his Arms. In leaving the World he did not lose the Ideas of a Warriour: He conceived those things of God under those Martial Images of which his Head was full; and it was in the Meditation of the two Standards, as he himself named it, that he form'd the Model of his Order; it was by the same Inspiration that he gave it a Warlike Name, calling it the Company of Jesus, and that he undertook with his Disciples to fight against Errors and Vice, to abolish the Empire of Satan, and to extend that of Jesus Christ from Pole to Pole. This is the farfecht Foundation of the Comparison of Ignatius with a Hero and a Conqueror: The next, is that Ignatius had an accomplish'd Prudence, and all his steps were measur'd, in so much that he did nothing but after a Mature Deliberation, managing his Zeal, and striving more for Solidity than Splendour and Greatness; taking all possible precautions in difficult Matters, and never wanting any Advices in the most troublesome junctures.

As for what regards St. *Xavier*, having lifted himself under *Ignatius*, and made so many Evangelical Conquests in the *Indies*, he may well be compared to the Conqueror of *Asia*: Both of them followed the Ardour that animated them, without being discouraged by the Difficulty of the Enterprises, or great Dangers, neither by all the Fatigues which are inseparable from the Execution of great Designs. Both of them have often been transported with Courage, and almost gone beyond the limits of Heroick Virtue.

So the Thought of the Prince of *Conde* is just; and all those sorts of Thoughts have a deal of Nobleness, because the Foundation they are grounded upon has nothing but what's Noble: On the contrary, mean Comparisons cause the Thoughts to be so too. *Bacon* which you have read, and who was one of the finest Genius's of his time, says that Money is like a Dunghill, which is of no use but when it is spread abroad. There is Truth and Wit in that Thought, but there is nothing Noble in it. The Idea of a Dunghill is somewhat mean and loathsome. You are mighty nice I find, said *Philanthus*, I fear you'll have a disgust too for the Epigram which the honest Man *Patris* composed a few days before his Death: For there a Dunghill is spoken of, and even the Dunghill is the turn of the Poem.

*Je songeois cette nuit que de mal consume  
 Coste a coste d'un pauvre on m'avoit inhume,  
 Et que n'en pouvant pas souffrir le voisinage,  
 En mort de qualite ie lui tins ce langage:  
 Retire toy, coquin, va pourrir loin d'icy:  
 Il ne t'appartient pas de m'approcher ainsi:  
 Coquin ce me dit-il, d'une arrogance extreme:  
 Va chercher tes Coquins ailleurs, Coquin toy mesme:  
 Icy tous sont e'gaux, Ie ne te dois plus rien:  
 Ie suis sur mon fumier, comme toy sur le tien.*

*I dream'd this Night that consum'd by pain  
 They had interred me a Brest with a poor Wretch;  
 And disliking the loathsome Neighbourhood,  
 Like a dead Man of quality gave him this Language;  
 Stand of, Rascal, go and rot far from hence;*

*It does not become you to approach me thus.*

*Raskal, said he to me, with an extreme arrogance :*

*Go look for your Ra kals elsewhere, Raskal your self:*

*Here all are equal, I owe you nothing more :*

*I lye upon my own Dunghill as you do upon yours.*

That Dunghill, resum'd *Eudoxus*, is not altogether like that of *Bacon*, the Metaphorical Sense smooths the Roughness of the Proper ; for all the Seriousness of the Epigram, it has a pleasant Air and somewhat Comical which admits the Proverb and the *Quodlibet*.

*I am upon my own Dunghill, as you are upon yours.*

For little Thoughts which are ingenious may take place in the Comick and the Burlesk, as they must be intirely banish'd from the Grave , and the Austere, such as Serious Poems, Harangues, Panegyricks, and Funeral Orations.

But pray you, said *Philanthus*, except the Poem of *Magdalene in the Wilderiness of Sainte Baume*, which we have read together with so much pleasure, and tho' it be above the Rules, and of a particular kind, it has its own Merit Sure it is an original piece, reply'd *Eudoxus*, and I'll approve of it for your sake, " That the Eyes " of the repenting Sinner are melted Candels; that of " Wind-mills they become Water-mills; that the Fair " tresses of Hair with which she wiped our Saviour's " Feer are a Golden Dishcloath; that she her self is a " Holy Court, is one and is no more a dirty black Kettle; that the Tears of a God are nothing but a Water of Life; that Jesus Christ is a great Operator, " who had the Ingenuity to take away the Cataracts " from *Magdalene's* Eyes, and the *Hercules* who cleansed the Stable of her Heart. All this is admirable, " and Suits perfectly will the Dignity of the Subject.

But lets leave the *Provencal* Poet, and speak more seriously. I hate above all meanness in a Christian Discourse, continued *Eudoxus*, and I cannot remember without Indignation what a Preacher said one day to an Audience of Nuns, that they ought always to have their Toothpicks in their Hands, because the Regular communities



niries resemble the Teeth, which to keep fine and clean must be well ranged, very white and very neat. I was at that Sermon, reply'd *Philanthus*, and I assure you that the good Father applauded himself for this Thought. It is one almost of the same Stamp, resum'd *Eudoxus*, as that of the *Italian* Preacher, who on *Easter* Sunday preached at *Milan* before the Cardinal *Charles Boromeer* Archbishop of that City, and said to the People, that they had a very Holy Prelate, and very like an *Easter Egg* which is Red and Blessed, but a little hard: *Haveteun prelato santissimo; e come l'uova di pasca, rosso e benedetto; ma è vero ch'è un poco duretto.*

After all, 'tis ingenious, said *Philanthus*. Rather answered *Eudoxus*, how silly is it that the Ministers of the Word of God shou'd speak in an other Tone, nor to disgrace their Ministry. But concerning the Divine Word, remember, I beseech you, that the Holy Scripture is a Foundation of noble Thoughts, great and sublime, such as these: *I am he that is. The Lord shall Reign in all Eternity and beyond. That there be light, and there was light.* The last so plain in appearance and looking only upon the Terms, gives a Magnificent Idea of the Power of God; and *Longinus* for all he was a Pagan, proposes it for a Model of sublimity in the Thought: For an elevated Thought may agree very well with plain words; (\*) it happens even that the plainness of the Expression makes us often more sensible of the Greatness of things; and that is true according to the Sentiment of *Longinus*, that sometimes we admire the Thought of a generous and magnanimous Man, tho' he says nothing: We admire him, I say, through his silence, which shews the nobleness of his Soul, and we have an Example of it in the *Odyssees*. Here *Ulysses* makes his submissions to *Ajax*, to which *Ajax* does not so much as Answer; and that very

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(\*) Hujus sublimitas est tanquam imago quæ animi magnitudinem reterat: unde fit ut interdum etiam admiremur nudam absque voce & per se sententiam, ut *Ajaxis* silentium magnum, & quavis oratione sublimius. *Sect. 2.*

silence has something greater than all what he could have said.

The strength of Expression contributes sometimes to the height of the Thought, and Scripture it self furnishes us with very rich Examples. For saying that *Alexander* was Master of the World, that the Sea opened her self to the People of God, that Heaven and Earth cannot sustain the Glance of the Divine Majesty. The Holy Ghost speaks thus (\*) *The Earth was silent at his presence*, (†) *the sea saw the Lord, and fled*, (‡) *earth and heaven fled before the presence of him that sat upon the throne*. Those terms of silence and flight have somewhat very Energetical which paints the thing both lively and nobly.

As for me, said *Philanthus*, I have seen no Pictures like those which *David* made of a turn of Fortune: (\*) *I myself have seen the ungodly in great power and flourishing like a green Bay tree. I went by and lo he was gone: I sought him but his place could no where be found*. Observe how far *David* goes: All what Poets have said of the decay of *Troy* of *Rome*, and of *Carthage*, is, that nothing was left but the Places where those famous Cities were situated: But here, *the very place where the Impious was, in the highest pitch of Fortune, is no more*.

The Prophets, answered *Eudoxus*, are full of strong Thoughts, of magnificent Ideas, which go far beyond those of *Hermogenes*: but what do you understand, interrupted *Philanthus*, by a strong Thought? I understand, reply'd *Eudoxus*, a Thought full of great Sence, (†) explained in few words, and in a lively Manner, which has a sudden and powerful Effect. Such are in *Tacitus*, to go back to the profane Authors, the Thoughts of *Otho* when determin'd to dye in the bad condition of his Affairs; and after a Battle which was to decide en-

(\*) *Siluit terra in conspectu ejus. Machab. Chap. 1. (†) Mare vidit, & fugit. Psal. 113. (‡) A cujus conspectu fugit cælum & terra apocal. Cap. 20. (\*) Transivi & ecce non erat; & quæsi eum, & non est inventus locus ejus. Psal. 307. (†) Acrius & vehementius est id quod paucis verbis summam continet significationem. Demet. phaler. de Elocut.*

tirely the Fate of the Empire between him and *Vitellius*. *My life is not worthy the hazard of a Vertue like yours,* said he to those that spurred him on to try his Fortune once more, *the more you give me hopes if I had a Mind to live, the more I shall find delight in dying: Fortune and I have been tried sufficiently. I dont want consolation nor vengeance; others might have kept the Empire longer, but none could quit it more generously.* He concludes his Harangue as strongly as he has begun, and followed it. Thus,

(†) *It is faint heartedness too speak too much of ones own death. Judge above all by a Passage of his Resolution I have pick'd out: I complain of no body: For it is wishing to live to accuse the Gods or Men.*

What *Germanicus* said to his Friend when he was dying has it's force also; (||) *even the unknown shall lament the death of Germanicus. You Gentlemen shall revenge him, if so be you love more my Person than my Fortune.*

The last Reason of *Mutian*, to perswade *Vespasian* to seize upon the Empire without wavering any longer, is very strong too, and as good as all those he had told him. (\*) *Those who deliberate in an affair like this, have already taken their determined part, and have nothing left to manage.*

In the same kind is the Thought of that generous *Barbarian Galgacus*, who concludes his Harangue thus to the People of his Nation before he gave the *Romans* Battle who already were Masters of *England*: (†) *When ye go to fight, think on your Ancestors and your Posterity.* What great things these two words includes in them-

(\*) Hunc animum, hanc virtutem vestram ultra periculo objicere nimis grande vitæ meæ pretium puto, quanto plus spei ostenditis, si vivere placeret, tanto pulchrior mori erit. Experti invicem sumus ego & fortuna, mihi non ultione, neque solatiis opus est, alii diutius imperium tenuerint, nemo tam fortiter reliquerit. *Hist. Lib. 2.* (†) Plura de extremis loqui pars ignavia est; præcipuum destinationis meæ documentum habete, quod de nemine queror; nam inculcare Deos vel homines ejus est qui vivere velit. *Ibid.* (||) Flebunt Germanicum etiam ignoti: vindicabitis vos, si me potius quam fortunam meam fovebatis. *Idem. Annat. Lib. 2.* (\*) Nam qui deliberant desciverunt. *Hist. Lib. 2.* (†) Ituri in aciem, & maiores & posteros cogitate. *In Vit. Agric.*

selves, and what impression they are able to make in a Warlike Nation, passionate for Glory, and jealous of their Liberty!

Our *Henry the Great*, persued *Philanthus*, spoke with no less Vivacity in the Plains of *Ivry*; when he was upon the point of giving Battle, he said to his Troops: *I am your King, you are Frenchmen, and there is the Enemy.*

It seems, reply'd *Eudoxus*, that that Monarch who had all the Valour of the Antient Romans, had copied the Dictator *Camillus* who, in *Livy*, seeing his Soldiers astonish'd at the great Number of the Enemy, to animate them spoke thus, (\*) *don't you know the Enemy, dont you know me, or dont you know your selves?* It may be perhaps that great Souls think and have the same Notions in the same Occasions.

Those sort of Thoughts, added he, carry their Conviction along with them, draw our Judgment as if it was by force, work upon our Passions, and leave us with an impression in our Souls: The Perorations of *Cicero* and *Demosthenes*, the Harangues of *Livy* and *Salust* could furnish us with some Examples without speaking of *Tacitus* whom I have named to you already, the richest of Authors in masculine and concise Thoughts; nor of *Tertullian* who has several of that Character, which nevertheless take part of their force from his hard and barbarous Style. The Poets also have some of them, and nothing is more concise, nervous, or precise than what *Corneille* says in these two passages.

The Old *Horatius* hearing that his third Son which was left, after the death of the two others killed by the *Curiatii*, fled, Breathes out in a Passion against him, and said, to *Julia* a Roman Lady: *deplore the dishonour of our Race; what would you had him do against three,* reply'd *Julia?* O *dye* answered the Father of *Horatius*; the word *to dye* explains the Roman generosity in a lively and touching Manner, which strikes the Sences and moves the Heart at once. Here is that other passage I told you of, and which *Corneille* has imitated after

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(\*) *Hossem, an me an ves ignoratis? Lib. 6.*



*Seneca*: Jason repudiates *Medea* to take *Creusa* in marriage, Daughter of *Creon* King of *Corinth*, upon which *Medea* flies out in a rage and threatens to make all perish. They represent to her that she is powerless; that her Husband is inconstant; that every thing forsakes and leaves her (\*) *Medea's* left, says she, in *Seneca*. The *French* has imitated and surpassed the *Latin* Poet; a Confident said to *Medea*:

*Votre Pais vous bait, votre Epoux est sans foy :  
Dans un si grand revers que vous reste-t-il ? Moy.*

*Your Country hates you, your Husband is without Faith :  
In such extreames what have you left ? My self.*

Answers she; *My self*, I say, and it is enough; is not there a great deal of Strength and Greatness in that one word! at least a great deal of Pride, reply'd *Philanthus*, that *my self* repeated is extremely fierce, and reminds me of the *my self* of *Pascal* and that of his "Copiest; the *my self* is odious according to *Pascal*: "The *my self* is unjust in it self, in as much as it makes "it self the Center of all, it is troublesome to others "in so much as it would enslave them; for every *my self* is the Enemy, and would be the Tyrant of all "the rest; that's to say in good *English*, said *Eudoxus*, that self love is not very aimiable, that it makes all things have reference to it self, and that it will predominate every where. The Copiest, reply'd *Philanthus*, writes well upon his Original, saying, that the confused Idea of the *my self* is the principal Object of the Love of Men, and the Spring of their Pleasures and Sorrows: But dont forget where we were, and lets leave this *my self*, of which it may be we shall have occasion to speak another time.

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(\*) *Medea* superest. (†) *Ethic. Lib. 4. cap. 3.*

It is staying too long, said *Eudoxus*, upon the first kind of Thoughts which not only gain the Opinion like true ones, but draw the Admiration like new and extraordinary ones. Those of the second Species are the agreeable ones, which surprise and strike sometimes as much as the noble and sublime. But who by their Delicacy do, what the other does by Nobleness and Sublimity? In truth the Name of fine Thought, to take the Word right in its proper signification, takes Greatness with it also, according to (\*) *Aristotle*, who has decided that little Men were not handsome, tho' ever so well shaped, and that they only are pretty. We call very often that a fine Thought which in effect is only pretty, and so we confound the fine with the pleasing, after the Example of *Demetrius*, who gives the Name of fineness to things that flatter the Senses, or move the Heart.

What, interrupted *Philanthus*, have not sublime Thoughts where with all to please of themselves? don't they really please, and by that are they not agreeable? Yes, reply'd *Eudoxus*: But it is not the agreeableness that makes their Characters, nor what reigns in them. They please because they have something that's great which charms the Sense; whereas those please only because they are agreeable; what they have charming is like some Pictures that have something in them what's soft, graceful and tender, it is in part this, *molle atque facetum*, *Horace* attributes to *Virgil*, and what does not consist in what we call pleasant; but in some unknown Grace of which we can't give a general Definition, and of which there is more than one sort.

The Thoughts then that I call agreeable are not precisely those where gayety reigns, and which pass among us for Jest. They indeed have a particular agreeableness, and if you please one day we shall discover the Bottom of them, but this is not the Matter in question (†) we properly speak of Thoughts that enter into the works of the Ingenious, and are generally

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(\*) *Ethic. Lib. 4. cap. 3.* (†) *Dicendi genus sententiosum æ argutum sententiis non tam gravibus & severis, quam concinnis venustis.* *Cicer. de Clar. Orat.*

serious, and where gayety is not design'd to create laughter.

I willingly accept, said *Philanthus*, what you propose concerning Jest: It is a Matter which has not been well treated of yet, tho' it deserves it, but I won't interrupt you.

As (\*) nobleness of Thoughts, pursued *Eudoxus*, proceeds according to *Hermogenes* from the Majesty of things which we have seen; Their agreeableness may proceed according to *Demetrius*, from the Nature of Objects which are pleasing, such as are Flowers, the Light, fine Days, and all sorts of things which flatter the Senses.

Without doubt that is the Reason, reply'd *Philanthus*, that *Voiture* has such pretty Thoughts: For no body has ever discovered better what is most delicious in Nature, and more pleasing. You guess'd just what I Thought, reply'd *Eudoxus*, and I am glad that we jump'd so well together here are some passages of *Voiture* which are in that kind of agreeableness.

You may come here and find the Spring which you have  
 " already pass'd there, and you shall see the Violets  
 " again after having seen the fall of the Roses; For my  
 " part, I long impatiently for that Season, not so much  
 " because the Weather is fine and the Flower return as  
 " because it must bring you back again; and I swear that  
 " I shou'd not find it delicious, if it came without you.

Nothing can be imagin'd more florid, or sweeter, said *Philanthus*: the Thought of an Antient, added he, which is related by *Aristotle* in his Rhetorick, seems to me also very fine, with that Beauty that's nearer agreeableness than greatness (†) so many brave Youths  
 " lost in the late Battle, was such a considerable damage to the State, that we might be assur'd that all  
 " the Year should not have brought more, if the Spring  
 " had been taken from it.

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(\*) Sunt etiam nonnullæ venustates in rebus ut nymphae horti amores: res enim suapte natura hilaritate & jucunditate quadam ornata est. de *Elocut.* (†) *Rhet. Lib. 3, cap. 10.*

Believe me, resum'd *Eudoxus*, *Voiture* in that kind is as good as *Pericles*; and the following Thoughts have their particular charms.

" After having pass'd a great Parterre, and large Gardens full of Orange-trees, she arriv'd in a Wood where the Day had not entered these hundred Years past, till that hour it went in with her: It is of the *Princess*, *Voiture* speaks, and the Thought is very pretty, but you must not take it too vigorously nor according to the Rules of exact Truth: The gallant kind has License as well as the Poetical; and it is on such occasions that one may pass from the Proper to the Figurative; a Wood wherein a hundred Years the Day had not entred, there is the Proper; but at that Hour he went in with her, there is the Figurative.

As for the rest, *Voiture* seems to have imitated *Martial*, who said to *Domitian* (\*) that tho' he shou'd make his entry into *Rome* by night, the People shou'd see the Day in seeing the Emperour come.

I am ravish'd with Joy, said *Philanthus*, that the Mixture of the Proper with the Metaphorical makes an agreeableness, and that by those means one may preserve Thoughts not liked by every Critick: For Example, the Conclusion of the (†) *Latin* Epigram upon the Duke of *Montmorency's* being beheaded before the Marble Statue of *Henry the Great*, without getting his Pardon of *Lewis the Just*: (‡) *The Face of the Father and the Heart of the Son were of Marble*. An Epigram, reply'd *Eudoxus*, takes very often its Graces from the Metaphorical and the proper join'd together; and that when the Marshal de *Bassompierre* came out of the *Bastile* after the death of the Cardinal *Richelieu*, is an Example of it.

(\*) Jam Cæsar vel nocte veni, stent astra licebit: non deerit populo te veniente dies. *Lib. 8.* (†) Ante patris statuum nati implacabilis ira occubui indigna morte manuque cadens: illorum ingemuit neuter mea fata, videndo. (‡) Ora patris, nati pectora marmor erant.



Enfin dans l'arriere saison  
 La fortune d'Armand s'accorda avec amienne,  
 France, je sors de ma prison,  
 Quand son Ame sort de la sienne.

At last at the latter end of Autumn  
 The Fortune of Armand agree with mine,  
 France, I get out of my Prison  
 When his Soul goes out of his.

The word *Prison* in the third Verse is taken in the proper Sence, and the last in the Figurative; and what makes the Epigram the more happy, is that *France*, I get out of my *Prison*, is the Anagram of *Francis de Bassompierre* all but one Letter: But I return to *Voiture*. He mixes also very agreeably those two kinds, saying to the Count d'Avaux: "For all your good living, speak  
 " Truth, Sir, does it not look dark at *Munster* since  
 " the absence of *Madam de Longueville*? at least it is  
 " not clearer and finer at *Paris* since she came thither.

A Thought I have seen in *Brantome's* Memoirs which comes very near that of *Voiture*, said *Philanthus*.

The Queen of Navarre Sister to *Francis I.* was a most accomplish'd Princess, upon the Report spread at Court that she was dead at *Auvergne*, a witty Courtier assured them it could not be, because it had been such fine Weather since that time, and affirm'd that if the Queen was dead, the Heavens wou'd not have been so Serene. It is true, reply'd *Eudoxus*, that those two Thoughts are very like one another: But what Authorises that of *Voiture*, is, that has Letter his more gayety; judge by the first Lines.

" As for what I see; you Gentlemen Plenipotentiaries divert your selves admirably well at *Munster*;  
 " a Fancy takes you to Laugh once in six Months; you  
 " do well to make use of your time whilst you have it,  
 " and to enjoy the sweetness of Life with which Fortune has blest you; you are there like Rats in Straw,  
 " over head and ears in Papers, always Reading,  
 " Writing, Correcting, Proposing, Conferring, Ha-  
 " ranguing,

“ ranging, Consulting ten or twelve Hours every  
 “ Day in good arm’d Chairs at your ease, whilst we  
 “ poor Devils are here Marching. Gaming, Talking,  
 “ Watching, and tormenting our miserable lives.

This is, said *Philantbus*, what may be called good Banter; and it is even in such sort of Rallery, replied *Eudoxus*, that one may confound the proper Sense with the Metaphorical without offence to Reason and Decorum: It is even usual in more serious Matters, provided there be no Finesse, as we have said in speaking of Truth; and this only passage of a Letter to *Mademoiselle Paulet* is a Proof of it.

“ We approach every day the Country of *Melons*,  
 “ of Figs and of Muscadine Grapes, and we go to  
 “ fight in Places where we shall gather Palmes mixt  
 “ with Orange-flowers and Pomgranates.

As for what remains the Comparisons taken from florid and delicious Subjects make agreeable Thoughts, as those that are form’d of great Subjects, make noble ones.

“ It seems to me, says *Costar*, that it is a great Advantage to be happy without any trouble, and that it is a calm Stream, which following its natural course without any obstacle between two flowry Banks: I find to the contrary that those who are Vertuous by Reason, who sometimes make finer things than others, are like those *Jette d’eaus* where Art commits violence on Nature, and who after having spurred into the Air, very often stop by the least Obstacle.

It is to a pleasant Thought to say with *Balzac*, of a little River: “ This pretty Water loves this Country so well, that it divides it self into a thousand Branches, and makes an infinite number of Isles and Turns, to amuse it self the more.

I don’t wonder, said *Philantbus*, that the Eclogues of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, and the Gardens and the Pastorals of one of our Friends who equals them both, are so agreeable that they never tire; for they have Flowers in them every where, Woods, Streams, and in short all that is delicious in a Country Life, besides the Form of the Ornaments which those great Masters give to their Matter to enliven and imbellish it. There

There it is, answered *Eudoxus*, that Poetry, which according to (\*) *Hermogenes* aims almost intirely at Pleasure, amuses and diverts us: But if we may believe the same *Hermogenes*, (†) the Fiction, or something Poetical, renders the Thoughts very agreeable in Prose.

May be it was according to the Ideas of that Rhetorician, said *Philantbus*, that *Voiture* compos'd the Letter of the King of Sweden to *Mademoiselle de Rambouillet*; and that of *Carp* to his Gossip *Pike*. I am mightily mistaken, reply'd *Eudoxus*, if *Voiture* followed any other Ideas in those Letters, than his own; at least we may say of *Voiture*, in respect of *Hermogenes*, what has been said of a very ingenious Gentleman in regard to *Tacitus*: That he knew it all without reading it; because he was born with a great deal of Natural Sense, and having had great Practice in the World, he had all the Politick Maxims of it in his Head, altho' he had no Tincture of Learning.

However, it is certain that ingenious Fictions have as good effect in Verse as Prose; there are as many diverting Spectacles to the Sence, which often are pleasing to the most Understanding. There are two sorts of them: The one have a great extent, and Form an intire Piece: Such are the Letters of the *Carp* and of the King of Sweden; to which may be added the *New Dialogues of the dead*, that of *Love and Friendship*, the *Lookinglass* or the *Metamorphose of Orante*, the *reform'd Parnassus*, the *War of the Authors*, the *Louis d'or*. These little works have an agreeable and Spiritual Stile.

The other Fictions which I speak of here, are shorter, and sometimes are included in one Thought. Thus *Pliny* the Younger exhorting by his Example *Cornelius Tacitus* to Study even when he was Hunting, said to him, (‡) that the Exercise of the Body awakes,

(\*) *Hermog. de formis Orat. Cap. 6.* [†] *Fabulae in sententiis maxime afferunt suavitatem, & delectationem in oratione. Idem. Cap. 4.* (‡) *Mirum est ut animus agitatione motuque corporis excitetur: jam undique sylva & solitudo, ipsumque illud silentium quod venatione datur, magna cogitationis incitamenta sunt — experieris non Dianam magis montibus quam Minervam inerrare. Lib. 1. cap. 3.*

the Sences; that the Woods, Solitude, and even silence in some Huntings adds very much to great Thoughts; in short that if he carries a Table-book with him, he shall find that *Minerva* as well as *Diana* frequents the Hills and Forests. There is a little Fiction in two Words. *Pliny* says that once in Hunting they catch'd three wild Boars in the Nets, (\*) he was Sitting near the very Nets, his Table-book in Hand, thinking, and putting down every good Thought, because if he shou'd come from Hunting empty handed his Pocket-book at least should be full. That is a very pretty Thought; but yet there is more agreeableness in what he imagines when he says that *Minerva* like *Diana* is the Hostess of the Woods, and that she is to be found in Valleys and Mountains.

It is a Fiction almost of this Nature, with what (+) *Varro* said of *Plautus*, as *Quintilian* relates it, if the *Muses* would speak Latin, they wou'd speak like *Plautus*. It is a very fine Thought, said *Philanthus*, but it is one of that sort that are found every where, and which every body appropriates to himself. *Cicero* and *Valerius Maximus* say, I fancy, that if *Jupiter* wou'd speak Greek, he wou'd make use of *Plato's* Style. Some have said that the *Muses* spoke through the Mouth of *Xenophon*. In *Pliny's* Judgment one of his Friends (||) writ Letters in such a pure and eloquent Style, that he believed, whilst he read them, that the *Muses* themselves spake Latin: in short it has been said of a Lady at Court, that if the *Graces* wou'd speak, they wou'd do it through her Mouth. All these Thoughts are the same. There may be added, resumed *Eudoxus*, what *Testi* feigned upon the Death of *Lopez de Vega*, who is the Italian *Horace*, & *Tasso* is their *Virgil*: he Poet asks where that Spanish Swan is flown? he answers, that perhaps *Apollo* has been pleas'd to call him to himself, that he might not Sing alone upon *Parnassus*.

[ ] Ad retia sedebam: erant in proximo non venabulum, aut lancea, sed filus, & pugillares meditabar aliquid, enotabamque ut si manus vacuas, plenas tamen ceras reportarem. *Idem*. (+) Licet *Varro* dicat *Mulas* *Plautino* sermone locuturas fuisse, si latine loqui vellent. *Lib. 10. cap. 1.* (||) *Epistolas* quidem scribit, *Mulas* ipsas latine loqui credas. *Lib. 2. Ep. 13.*



*Forse piacque ad Apollo a se chiamarlo  
Per non esser in Pindo a cantar solo.*

He adds that ever since the Death of *Lopez*, *Apollo* Sings nothing to his Lyre but *Spanish* Airs, and that the Eloquence of the *Castilian* Poet has been capable of changing the Language of *Parnassus*.

*Ne più di Greci accenti  
O di latini, e Toschi il biondo arciero  
Tempre le corde dell'aurata cetra:  
Sol d'Isperi concenti  
Rimbomban Pindo e Cirra: e in suono,  
Sbero volano arguti carmi a ferir l'etra,  
Tanto puo, tanto impetra  
La sacondia di Lope: Ei sol fu degno  
Di mutar lingua all'Appollineo regno.*

I Judge by that, said *Philanthus*, that sometimes Poetry imitates Prose: But it seems to me that the Rhetorical Figures borrowed from Poetry, very much enliven the Thought in Prose. The Elder *Pliny*, who according to *Voiture*, far exceeds the Younger, speaking of those *Roman* Dictators, who after having commanded Armies and obtained Victories, Plowed the Ground, and led the Plough themselves, says that (\*) the Earth rejoiced to be Cultivated by such Victorious Labours, and by a Plough Share loaded with Lawrels.

He says in another Place, (†) that the Houses in which the Statues of Noble Heroes were placed in Order, were yet sensible in themselves of their Triumphs, after they had changed their Master, and the Walls would reproach a Coward which inhabited them, for every day entering into a Place Consecrated by the Monuments of the Virtue and of the Glory of others.

[\*] Gaudente terra vomere latereato, & triumphali aratore. *Histor. Nat. Lib. 18. cap. 3.* [†] Triumphabant etiam, domibus mutatis, ipsae domus; & erat hæc stimulatio ingens, exprobrantibus rectis, quotidie inbellem dominum intrare in alienum triumphum. *Lib. 35. cap. 2.*

It is true, reply'd *Eudoxus*, that that joy of the Earth, that sensibility of the Houses, those reproaches of the Walls have something of liveness and very fine which gives pleasure to the Sence: But an animated Metaphor, that shews a deal of Action, pleases no less. (\*) *Pliny* whom you have mentioned just now, says to make one comprehend the use of Arrows, that to contrive death shou'd come sooner, we have made her fly, in giving Wings to Iron. Is not that a brisk and lively Thought, and as agreeable as that of *Horace*, upon the (†) Sorrows which fly about the gilded Cielings, which the Guards can't keep out? lets observe by the bye, said *Philanthus*, that the Thought of *Malberbe* upon death, is taken from thence:

*Et la garde qui veille aux barrieres du Louvre  
N'en defend pas nos Rois.*

*And the Guards that wait on the Barriers of the Louvre  
Don't defend the Pass to our Kings.*

As for what remains, resum'd *Eudoxus*, the Metaphora is of its nature a Spring of agreeableness; and perhaps nothing flatters the Sence more than the Representation of an Object under a strange Image: according to the Remark of *Aristotle*, we love to see one thing in another, and what does not affect of it self, or with a naked Face, surprises in a borrowed Habit, and Masked: so of a common and plain Proposition, such as the following, the *Girls in France don't succeed to the Crown*, we make an ingenious and agreeable Thought, in saying according to the Gospel, *The Lillys don't Spin*, or according to the Fable, *A spinning Wheel does not agree with the Gallick Hercules*. Sometimes in a pure Imagination produces the same Effect without the Aid of the Metaphor. *Catullus*, to describe one that carried a good Grace with her Air, and was very well shap'd,

[\*] Ut ocius mors perveniret ad hominem, alitem illam fecimus, penamque ferro dedimus. *Lib. 84. cap. 14.* [†] Non enim gaze, neque consularis summovet lictor miseros tumultus, mentis & curas laqueata circum tecta volantes. *Lib. 2. Od. 16.*

imagines that she has rob'd all the others who had any agreeableness in them :

*Omnibus una omnes surripuit vneres.*

*Voiture*, interrupted *Philanthus*, has not stole from *Catullus* the Vision he has upon *Mademoiselle de Bourbon*, or rather, not to speak too much, has not *Catullus* given occasion to *Voiture* to imagine extraordinary Thefts to make that Princess's Merit valuable? *Philanthus* took the Book, and read what follows " According as I have described her, you will judge that it is a Beauty much differing from that of the Queen *Epicbaris*: " But tho' she is not so much of a Gipsie as the other, at least she is as Thievish; from her first infancy, she rob'd the Snow of its whiteness; and the Pearls of their splendor and neatness; she took her Beauty and shining Light from the Stars, nay, hardly any day passes in which she does not rob the Sun of some of his Beams, and adorns her self with them in sight of all the World. Lately in an Assembly which was held at the Louvre, she took away all the Grace and Lustre of the other Ladies, and the Diamonds that covered them, she did not even spare the Jewels of the Crown that was on the Queen's Head, and knew how to ravish from them all that was glittering and fine.

These are pleasant Imaginations, reply'd *Eudoxus*, and 'tis the Air of Gaiety with which it is spoke, that saves what the Thought has in appearance that is false and extravagant in it self: For in short it is true, that *Mademoiselle de Bourbon* drowned all the Beauties at Court; and the Theft attributed to her is only an ingenious Turn, to tell it agreeably.

What has been said of the young Dutches of *Bourbon*, in the Description of the last Ball; reply'd *Philanthus*, shews in an ingenious and agreeable manner, that Wisdom and Sense were born with her :

*Vous n'aviez pas encore dix ans  
Que votre Esprit en avoit trente.*

*Before you was ten Years old  
Your Wit was thirty.*

It is the Thought of *Marot*, reply'd *Eudoxus*, upon a Person at the Court of *Francis the First*, called *Made-moiselle Helly*.

*Dix-huit ans je vous donne  
Belle & bonne :  
Mais à vostre sens rassis  
Trente-cinq ou trente-six  
J'en vous ordonne.*

*You are eighteen Years old, handsome and pretty ; but by your staid Wit, you should be thirty five, or thirty six.*

These different numbers oppos'd to one another are very pretty, a Contrariety makes them agreeable ; especially when the Thought may be taken two ways, and has as it were, two Faces, as for this Figure which seems to deny what it asserts, and to contradict its self it is very Elegant. I agree to it, reply'd *Eudoxus*, and the Ancients furnish us with fine Examples thereupon: *Sophocles* says, *That the presents of Enemies, are no presents ; and an inhumane Mother, is not a Mother.* *Seneca*, (\*) *That a great Fortune is a great Slavery.* *Tacitus*, (+) *That Men do sometimes all manner of base and Servile Actions to reign.* *Horace* speaks of a foolish Wisdom, of a busie Idleness, and a disagreeing Concord.

The Moderns, reply'd *Philanthus*, are not less excellent in these kind of Thoughts than the Ancients : I have read somewhere, " That Kings are Slaves upon their Thrones, that the Body and the Soul are two Enemies that cannot quit one another, and two Friends that cannot bear with one another : according to *Voiture*, " the secret to have Health and Gaiety is, that " the Body shou'd be in action, and the Mind at rest ; he also says, speaking of a Person of Quality which had an infinite deal of Wit, and with whom he had Commerce.

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(\*) *Magna servitus est magna fortuna. De Consolat. ad Polyb.* (†) *Omnia serviliter pro dominatione. Hist. Lib. 1.*



" I never find my self so conceited as when I receive  
 " any Letters from her, nor never so humble as when  
 " I am to answer them.

A *Spanish* Poet said upon the Death of one of the  
*Queens of Spain.*

*Viva no pudo ser mas:*

*Muerta no pudo ser menos.*

All the Beauty of the Thought consists in the Anti-  
 thesis.

*She cou'd not during her Life have been more than she  
 was, nor after her death been less.*

Marot whom I nam'd just now, reply'd *Eudoxus*,  
 ends his Epiraph of *Madam de Chateau Briant*, by a  
 Thought like this,

*Sous ce tombeau gist Francoise de Foix,  
 De qui tout bien tout chacun souloit dire;  
 Et le disant onc une seule fois,  
 Ne s'avanca d'y vouloir contredire :  
 De grand' beaute, de grace qui attire,  
 De bon scavoir, d'intelligence prompte,  
 De biens, d'honneur, & mieux que ne raconte,  
 Dieu Eternel richement l'etoffa :  
 O Viateur, pour l'abreger le conte,  
 Cy gist un rien, là où tout triompha.*

*Under this Stone lies Francies de Foix  
 Of whom every one spake well,  
 And having said it once, never pretend to  
 Contradict it, of great Beauty and enticeing  
 Grace, of Learning and quick Understanding  
 Of good Honours, and more than I express,  
 With which the Almighty did richly furnish her.  
 Traveller to shorten my Story,  
 Here Nothing lies, that triumph'd every where.*

The famous Epiraph of *James Trivulcius* buried at  
*Milan*, draws all its Beauty from the Antithesis, and  
 its shortness.

*Hic quiescit, qui nunquam quievit.*

We can say in our Tongue, *Here lies one that never was at rest.* He was that Warrior so renown'd in the Italian History, interrupted *Philanthus*, who died at fourscore Years of Age, and who according to *Brantome*, being at the point of Death, would have his Sword laid naked by him, because he had heard say the Devils hated a drawn Sword. The Cross and Holy Taper would have been better in his Hands, reply'd *Eudoxus*: after all as fine as his Epiraph was, I esteem it less than a short Encomium of the King, contain'd in one single Verse, which in my mind is worth a whole Panegyrick.

*Pace beat totum bello qui terruit orbem.*

I don't know whether one can render this into *English* with all its Beauty.

*He that made the whole World tremble by his Arms,  
Blesses it with Peace.*

What another Poet said upon the same Subject. reply'd *Philanthus*, is still finer:

*Plus pacasse orbem, quàm domuisse fuit.*

It is true, said *Eudoxus*, and the Translation is much easier.

*It is more glorious to give Peace to the World,  
Than to conquer it.*

But the Opposition of *Peace* and *War*, of *bleses* and *tremble*, adds to for the first Verse, an unknown agreement which the other has not; the second is the Strongest, but the first seems to me most agreeable.

Two Verses, reply'd *Philanthus*, which were put upon the Globe of *Versails*, where the Arts are painted and spoke by Poetry, have all the Graces that can be wish'd. (\*) *Why do I scruple, says Poetry, when I sing your Actions Great King, some think it a Fable, and 'tis a History*; the *Fable* and the *History* oppos'd one to the other make the Thought fine, reply'd *Eudoxus*; and that puts me in mind of a Passage of Young *Pliny's* on the Subject of the *Dacian War* which one of his Friends undertook to write.

(†) *What matter is more Poetical, says he, and more Fabulous than that, tho' full of very true Events?*

It must be own'd, said *Philanthus*, that Antitheses well manag'd are infinitely pleasant in pieces of Wit. They have almost the same Effect, answer'd *Eudoxus*, as the Lights and Shades in a Picture, which good Painters have the Art to dispose in their proper Places, or as in Musick the High and Low Notes, which a Master knows how to Order.

In the mean time don't believe, continu'd he, that a Thought cannot be agreeable, but where the places are Bright and Witty; Simplicity alone sometimes makes all their Beauty: this Simplicity consists in I don't know what Air that is plain and ingenious, but sprightly and reasonable, like that of a Clown with Sence, or a witty Child; and most part of the Epigrams (‡) of the *Anthologie*, have this Character; they do not sting the Taste, yet they have something that tickles it; and one may say, that without having *Martial's* Salt, they are not insipid. There are some very dull, interrupted *Philanthus*, and you know some of those Greek Epigrams, which were translated for *Racan*, seem'd to him so dull and so flat, that one day dining at a Prince's Table, where they serv'd up some Soup, which tasted of nothing but Water, "Here is said he softly to one of his Friends, who had seen these Epigrams with him, "Per-  
"ridge after the Greek Fashion.

(\*) *Fingere cur libeat, dum te cano, Maxime Regum? Fabula narrari creditur, historia est.* (†) *Quæ tam poetica, & quanquam in verissimis rebus tam fabulosa materia?* Lib. 8. Ep. 4. (‡) *Recueil des Epigrammes Grecques.*

I don't speak of those, answer'd *Eudoxus*, I speak of  
these that were made upon *Myron's* Cow, and upon  
such Subjects; which, simple as they are, nevertheless  
are ingenious in their way: one says,

*Little Calf why dost thou Bellow?  
Art has given me no Milk.*

Another,  
*Shepherd thou beats me to make me goe along;  
Art hath deceiv'd thee: Myron has not given me Life.*

These following are upon Statues of the Gods and  
Goddesses.

*Either Jupiter came down from Heaven to shew himself  
to Phidias:  
Or Phidias went to Heaven to see Jupiter.*

*Pallas and Juno seeing a Statue of Venus, said; It is  
pity that we condemn'd the Judgment of Paris.*

A Poet said upon seeing a Statue of Love chain'd to a  
Column.

*Little Child who has ty'd your Hands?  
Don't cry, since you take pleasure in making young  
Folks weep.*

The Authors of these Epigrams, added *Eudoxus*, are  
a little of the Genius of some Painters, which excel'd  
in a certain graceful plainness, and amongst others of  
*Corregio*, whose Pictures of Children, have particular  
Graces, and something so Childish. (\*) that Art is like Na-  
ture it self. Amongst the *Latines*, *Ovid*, and *Catullus*, are  
Originals in that kind; you need but open the Books of  
*Metamorphoses*, *Fastorum*, and *de Tristibus*, to find some  
example of ingenuity, and the Number of them there  
hindred me from writing any of them. What *Catullus*

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(\*) Tunc perfecta ars, cum naturam ita exprimit, ut natura ipsa esse  
videatur. *Longin. Sic. 19.*



said of an excellent Perfume, was agreeable because plain.

(\*) *When you smell it, you'll desire the Gods to make you all Nose.*

We have some Poets, reply'd *Philanthus*, which are little inferiour to *Ovid*, or *Catullus*, for their Simplicity, and I know one, which made a very pretty Madrigal in that strain, upon a Man of Merit;

*Elevè dans la vertu,  
Et malheureux avec elle,  
Je disois, A quoy sers-tu,  
Pauvre & sterile vertu ?  
Ta droiture & tout ton zele,  
Tout compté, tout rabatu,  
Ne valent pas un festu.  
Mais voyant que l'on couronne  
Aujourd'huy le grand Pomponne.  
Aussitost ie me suis tenu :  
A quelque chose elle est bonne.*

Eminent in Virtue, yet unhappy with her, I said, what art thou good for poor and barren Virtue? Thy uprightness, and thy Zeal after all is not worth one farthing; but seeing great Pomponne crown'd this day, I immediately held my tongue, for I say, it is good for something.

An Epitaph Writ by *Scaron* ends wonderful naturally :

*Cy gist qui fut de belle taille,  
Qui scavoit danser & chanter,  
Faisoit des vers vaille que vaille,  
Et les scavoit bien réciter.  
Sa race avoit quelque antiquaille,  
Et pouvoit des Heros compter :*

(\*) *Quod tu cum olfacies, Deos rogabis, Totum ut te faciant, Fabulle, natum.*

*Mesme*

Mesme il auroit donne bataille,  
S'il en avoit voulu taster.  
Il parloit fort bien de la guerre,  
Des cicux, du g'obe de la terre,  
Du Droit Civil, du Droit Canon,  
Et connoissoit assez les choses  
Par leurs effets & par leurs causes:  
Estoit-il honnestre homme? oh, non!

Here lies one that was fine shap'd, who knew how to  
Dance and to Sing, tho' he made Verses but so so, he cou'd  
handsomely repeat them: Sprung from an Ancient Family,  
he had some Heroes for his Sires; cou'd wield a Buckler  
and a Sword, had he delighted in the Feild: he cou'd speak  
well of the Art of War, of the Heavens and the earthly  
Globe, of Civil and of Canon Laws, understood a great  
many things, by their Causes and their Effects. But was he  
a good Man? O! no.

But perhaps, the most Natural of our own Poets, is  
the Chevalier de Cailly, who conceal'd his Name, when  
he publish'd his Verses under the Title of small Poems  
of the Chevalier d'Accilly. These little Poems  
are full of simplicity, and show the Poet to be a Man of  
natural Candor, and his four Lines on the Etymology of  
the word *Alfana*, that a Learned Man deriv'd from  
*Equus*, will never out of my Memory.

*Alfana* came from *Equus* without doubt; but it must al-  
so be granted, that in coming from thence hither it has been  
much changed upon the Road.

Another comes into my Mind, which shows his dis-  
interestedness very naturally.

When I either give you Verse or Prose, great Minister, I  
know very well I give you but very little; but I ask nothing  
of you.

One wou'd think, interrupted *Eudoxus*, that these  
four Lines, shou'd be *Gumbaud's*; it has much his Air,  
witness a perfect Piece for simplicity.

Colas is dead of sickness, thou wou'dst have me deplore  
his Fate; what the Devil wou'd you have me say of him?  
Colas liv'd, and Colas died.

After

After all, reply'd *Philanthus*, his Thoughts as plain as they are, have a little of the Antithesis in them (\*).

*I give you but a Trifle, but I ask you nothing*; *Colas liv'd, Colas died. Give, ask, liv'd, died*; makes a little Flourish to set off the thing.

(†) Plainness, said *Eudoxus*, is not an Enemy to certain kinds of Antitheses, which have a simplicity according to *Hermogenus*, and at the same time please the more, as they are the more simple; it hates shining Antitheses, that are too gay.

Did you never observe, adds he, that sad Ideas, such as that of Death, do not hinder Thoughts from pleasing? As Storms, bloody Battels, and wild Beasts charm in a Picture when they are well represented, instead of frightening; so pitiful Objects have something in them which pleases if well explain'd: for according to *Aristotle's* Doctrine, (‡) all that is imitated perfectly well is agreeable, tho' at the same time there should be something in it frightful. The Pleasure one has in seeing a fine Imitation, doth not come directly from the Object; but it is the Reflection which the Mind makes, that there is nothing in Effect more like: So that it happens in these Cases, that we learn something new that moves and pleases.

'Tis on this account that an excellent Philosopher, which has joyn'd the politeness of our Tongue with the profound knowledge of Nature, says to an illustrious Chancellor in his Dedication of his Character of the Passions; "That the Disorders and Vices which he puts under his Protection, are not of the same Nature with those, that fear the Severity of the Law; they are but the Images and Figures which can be receiv'd like those of Monsters and Tyrants; and which ought not to be less agreeable to sight, than the Pictures of the Conquered are us'd to be to Conquerors."

[ ] Simplicia habent etiam suum acumen, suas argutias. *Gaspar Laurent. Comment. in Tract. Hermog. de Formis Orat.* [†] Ipsa ἀσέλεια simplex & in affectata habet quendam purum qualis etiam in scemini amater ornatum. *Quintil. Lib. 8. c. 3.* [‡] *Rhet. lib. 1. cap. 13.*

[\*] N  
Deulque  
sic juvat  
[†] Dar  
[\*] Hic  
myrtea c  
Lib. 6.

I understood long since, said *Philanthus*, that the Thoughts which represented dismal things could please; but I did not know the Reason of it: and I see now why *Ovid de Tristibus* pleases so much, without speaking of the Dramatick pieces Antient and Modern, which divert even when they draw Tears from our Eyes.

'Tis for the same Reason, reply'd *Eudoxus*, that the passages in *Virgil* which are the most Melancholy and Dismal, are so pleasant to them that read 'em. The death of *Dido* has a particular Charm; this unhappy Queen amuses us very agreeably, when all in Tears and her Face covered with a Mortal Paleness she stands upon her Funeral Pile, draws the Sword, with which she designs to stab her self, (\*) and which was not put into her hands for that use; she dissolves into Tears at the Sight of the Presents which were given her by the Trojan Prince, (†) so sweet, and so dear when Fate was propitious to her; at last, having declar'd with Sighs that she shou'd have been happy if the *Trojans* had never come to *Carthage*, in a furious Transport, she cry'd (‡) *must I dye unreveng'd?* Then mingling the remainder of Love with rage and pain, *but let us die*, added she *for thus I must perish*, (†) *that the cruel Man may from the Sea behold the Flames of my Funeral Pile*, (‡) *and carry with him the certainty of my death*.

This is really Passion well express'd, said *Philanthus*, and I don't think a Piece can be better drawn. There's another Picture, reply'd *Eudoxus*, not so great, but almost as agreeable, and melancholy as it is; the Description which *Virgil* gives of Lovers that are in Hell, whither *Aeneas* descends: the Poet places their abode in a Land watered with Tears, and which is call'd the weeping Fields, there, says he (\*) *those that love has tormented and cruelly kill'd, go out of the Road and hide themselves under a Myrtle Tree; their sorrows do not leave them even at their death*.

[\*] Non hos quæsitum munus in usus. [†] Dulces exuvie dum fata Deique sinebant. [‡] Moriemur inultæ? [§] Sed moriamur, ait, sic, sic juvat ire sub umbras. [†] Hauriat hunc oculis ignem crudelis ab alto. [‡] Dardanus, & nostræ secum ferat omina mortis. *Aeneid. lib. 4.* [\*] Hic quos durus amor crudeli tabe peredit, Secreti celant calles, & myrtea circum Sylva tegit, curæ non ipsa in morte relinquunt. *Aeneid. Lib. 6.*



This last Thought pleases me mightily, reply'd *Philan.* thus, and nothing in my Mind shews more the Pains caused by such a foolish Passion. *Virgil*, reply'd *Eudoxus*, is always agreeable as well as *Homer*, (\*) who is, according to the Learned, the Father of the Graces: And thus speaks the Author of the Art of French Poetry.

*One wou'd think that to please, by Nature taught, Homer hath rob'd fair Venus of her Girdle: His matchless Book doth overflow with Charms; what he hath touch'd into true Gold is turn'd: every thing that he writes hath a new Grace; he pleases always, yet he never tires.*

But we shou'd never have done, if we shou'd observe what is agreeable in both of them; since I must tell you of a third way of thinking, which with the Agreement has a Delicacy, or rather whose Grace, Beauty and Value rises from its being nice. Tell me I pray, reply'd *Eudoxus*, what is precisely Delicacy? Nothing else is talk'd off; and I talk of it every Minute without well understanding what I say, and having a clear Notion of it. I only know that there are good Wits, as well as good Painters, which are not delicate: the Works of *Rubens*, by the Report of the Masters of that Art, savour more of a Dutch Genius, than of the Beauty of the Ancients, and tho' there is vivacity and nobleness in all his Pieces, they are more coarse than delicate; whereas the Pictures of *Raphael* have a great deal of Grandure, of inimitable Graces, and all the Delicacy possible.

Delicacy strictly taken, reply'd *Eudoxus*, is easier to be defin'd, than in the figur'd way: if you wou'd ask me what Delicacy is in matters of Perfume, in Meat, or in Musick; I could tell you, perhaps, by saying that a delicate Perfume is a subtle Scent which never offends the Brain; and that delicate Meat is that which will not charge the Stomach, and delicate Musick is a Comfort of Vocal and Instrumental Musick, which tickles the Ears, and excites the Motions of the Heart: but when you ask me what a delicate Thought is, I don't know in what terms to explain my self; it is a difficult thing to

[\*] Ille elegantiarum omnium pater Homerus. *Casaub.*

bring them under one view ; for when we think we have them they flee from us, all that we can do is, to look nearly and divers ways till we come by degrees to know them. Let us endeavour to Form to our selves delicate ingenious Ideas, and let us content our selves without saying a delicate Thought is the finest Production, like the Flower of Wit ; for that is to say nothing on a Subject so difficult, and we can't come off with such an Affair as this is, with a Synonymous Term or a Metaphor.

We must in my Mind reason on the Delicacy of the Thoughts, which make Pieces of Wit, as we do of those of Nature ; the most delicate are these where (\*) Nature takes pleasure to work in little, and where the matter almost imperceptible, makes us doubt whether she has a Mind to show or hide her Address ; (†) such is an Insect perfectly well form'd, so much the more worthy of Admiration, as it less affects the Sight, according to the Author of the Natural History.

Lets say by way of Anologie, that to a Thought where in there is Delicacy, 'tis proper to be included in few Words, and the Sence which it contains is neither so visible nor so plain ; it seems now to me that it is hid to the end that we may look for it, and that we should guess at it, and keeps us in suspense to give us the pleasure of discovering it all at once, when we have knowledge enough ; for as we should have good Eyes and assist the same with Art, as Spectacles, Microscopes, &c. to search into the works of Nature ; this little Mystery is like the Delicacy of the Soul : in Thoughts of that sort which have nothing Mysterious, neither in the depth or turnings, and shew themselves clearly at the first Sight, There is not proper delicacy, however sprightly they may be in other respects. We may conclude that delicacy adds something to the Agreeable and Sublime, and that the Thoughts which are noble and pretty have some sort of resemblance of the Heroines or Romantick

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(\*) *Rerum natura nequam magis quam in minimis tota. Plin. Lib. 11. cap. 2.* [†] *In artum coacta rerum naturæ majestas, multis nullius parte mirabilior. Idem. Lib. 37. proem.*

Shepherdesses, whose Face are not covered with Males nor Vails, but all their Beauty is quickly discovered by those who see them.

I don't know whether you, understand me, for I hardly understand my self, and I am afraid every moment of being lost in my own Reflections.

I understand you, methinks, said *Philanthus*, and I admire you no less than *Pliny* did the works of Nature. While I reason justly upon a Matter. I'll forgive your Admiration, said *Eudoxus*, it is sufficient that you conceive pretty nearly what I said to you: but Examples will make you comprehend it better than my words.

The first Thought that comes into my mind of that Nature, is in *Pliny's* Panegyrick, the Panegyrist said to his Prince who had long time refus'd the Title of Father of his Country, and would not admit it till he thought he merited it: *You are the only Person that has merited to be stil'd the Father of your Country you before had the Title.*

The Cardinal *Bentivoglio*, interrupts *Philanthus*, has almost the same Notion upon the Dignity of a Grandee of Spain, in speaking of the Marquis of *Spinola*, " *His illustrious Birth and great Merit, made him Grandee of Spain, before he had the Title.*

The Italian hath a Turn which can't be render'd into English. *E per Nobiltà di sangue, & per eminenza di merito, portò seco in Ispagna il Grandato, anche prima di conseguirlo*

The Cardinal, reply'd *Eudoxus* smiling, had a Mind to rob the Consul; but don't let us be uneasie on the Account, and let us do him the Honour to commend his Thoughts as much as they did *Pliny's*; for they have both their fineness: And he leaves more to think than he speaks; for not to mention the Panegyrick of *Trajan*, I conceive, if I have Understanding and Penetration, that the other Princes took the Title of Father of their

[\*] Auditoribus grata sunt hæc, quæ cum intellexerint, acumine suis delectantur; & gaudent non quali audierint, sed quali invenerint. *Quintil. lib. 8. c. 2.* [†] Soli omnium contigit tibi, ut Pater Patriæ es, antequam Heres.

Country as soon as they began to Reign that *Trajan* is more Modest and Just than they, in that he did not take it before he had merited it by securing the Empire, and by the Love that he bore to his Subjects: In short, he was the Father of his Country in the Hearts of all his People before he had the Title.

This Panegyrick so ingenious, and so eloquent, continu'd *Eudoxus*, has other delicate Thoughts; but to relate them, I must consult my Papers. Here is one upon the Flood, which renders *Egypt* fertile by its regular Inundation; it mist once, and *Trajan* sent an abundance of Corn to feed the People which had nothing to live on.

(\*) *The Nile never flowed more abundantly to the Glory of the Romans.*

Here is another touch not less pleasant upon the Houses and Gardens of pleasure which had always been possessed by the Emperors, and which private Persons enjoyed.

(†) *The Fountains, Floods and Seas are not for the Pleasure of one single Man; there is something in the World, which does not belong to you; and the Patrimony of the Cæsars is less extensive than their Empire.*

He adds, to make you apprehend that the magnificent Buildings and fine Gardens were truly purchased, and the Possession thereof was peaceable (\*) *The Bounty of the Prince is so great, and the time of his Reign so happy, we thought him worthy of those honours which belong to none but Emperors, and of our side we don't fear appearing worthy of them.*

There is nothing is finer than the Thought in which *Pliny* said to his Prince, towards the end of his Panegyrick. (†) *Since Flattery has been long since exhausted by*

(\*) Nilus Ægypto quidem sæpe, sed gloriæ nostræ numquam largior fluxit. (†) Non unius oculis flumina, fontes, maria deserviunt: et quod Cæsar non suum videat, tandemque imperium Principum quàm patrimonium majus est. [\*] Tanta benignitas Principis, tanta securitas temporum est, ut ille nos principalibus rebus existimet dignos, nos non timeamus quod digni esse viderum. [†] Cum jam pridem levitas adulatione contumpta sit, non alius erga te novus honor superest, quàm si aliquando de te tacere audeamus. Alii se satis vixisse, te viso, te recepto; alii autem magis esse vivendum prædicabant.



the several ways of praising Princes we have none other left to celebrate your Vertues but by keeping silence.

A Man of quality that we both know, who has the most delicate turn of Thoughts in the World, interrupts *Philanthus*, has imitated *Pliny* by writing in his Memoirs, " we must say the same thing, or hold our Tongues upon the fine Actions of the King, who maketh more news every day than there are turns in our Language to praise him adequately? " He that you talk of, reply'd *Eudoxus*, perhaps has not read the Panegyrick of *Trajan*, no more than an Epistle Dedicated to the Cardinal *Richelieu*, in which a Writer of the last Reign flatters him in these terms, which are still in my Mind.

" Our Strength fails as your Wonders encrease; and as it hath been formerly said of a brave Man, that he could receive no Wounds but on his old Scars, so you cannot be prais'd without Repetition; since Truth which is circumscrib'd, hath said of you, what falshood that knows no bound hath invented for others.

But I return to the antient Panegyrick, I don't know if what he says on the Entry of *Trajan* into *Rome* be'n't as fine as that which I repeated just now.

(\*) Some said when they had seen you that they had liv'd long enough, and some that there was greater reason to desire that they might live longer.

And did not *Cicero* say something like this in the praise of *Cesar*, reply'd *Philanthus*? I guess what you would say, reply'd *Eudoxus*, and I have mark'd it; here is the Place, *Cicero* spoke to *Cesar* in these terms.

(†) I have understood with some difficulty the fine and wise Words which have escaped you more than once; that you have liv'd long enough for Nature and Glory: perhaps you have liv'd long enough for Nature, and I dare say for

F (\*) Illam tuam præclarissimam vocem invitus auidi: satis te diu vel naturæ vigisse, vel gloriæ: satis, si ita vis naturæ fortasse: addo etiam, si placet, gloriæ: at quod maximum est, Patriæ certè parum. Or. pro Ligar.

Glory if you will; but what is more important, you have certainly liv'd little for the Country.

He explains himself yet in another manner upon the same Subject.

(\*) I have been told, that you shou'd say, you had liv'd long enough, I believe it, if you liv'd to your self on'y, or if you were but for your self.

The Idyllum which was made two Years ago to be sung in the Orange Grove of *Seaux*, reply'd *Philantbus*, has one Thought I am more toucht with than that of *Cesar* and *Cicero*: the Peace which the King gave to Europe was the Subject of the Verses, and here is the Place, which touches me, which I told you off.

*Qu'il regne ce Héros, qu'il triomphe toujours :  
Qu'avec luy soit toujours la paix ou la victoire :  
Que le cours de ses ans dure autant que le cours  
De la Seine & de la Loire :  
Qu'il regne ce Héros, qu'il triomphe toujours,  
Qu'il vive autant que sa gloire !*

May that Hero always rule and triumph: may Peace or Victory adorn his Reign: and may his Years last as long as the Course of the Seine and of the Loire, may that Hero always rule and triumph, and live as long as his Glory.

There is nothing so fine and so natural, reply'd *Eudoxus*, and that he may live as long as his Glory has a great deal of Delicacy. But I forget to tell you of a delicate Thought, in the beginning of *Pliny's* Panegyrick, and by which I should have begun, if Conversation was not more free than a regular Discourse: it was upon *Trajan's* Adopting *Nerva*, and raising him to the Throne of the *Cesars* when he was far from *Rome*: (†) *Posterity* believes that he made no other bargain to be Emperor, than to deserve the Empire, and being obedient in the Reception. Another antient Panegirick has the same Turn in speaking of *Theodosius* the Emperor: here is his Thought if I am

(\*) Sæpe venit ad aures meas te idem istud nimis crebro: satis te tibi vixisse: credo, si tibi soli viveres, aut si tibi etiam Soli natus esses, *ibid.*

(†) Credentne posteri, nihil ipsum, ut Imperator fieret, agnasse nihil fecisse, nisi quod meruit, & paruit?

not mistaken: (\*) *Can posterity believe, in our time things can be done which can't be imitated in the following Ages nor of which any Example remains in the preceding, who ever shall know it was in your life, and by your conduct, will never doubt, but he that reigns in such a sort, should not be refus'd by the Empire.*

The Moderns, continued *Philanthus*, think no less finely upon the Thoughts of Posterity in regard to the Incredible; and I know two or three Thoughts on that Head which I cannot forbear repeating, so reasonable is it to give you a little Respite.

*Marigny*, who had such a nice Wit, and made such pretty things, perhaps the first in our Language which has brought the Faith, or the Incredulity of our Posterity upon the Stage, on account of the Miraculous Transactions of *Lewis the XIV.* hear his Madrigale.

*Les Muses à l'envi travaillant pour la gloire  
De Louis le plus grand des Rois  
Orneront de son nom le Temple de Mémoire :  
Mais la grandeur de ses exploits,  
Que l'esprit humain ne peut croire,  
Fera que la posterite,  
Lisant une si belle histoire,  
Doutera de la verite.*

The *Muses* strive who shall praise *Lewis* most, *Lewis* the Greatest of Monarchs in the Temple of Fame they'll consecrate his Name; but the greatness of his Exploits which mortal Man cannot conceive, will make one day Posterity (reading so strange a History, even then) doubt whether it is true.

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(\*) *Credetne hoc olim ventura posteritas, & præstabit nobis tam gloriosam fidem, ut nostro demùm seculo annuat factum quod tantis infra sua praeque temporibus nec invenerit æmulum; nec habuerit exemplum? Sed qui vitæ tuæ sectam, rationesque cognoverit, fidei incunctanter accedet, nec abesse dubitabit imperium sic imperaturum.* *P. Mægyr. Pædæ.*

*Voiture* has said almost the same in Prose before *Marigny*, interrupts *Eudoxus*, pray hear me in my turn; or read your self this Passage in a Letter to the Duke d'*Anguien* on the taking of *Dunkirk*.

"As for me my Lord, I am over joy'd at your prosperity as I ought to be; but I foresee that which augments your present Reputation, will be detrimental to that which ought to be given to you in the next Age, and that in a little time all your great and important Actions crowded thus one upon another, will render your Life incredible in times to come, and makes your History pass for a Romance among Posterity.

I agree with you said *Philanthus*, in the Thoughts of the Madrigal of *Marigny*: but I know another which hath Thoughts very different, and by which the *Sappho* of our Age excites the Poets to praise the King.

*Vous à qui les neuf Sœurs au milieu du repos  
Ont appris à chanter les hauts faits des Héros,  
A nostre Conquerant venez tous rendre hommage:  
Par des vers immortels celebrez son courage,  
Et n'apprehendez pas que la posterite  
Puisse vous accuser de l'avoir trop vante:  
Quoy que vous puissiez dire en publiant sa gloire,  
Vous le ferez moins grand que ne fera l'histoire:*

You that are taught by the Muses to sing (in the midst of Ease,) the great Deeds of Heroes, come and pay to our Conqueror Homage: by your immortal Songs extol his great Courage; be not afraid lest our posterity shou'd accuse you of fulsome Flattery; whatever you can say to Celebrate his Fame cannot praise him so much as History.

That is a delicate Thought, said *Eudoxus*, and it puts me in Mind of a fine Epistle to the King, reply'd *Philanthus*, I have it by Heart.

*Je n'ose de mes vers vanter icy le prix:  
Toutefois si quelqu'un de mes foibles escrits  
Des ans injurieux peut eviter l'outrage,  
Peut estre pour ta gloire aura-t-il son usage:*



*Et comme tes exploits etonnant les lecteurs  
Seront à peine crus sur la foy des Auteurs :  
Si quelque esprit malin les veut traiter de fables,  
On dira quelque jour, pour les rendre croyables :  
Boileau qui dans ses vers pleins de sincerite  
Jadis à tout son siècle a dit la verite,  
Qui mit à tout blasmer son etude & sa gloire,  
A pourtant de ce Roy parle comme l'histoire.*

*I dare not here my weak Verses extol, but yet if any one  
can protect them, perhaps he may immortalize thy Name as  
thy exploits astonish Readers. shant he believ'd upon the Au-  
thor's word ; if peevish Men who think them fabu'ous, it  
will be said, to shew that they are true, that even Boileau,  
whose Verses are sincere, who freely scourg'd the Vices of his  
Age, who took a pride to Censure every thing, yet spoke of  
this Monarch as Historians would do.*

Nothing can be imagined that is finer upon this Sub-  
ject, said Eudoxus. But I have something more to tell  
you, reply'd Philanthus, upon the Song of another Ac-  
cademick, who bears away the bell in the Academy, and  
does not please less in Verse than Prose : 'tis to the King  
the Poet speaks.

*Lors que les seuls travaux font tes plus doux emplois :  
Que d'exemples fameux tu remplis nostre histoire :  
Qu'avec tant de vigueur, de succes & de gloire,  
Seul de ton vaste Etat tu soutiens tout le poids.*

*Lors que pour coup d'essai de tes nobles exploits,  
On te voit ajouter victoire sur victoire,  
Que par cent actions tu ternis la memoire  
Des plus grands Couquerans & des plus sages Rois.  
Quel est ton but, Louis, & que penses-tu faire,  
Tu te flattes en vain d'une belle chimere,  
Si par la tu pretendes à l'immortalite ?  
Tant de faits au dessus de la portee humaine  
Comment serent-ils crus de la posterite :  
Si nous qui les voyons, ne les croyons qu'à peine ?*

*Whilst thou delights in the Toils of War, and makes our History with wonders shine, and with so much Strength, Success and Glory; thou bearest above the Burden of the State. When for a Trial of thy great Exploits, we see thee always crown'd with Victory; that by an hundred Deeds dost eclipse the Memory of the greatest Conquerors and wisest Kings.*

*What is thy Aim, O Lewis, by all those Heroick Actions, If you attempt making your self Immortal by them: You flatter your self with a vain Imagination? How will they that exceed humane Probability gain any Credit with Posterity, when we that are Eye witnesses of them can scarce believe them.*

See how ingenious and fine this is. A Critick as severe as *Phylarchus*, replied *Eudoxus*, would make a Judgment very different from yours and mine. This unmerciful *Phylarchus*, ridicules *Balzac*, and Quarrels even to the abusing him, for saying to a Great Minister: *Such are the Actions of your Life that after seeing them we can scarce believe our Eyes.* "One might speak of Actions," says the Critick, that we should hardly believe without seeing: But to say those we have seen are incredible, is ridiculous: for no body can help believing what he is certain of having seen: We should believe even the Achievements of *Amadis de Gaul*, without scruple, if we had been present: But 'tis prating sillily, adds *Phylarchus*, to tell a great Man, his Actions are so wondrous that we can hardly believe them tho' we saw them. "This would have been ridiculous to say of the Charms and Enchantments of *Urganda* the unknown.

Methinks this Censurer of *Balzac* is a little too severe and unjust on this Occasion. He is Censorious at least, replies *Eudoxus*, and perhaps is unreasonably Censorious. Indeed in common Discourse we might say; *I should never believe this if I had not seen it.* But Eloquence does not talk like the Multitude; and for expressing things Extraordinary and Surprising, one

might without straining, say, *I could scarcely believe that after I had seen it.* The one is finer, more figurative and ingenious than the other. Besides, a Thought may be proper in Verse, which is by no means so in Prose, and that of a Sonnet so prepared and elevated, has nothing, I think, which ought to be objected against.

But it must be confess'd, that those Thoughts about the belief of Posterity, with respect to Events that seem incredible, begin to be common, and he that would use them now should meet with few Admirers. The finest things too often said and repeated have no Charms, and almost cease to be fine. 'Tis for Novelty or the New turn of Thought, *Crassus* is commended by *Cicero*, and 'tis that that gives Lustre and Value to ours.

Don't you find, says *Philantbus*, on every turn a Thought upon the Moderation of our invincible Monarch a one of those that are growing absolute? That after having subdued his Enemies he Conquers himself, and Triumphs over his own Heart. The Thought is fine, replies *Fuloxus*, but I would use it no longer: It will in a little time, if I mistake not, be like that we meet with so often, and commonly applied to great Masters of any Profession, whose last Work is their Master piece: *After having Excelled all the Rest, he has Excelled himself.* (\*) *Cicero* was the Inventor of it in Praise of *Crassus*; and *Voiture* perhaps is the first that used it in our Language upon *Bakac*, to whom he says, (†) "I have seen something of yours since your departure, which I think preferable to all you have ever done; and by these last performances you have acquir'd the honour of excelling him that excelled all others."

But this very Thought, however fine it is, that the King has vanquish'd Victory her self, is very old; and (adds he smiling) if we judge of it by the Rules of Genealogy, there is no room to question its Nobility. An ancient Panegyrist praises *Theodosius* (†) for being the

(\*) Cæteros a Crasso semper omnes, illo autem die etiam ipsum a se insperatum. *De Orat. Lib. 2. Cap. 1.* (†) Tu ipsius victoria victor omnem cum armis iram deposuisti.

Conquerour of Victory, and for laying down his Arms and Revenge together. But this was no new Thought in *Theodosius's* time: *Cicero* I believe Invented it, and I think its first appearance is in one of his Orations; tho' I don't know whether by being repeated twice in the same Place, it is not used a second time, or if at the end it does not loose some part of that Beauty of Novelty it had at first: After having said to *Cæsar*, (||) *You have already vanquish'd all other Conquerors by your Justice and Clemency, but you have this day vanquish'd your self.* He adds, *You seem to have vanquish'd Victory her self, in restoring to the Conquer'd the Advantages she had made you gain over them: For your Clemency has spared us all, whom by the Right of a Conqueror you might have destroy'd. You then are the only invincible, by whom Victory her self, however Violent and Haughty she naturally be, has been vanquish'd.*

There are some Thoughts upon Victory and the Moderation of Victors, interrupted *Philanthus*, less common then this. To pass by what *Theodosius's* Panegyrist says, (\*) *Such are your Actions, that when you Conquer none think themselves Conquered.*

We have heard a great Magistrate in his publick Harangues say, "That our invincible Monarch, would have made himself Master of all Europe, if he had not rather preferr'd the adding to the Glory of doing what he would, that of not doing what he could; that in giving Peace to Europe, he has lost nothing of the Glory of seeing himself Master of it, and that no better Proof could be given of his being so, or at least of his Power to be so."

What a famous Member of the Academy, replies *Eudoxus*, says of the Kings securing a rich City from the Plunder of his Victorious Army, is not less fine, nor

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(||) *Cæteros quidem omnes victores jam ante equitate & misericordia vicerat: Hodino vero die te ipsum vicisti: Iplam victoriam vicisse vidor ris. recte igitur unus invictus es, a quo etiam iplius victoriae coaditio visque devicta est? Orat. pro Ligas.* (\*) *Fecisti ut nemo sibi victus, se victore, videatur.*



nor uncommon: " He knows how to make himself as  
 " much obey'd by his Souldiers as dreaded by his Ene-  
 " mies: His end of making War is to make People hap-  
 " py by their Subjection, and he has found in Conquest  
 " something more Glorious than the Glory of Con-  
 " quering,

'Tis upon the same Occasion another of the Acade-  
 micks having told the King, that his Souldiers animated  
 by his presence fought like Heroes, but after having  
 over run whatever withstood their Courage, at his  
 command they stop'd in the heat of Victory, and that a  
 single Word of his could prevent the horrid Destruction  
 of a flourishing City; he adds, " You had the double  
 " Pleasure of taking, and preserving at once, and were  
 " less pleas'd with making your self Master, than be-  
 " ing the Saver of a City.

Add to these reply'd, *Eudoxus*, the Thought in a  
 Panegyrick upon the King, spoke in the Academy,  
 when a Great Archbishop was admitted. The Au-  
 thor after having said; " Behold the King that Marches  
 " at the Head of his Armies, who by his Conduct  
 " Amazes the oldest and wisest Captains, the bravest  
 " and most obstinate Souldiers by his Valour, who  
 " conquers Forces, and over runs Cities and intire  
 " Provinces, like a Torrent, whose Rapidity is increas-  
 " ed by the Winter Season. Says afterwards, There is  
 " nothing wanting to his Glory, but what is always  
 " wanting to the Glory of Heroes, which is the un-  
 " willingness of People to oppose and expect them;  
 " their Reputations leaving so little for their Arms to  
 " do. " This Thought is fine and uncommon.

Sometimes, pursued *Eudoxus*, a small Allegory makes  
 our Thoughts finely understood; by one Example you  
 will conceive it. When the fatal Sect that aim'd at  
 abolishing the Religion of our Fathers, which is now  
 extirpated by the present King, when, I say, this Sect  
 was formidable in France, the Court Carested the Hu-  
 gonots, and they commonly met with better usage than  
 the Catholicks, even to the Revenging the least Injuries  
 done them, and to the permitting their most flagitious  
 Outrages against others with Impunity. Whereupon a

Poet

(\*) N  
 extollas,  
 relicta et  
 poniantu  
 Anal. I

Poet of that time allegorically made a Complaint in good earnest, on the other side, of a Dog beaten to death.

*Pour aboyer un Huguenot  
Ou m' a mis en ce piteux estre ;  
L'autre Jour je mordis un Prestre,  
Et Personne ne m'en dit mot.*

For barking at a Huguenot, I am reduc'd to this dismal State. I Bit a Priest the other day, and there was no notice taken of it.

And sometimes without Allegory or Fiction one may be ingeniously disintangled, and recover a false Step by a turn of Wit. After *Sejanus's* Disgrace, when all the People cursed his very Name, a Roman Knight had the boldness to Espouse his Cause, and profess himself his Friend: This was thought Criminal, and see how he shews his Innocence to *Tiberius* himself in *Tacitus*. (\*) 'Tis not for us to examine the Merit of him you have Elevated beyond others, nor for what Reasons you rais'd him. To you the Gods have committed the Power of Judging all things Arbitrarily, to us is left the Glory of humble Obedience. If *Sejanus* has Conspir'd against the Good of the Common-wealth or the Emperor's Life, let his Treasons receive their just Rewards; but for the Love I bear and the good Office I have done him, the same Reason that justifies *Cæsar*, makes me guiltless.

There is not less Generosity than Haughtiness, less Ability than Ingenuity, in this Roman Knight's Words, replies *Plilanthus*, and is like what *Amintas* says in *Quintus Curtius*, when he was accused of being a fast Friend of *Philotas's*, the Chief of the Conspiracy then discover-

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(\*) Non est nostrum æstimare quem supra cæteros & quibus de causis extollas, tibi summum rerum judicium dii decere, nobis obsequij Glor. a relictæ est. Insidiæ in Rempublicam, consilia cordis adversus Imperatorem poniantur, de amicitia & officiis idem Finis, & *Cæsar* & nos absolverit. *Annal. Lib. 6.*

ed, and defended himself in *Alexander's* presence. I am so far from denying my Friendship with *Philotas*, that I confess I have sought it; and can you think it strange that we should make our Court to him who was so much in your good Graces, and Son to *Parmenio* your Favourite, (\*) And if Truth may be spoken, 'tis your Majesty is the Cause of the Danger we are fallen into. For who but your self, made all those who would arrive at your favour apply themselves to *Philotas*. To such a Height you raised him; that we could not avoid courting his Love, and dreading his Anger: If this be a Crime, few, nay none, are Innocent.

But do you know, continued *Eudoxus*, that a Reflection which is at the same time Judicious and Subtle is a great Contributor to the Delicacy of a Thought? Of this sort is *Virgil's* Reflection upon the Weakness or Imprudence of *Orpheus*, (†) who as he was bringing back *Euridice* from the Shades below, looked upon and lost her in the same Moment.

To be forgiven, if *Pluto* could forgive.

*Quevedo* has made some subtle Reflections upon this Adventure of *Orpheus*, says *Philanthus*, and I remember some Verses of this sort, which the *Spaniards* call *Rondillas* upon this Subject.

*Al infierno el Tracio Orfeo  
Su mugar baxo a buscar:  
Que no pudo a peor luga  
Lievarle tan mal desseo.  
Canto, y al mayor tormento  
Puso suspension y espanto,*

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(\*) Tu hercule si verum audire vis, Rex, hujus nobis periculi causa es. Quis enim alius affectus ut ad *Philotam* decurreretur qui placere vellent tibi? Is apud se fuit cupiens gratiam expetere & iram timere possemus si hoc crimen est, quis cor innocens habes, nemo hercule nemo. Lib. 7. (†) Cum subita incautum, clementia cepit amantem; Ignoscenda quidem scirent si ignoscere mones.

Mas que lo dulce del canto,  
La novedad del intento.  
El triote Deos ostendido  
De tan estrano rigor,  
La bena que hallo mayor  
Fue baluerlo a ser marido.  
Y aunque su muger le dio  
Por pena de su pecado :  
Por premio de lo cantado,  
Perdor la facilito.

These Thoughts, says *Eudoxus*, are more Subtile than Judicious, and I am assured the Ladies will be of my Opinion at least; they won't approve of *Orpheus* going to Hell to seek his Wife, because so ill a Design as that of recovering a Wife, could lead him to no other Place. And doubtless they won't be pleas'd, that *Pluto* being offended, that the Torments of the Dam'd were suspended, and more Charm'd by the Undertaking of the Husband, than the Melodious Sounds of the Musician, could not invent a greater Plague for him, than to restore him his Wife: But to reward him for his Musick, he gave him an easie Condition to Loose her. Raillery a Part, pursues *Eudoxus*, all this has more Subrilty than Judgment, and this is by no means what I expect in a just Delicacy. But such solid and lively Reflections as I have already spoke of, and like that of *Tacitus* upon the Government of *Galba*, and *Pliny* the Younger upon the Bounty of *Trajan* to *Egypt* in a Famine.

(\*) He appeared greater then a Private Man whilst he liv'd Private; and the whole World thought him deserving of the Empire had he not been Emperour. (†) The most Fertile Province of the World, if it had been free, must have perish'd without Redmeption.

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(\*) Major privato visus dum privatus fuit, & omnium consensu capax imperii, nisi imperasset. *Hist. Lib. 1.* (†) Actum erat de fecundissima gente, si libera fuisset. *Paneg. Trajan.*



Of this sort are the Reflections of a *French Orator* upon the Behaviour of *St. Lewis* at the Battel of *Taillebourg*, and of one of our *Latin Poets*, upon the Bravery of the *French Troops*, at the Passage of the *Rhine*.

"He did such things, says the First, which would be condemn'd as rash if Heroick Bravery were not infinitely beyond all Rules.

"The Enemy, says the Second, from the Shore, in Thunder forbid his Passage. The River was Rapid, and the Waters wonderfully Agitated; a thing capable of striking Terror, if any thing can strike Terror into the *French*.

*Horrendum! Scirent si, quicquam horrescere, Galli.*

May we not reckon among those Reflections which consist equally of fineness and solidity, says *Philanthus*, that which was made upon *Henrietta of France*, Queen of *England*? "O Mother, O Wife, O wonderful Queen and deserving of a better Fortune, if the Fortunes of this World were of any Value! Certainly, replies *Eudoxus*, and to this we may join one of *Virgil's* almost like it.

(II) *Long have we liv'd,  
If any mortal thing have long Duration,*

This is a fine and moral Reflection, and I can't imagine why it should be made to a Horse.

It is a Moral thrown away, continued he Smiling, except he was descended in a Right Line from *Pegasus*, and had a greater share of Reason than his fellow Creature *Virgil*, replies *Eudoxus*, has imitated *Homer*, who in his *Iliads* makes *Achilles* talk to his Horse like a Ratio-

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(\*) *Rhæbe, diu si res, qua diu mortalibus ulla est, Viximus. Aeneid. Lib. 10.*

nal Person; but I confess the *Latin* Poet might have dispensed with Copying the *Greek* Original here.

I cannot forbear telling you of a Thought, whose Turn is as fine and judicious as those we are speaking of; 'tis upon a Feast at *Marly* where the Court play'd for, and bought what they had a Mind to without any expence. " Upon which the *Sappho* of our Age says: " The King alone loses what the others get; if we " may call the Pleasure of giving without even the return of Thanks, by name of loosing. Nothing can be more happily thought, but what she subjoins adds still a greater Value to the Thought.

*Mesme dans les plaisirs il est toujours Heros.*

*Even in Pleasures he is an Hero still.*

But the Political Reflections inserted into an History, pursued he, ought above all to be ingenious, and there is no enduring those Historians, who affect it, and make use of common ones only; for the end of Sentences is to awaken the Reader, and inform him of something New: But those who have no Delicacy, and are in every bodies Mouth, and do not at all affect and become tiresome; nay, they in a manner Anger the Reader, vex'd to be told what he knew before.

*Tacitus* in my Opinion, replied *Philanthus*, is of all Historians the fullest of Reflections. He is but too full of them, says *Eudoxus*; but it must be own'd he is excellent there, and the Political strokes with which his Narration is embroider'd, have something of Fineness which Recompences the Harshness of his Style.

*Mariana*, replies *Philanthus*, who in a Style so pure and polire, has Writ the *Spanish* History in *Latin* and *Spanish*, is full of Sentences too. 'Tis strange, replies *Eudoxus*, that having made *Livy* his Model for Narration and Style, he should imitate *Tacitus* in his Sentences and Reflections. In this Matter he has Copied *Tacitus* so exactly, that often he has the very Thoughts of *Tacitus*. I have observ'd some of them, and shall submit them to your own Judgment.

Speak

Speaking of *Carillus* Archbishop of *Toledo*, who reprimanded *Don Pedro* the Cruel for his Debauchery, and who was for that Reason excessively hated by him. He says, the Reasons why the King hated the Archbishop, (\*) were the stronger for being unjust; *Tacitus* (†) said the same thing *Verbatim* of the secret Hate that *Tiberius* and *Livia* bore *Germanicus*. Upon *Ferdinando* the 5th. King of *Arragon*, his leaving the States of *Saragosa*, to go in haste for *Segovia*, as soon as he heard the death (‡) of *Henry* 4th his Brother in Law, (\*) because there was in that Place a considerable Party form'd against him in favour of *John Henry's* Son, *Mariana* Judges (†) nothing safer than Expedition, in quelling Domestic Tumults, where Execution is much more necessary than deliberation.

*Tacitus*, makes *Vitellius's* Souldiers use the same Reflection.

An Historian of the War in *Flanders*, who has propos'd *Tacitus* for his Model rather than *Livy*, replies *Philanthus*, has either not rob'd him so much, or been more cunning is disguising his Thefts. For instance; *Strada* says, the (‡) most Pusillanimous grow bold when they perceive themselves fear'd. Don't you believe this taken from *Tacitus*, where he says the (\*) Populace makes it self fear'd when it fears most?

But can one doubt that the Place on *Germanicus's* Death and the Publick Affliction of *Tiberius* and *Livia*, is the Original of one of *Strada's* fine Sentences. 'Tis

[\*] *Odijs causæ aciores, quia iniquæ. Marian. Lib. 16. Cap. 18.*  
 [†] *Aaxius scultis in se patrum Aviaq; Odijs, quorum causæ aciores quia iniquæ. Annal. Lib. 1. (‡) Bello Civili factio magis que consulto opus esset, nihilq; festinatione fusius. Marian. Lib. 3. Chap. 18.*  
 [‡] *Nihil in Discordijs civilibus festi, natione fusius ubi factio potius quam consulto opus esset. Tacit. Hist. Lib. 1. (†) Vilissimo cuiq; crescit audacia, si se timeri sentiat. Strad. De 1. Lib. 5. (‡) Nihil in Vulgo modicum terrere in Præcant. Tacit. Annal. Lib. 1.*

Tacitus, (H) None Shew more Ostentatious Grief at Germanicus's Death, than those who rejoice the most at it: and Strado says, (\*) None enter into Obligation with more Ostentation, than those who violate them most.

This is rather to imitate than rob him, replies Eudoxus, and if Mariana had used him so, he had been unrepachable. After all they have both of them some fine Maxims, which perhaps they are beholding only to themselves for. The Author of the History of Spain, says; In almost (†) all the Contentions between Princes, the more Powerful is still thought he injurer, how much right sooner he has.

The Author of the History of Flanders says, We (†) never think the Aggressor the weaker.

I think, replies Philanthus, an appearing falseness oftentimes occasions the Beauty of a Thought. Somebody has said the Hours are longer than Years, which is true in one Sence; for the Duration of Hours, with respect to uneasiness and sorrow, seem to last longer than Years, not measur'd like Hours: But this appears at first sight false; yet 'tis to this appearing falshood the Thought owes its Fineness.

A Princess, whom we both know, of a Wit exceedingly delicate; said, The Sun made fine Days, for the Multitude only; she means that the Company of Persons dear to us, and with whom we are intimate, made fine Days with People of Sence, which is true in the Main: For the Sun shines in vain, and in vain are the Heavens Serene; for the Days are Cloudy when we no longer see the Persons we Love, be there never so little Passion in our Hearts.

(\*) Perisse Germanicum nulli jactantius moerent quam qui maxime latantur. Ann. Lib. 2. (†) Nulli jactantius fidem suam obligant, quam qui maxime violent. Decad. 1. Lib. 1. (H) Fere in omni certamine qui potentior est quamvis optimo jure nitatur, injuriam tamen latere videtur. Lib. 14. cap. 4. ( ) Neque credi aggressurum, qui non sit superior. Decad. 2. Lib. 2.



I am wholly of your Opinion, replies *Eudoxus*, and I could in my turn quore you some Thoughts in this kind. *Tasso's Rinaldo* in the last Engagement between the Christian and Saracen Army, kill'd more Men then he gave blows. *Die piu' morti che colpì.* And our Wise Monarch according to one of our Writers, *says in his Answers more things then Words.* This false air or shadow of Falshood makes up the Delicacy of these two Thoughts: And one understands the signification of the Word more without mistake. Besides, they are true; for more than one Person may be killed at one blow, and more than one thing understood by one Word. *Cicero* says of *Thucydides*, (\*) That the Number of things almost equals the Number of his Words; which is not such ingenious thinking as that upon the King: *He says more things then words*, to signify that his Answers are exact and full of solid Sense.

The Thought of *Salust*, which *Costar* has pleas'd himself with Translating, and which he has given so many turns, is altogether of this kind (†).

*In maxima fortuna minima licentia est.*

Which is as *Costar* Translates it, " The more Fortunate Men are, the less Liberty ought they to give themselves; the more their Fortune allows of, the less ought they to allow themselves; and when their Power knows no limits, then are they oblig'd to keep a strict Rein upon their Desires. For my part, to preserve the Turn of the Thought, I should say more plainly, *in the greatest Fortune there is the least Liberty*; but would not it be wrong to say the greater our Power, the less our Liberty is. But upon a nearer View, it is true, that Persons who have absolute Power, and whose elevated Conduct exposes them to the Eyes of all the World ought to give themselves less Liberty than

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(\*) Ita creber est rerum frequentia ut verborum prope numerum sententiarum numero consequatur. *De Orat. Lib. 2.* (†) Bell Jugurth.

others, and in this Sense 'tis said that (a) many things are not permitted to *Cæsar*, because every thing is permitted to him.

All their Thoughts are of the Nature of those which *Seneca* (†) calls Abrupt and Mystical, where more is understood than seen; like the *Pictures* of which, *Pliny* (¶) says, That tho' nothing could be better Painted, and that in them Art was in Perfection, Men of skill would discover something the Paint had not touch'd, and find the Painters Genius went far beyond his Art it self.

'Tis for this Reason also, according to *Pliny*, that the last Pieces of Excellent Painters, and those that remain Imperfect have deserv'd more Admiration, than those they had finish'd; for besides, upon sight of their unfinish'd Pieces, one could not but lament the loss of these Great Masters whose Pencils Death had snatched from their Hands when they had began such curious Works, and the Grief we felt at this loss begets in (\*) us a greater Value for their Remains, we conceive all the strokes they would have added had they lived, and imagine even their very Thoughts.

However it be, pursues *Eudoxus*, (†) there are some Thoughts so delicate, that they Flatter the Mind by keeping it in suspence at first, and afterwards by surprise: 'Tis in their suspension, in this surprize that their Delicacy consists.

This is plain in an Epigram you know, without knowing wherefore it pleases.

[a] *Cæsari multa non licent quia omnia licent. Senec. Consol. ad Polyb.* [†] Sunt qui sensus præcitant, & hisce gratiam sperent, si sententia pependerit, cui dicenti suspicionem sui fecerit. *Sen. Ep. 114.* [¶] In omnibus ejus operibus intelligitur plus semper quam pingitur, & cum ars summa sit, ingenium tamen ultra artem est. *Histor. Nat. Lib. 35. cap. 10.* [ ] Quippe in iis lineamenta reliqua, ipsius Cogitationis artificum spectantur. *Ib. b. 11.* [†] Quia nova placent, ideo sententiarum quæ desunt præter opinionem delectant. *Ario. Rhet. cap. 11.*

Superbes monuments que vostre vanité  
 Est inutile pour la Gloire,  
 Des grands Heros dont la Memoire  
 Merite l'immortalité !  
 Que c'est il que Paris aux bords de son Canal  
 Expose de nos Rois ce grand Original  
 Qui sceut si bien regner, qui sceut si bien  
 Ou ne parle point d'Henry combastre quatre,  
 Ou ne parle que du Cheval.

*Ye proud Monuments, how unprofitable is your Vanity to the Glory of those great Heroes, whose Memories Merit Immortality. Of what use is it that Paris upon the Shore of her Canal, shews us the Great Original of our Kings, who knew so well how to govern and how to fight? I don't speak of Henry the Fourth, I speak of the Horse only.*

This unexpected fall, which at once strikes the Mind, till then held in suspense by the foregoing Thoughts, make you see all the Beauty of the Epigram.

A Poet in *Augustus's* time to make his Court to the Empress, and by her recover the Emperour's Favour, says, that (\*) Fortune by placing *Livia* on *Cesar's* Throne, gave a Proof of her being no blind Goddess, but one that saw very well.

We are surpriz'd, after having always been told Fortune was blind, that she has Eyes to know and distinguish the Merit of an accomplish'd Princess.

'Tis said of the Ancient *Sappho*, that *Mnemosyne* upon hearing her sing was afraid Mankind would make her the Tenth Muse; nay, 'tis said she was created the Tenth. As Nine was the limited Number of the Muses; the First time that *Sappho* was called the Tenth Muse by the Name of the Tenth Muse, the Mind was seiz'd with a sort of Surprise, and held a while in

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(\*) *Fœmina sed Princeps in qua fortuna videre se probat; & cæcæ crimina falsa tulit. Ovid.*

Suspence; I say, the First time; for the Mind has been since accusom'd to hear of a Tenth Muse, and it is now become familiar.

But the longer the Suspension lasts, the finer the Thought is. A Greek Poet to praise *Dercylis*, whose Wit and Knowledge were no way inferiour to her *Venus*, a *Muse*. The Paradox is contained in the first adds immediately, *Dercylis in all things is a Grace*, a *These are four Graces*, to *Venus's*, and *ten Muses*; and Beauty and Agreeableness, begins with saying, (\*) Proposition, and suspends the Mind; for we reckon commonly but three *Graces*, one *Venus*, and nine *Muses*. 'Tis very ingenious to augment their Number to make *Dercylis* a tenth *Muse* a second *Venus*, and a fourth *Grace*. 'Tis a sort of a Riddle the Poet proposes which is the more surprizing when explair'd, by how much more difficult the Sense is to be comprehended.

One of the finest Wits, and finest Gentleman of our Age, replies *Philanthus*, has thought something like this upon the Countess of *Susa*; and express'd it in four *Latin Verses*, which he has plac'd under the Picture of this famous Lady. She is Painted in a Chariot among the Clouds; the Sense of the Verses is this. (†) Is this Goddess who is carried in the Air *Juno*, or *Pallas*, or *Venus* her self? If you consider her Birth, 'tis *Juno*; if her Works, 'tis *Minerva*; if her Eyes, 'tis the Mother of Love: This is very nice, pursues *Philanthus* for the two first Verses hold the Mind in suspence as you expect, and the two last don't reveal the Mystery without leaving something to conceive. Yet 'tis but too nice, replys *Eudoxus*, or at least too Gallant, but very lofty; and I'll wew you one of these Thoughts where Delicacy and Grandeur meet in an equal degree.

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(\*) Τεσσαρες αὖ Χάριτες, Παρία δ'ὐο καὶ δέκα Μῆσαι  
Δραυλὶς ἐν πασαις Μῆσαι Χείρις Πωφιν *Anib. Lib. 7.*

(†) Quo Dea sublimi rapitur, perinania curru. An *Juno* an *Pallas*, num  
*Venus* ipsa venit? si genus inspicias, *Juno*, si scriptura *Minerva*, si spectes  
*Oculos*, Mater amoris erit.



Besides, 'tis almost *Ovid's* Thought upon *Livia*, for to flatter and render her only deserving of *Augustus*, (\*) he endues her with the Manners of *Juno*, and the Beauty of *Venus*. This is almost like *Lopez de Vega* upon the Princess *Ismenia* who was equally beautiful and brave.

*Venus era en la pai, Marte en la guerra.*

The Thought of *Tasso* upon *Rinaldo*, that young Prince so brave and handsome, and in my Opinion of this sort.

*Se'l vedi fulminar frà l'arme au volto  
Marte lo stimi, amor se scopre il volto.*

I agree with you, says *Eudoxus*, if you were to see him fight in the Crowd, and bear down his Enemies, you would take him for *Mars*. This raises only bloody and cruel Images; so that when the Poet comes to say, if you lift up his Helmet, you would take him for Love. We are surprized with this sweetness and unsuspected Beauty. The Image of *Mars* promis'd nothing but fierceness and cruelty. In the Mixture of the Furies of *Mars*, with the Charms of *Love*, there is a Compound that amazes and pleases at once.

A pure nicety, says *Philanthus*, is such as this ingenious folly of *Marots*, which I remember.

*Amour trouva celle qui m'est amere  
Et i y estoit, l'en sçay bien mieux le conte.  
Bon jour, dit il, bon jour Venus ma mere.  
Pus tout a coup il voit qu'il se me conte:  
Dont la couleur au Visage lay monte  
D'avoir failli, honteux, Dieu scait combien:  
Non, non, Amour, ce dis je, n'agez honte;  
Plus clairs voyans que vous s'y trompent bien.*

(\*) Quæ veneris formam, mores junonis habendo, sola est Cælesti digna reperta toro. Lib. 3. de Ponto Eleg. 1.

Love found out the fair Causes of my Affliction and I was present, I remember the Story perfectly, good morrow, says he, good morrow Venus my Mother; but presently perceiving his mistake, a sudden Blush spread over his Face, being asham'd of mistaking, and God knows how he did it. No, no Cupid, says I, ben't asham'd, those that see clearer than you might easily be deceived.

Myot, says Eudoxus, has a Thought which comes nearer yet to Tasso's, 'tis upon a Lady of the Court of France the First, dress'd in all probability like one of our Modern Huntresses with a Hatt on.

*Sous vos atours bien fournis  
D'or garnis,  
A Venus vous ressemblez :  
Sous le bonnet me semblez  
Adonis.*

In a dress'd adorn'd with Gold Trimming, you look like Venus, and in a Hat methinks you resemble Adonis.

But continued he, these Verses of Tasso upon Rinaldo, put me in mind of the young Prince to whom they were applied, who is all over Great and Lovely. I understand you, replies Philanthus, and agree with you in admiring the Merit of the late Duke of Longueville, he was perfectly well made, and had something agreeable in his Face to be no where else met with. His Humour was no less charming than his Person, says Eudoxus, and I believe 'tis impossible to Form an Idea of a Prince more affable and easie in the Conversation of Life. He was never seen Angry, nor never designedly spoke a disobliging Word. However, great his natural Aversion was for Fools, he bore 'em with Patience, and was perswaded by one of the Marquess of Sable's Maxims, that one should accustom himself to the Follies and Fopperies of others.

This without doubt proceeded, says Philanthus, from that great Fund of Reason and Ingenuity so rarely to be met with in a Man of great Fortune. The Duke of Longueville possess'd a noble and generous Soul, fill'd with Heroical Sentiments, and above all an Ardent Passion for Glory: I mean that true Glory, that Vertue

only can make Men esteem'd. He seem'd almost insensible to every thing else; he was always ready to leave his Pleasures when his Duty requir'd; and in this is very different from *Rinaldo*, who was drag'd by force from *Armidas's* enchanted Palace.

However, replied *Eudoxus*, he was such an Enemy to Ostentation, and so little solicitous to make himself esteem'd, that he often run upon another extreme, and liv'd in too much obscurity. I don't know, replies *Philantus*, if an excessive Modesty be commendable in a Prince; but I am sure the Person we speak of was so exceedingly Modest that he would Blush at Praises, as others do at Injuries and Reproaches. As for the Rest, he was true in his Actions and Words, and could not see without indignation, the People which adorn themselves with a false Merit, and study to deceive the World with fine Appearances. Those that approached him, and courted him, complain'd of a reserved Air, and even a little Cold. It is no pride nor indifference; but it is that not being in a Condition to do them good according to the Extension of his generous Inclination, such was his Delicacy of Honour and Probity, that he feared to give vain hopes upon demonstrations of Friendship; which among the Great commonly signify nothing, and are of none effect.

You say right, reply'd *Eudoxus*, and I am assur'd that if the Duke of *Longueville* shou'd have come to the Throne which a Nation free in the Election of their Kings design'd him, he would have been more open and more obliging, because he had a few substantial Graces to add to those outward marks of gentility and good will. Besides, no body better knew and more purely practiced the perfect Use of Liberality; Worth, Necessity and Gratitude were sufficient Motives to him to give; but he had a particular care to conceal his Generosity, and when he made any persons considerable Presents, he oblig'd them on their word to say nothing of it. He had both discretion and fidelity even in Matters, and in any affairs of secrecy, he was religious to a nicety, nay even to Superstition, if I may use that Term; but of his Wit and Courage, what shall we say? Those are above our Expressions, reply'd *Philan-*

*tus,*

thus; in short, have we ever seen a more delicate, polite, solid or refin'd Wit than his? how great is the Quickness, the Exactness, and the Abundance of it, and in those works which fell into his Hands, nothing escap'd his acute and critical Judgment.

His Courage, reply'd *Eudoxus*, surpass'd all his other Qualities, he was so passionately fond of War, that he always strove to distinguish himself above all other Men by his vindicated Courage, the greatest dangers could not startle him; the *Venetians* admir'd him often at the siege of *Candia* when he fought against the *Turks*; always Master of himself in the hottest of the Engagement, by which he resembled the young Heroes that delivered Jerusalem.

*Sel vedi fulminar frà l'arme auolto  
Marte lo stimi.*

Finish it said *Philanthus*.

*Amor se scopre il volto.*

This name suits him, as well as that of *Mars*; at least, said *Eudoxus*, if he were not the God of Love himself, one could not behold him without loving him, and I never think of his death but it puts me in mind of that of young *Marcellus*, who was so dear to the *Romans*, and whose life was so short, according to the Fate of *Rome's* Darlings; to borrow *Tacitus*, words Heaven only shew'd them to the Earth, as if it had no other design in creating them to make them be lamented: We have bewail'd the loss of the Duke of *Longueville*, and at the same time lamented that of *France* and *Poland*.

But to return from whence we digress'd, if in the mean time we depart from our Subject, in speaking of a Prince that had such delicacy both of Wit and Courage, it is a great Art to know how to praise well, and in my Opinion, no sort of Eloquence requires finer Thoughts or more curious Turns than this. For in short a fullsome Praise, tho' never so true, proves almost an injury, and persons of Sense cannot endure it; I mean



mean by the word *Fulsome*, a direct visible Flattery that has no Art to cover it, such as praising People to their Faces, and in such a manner, as to have no regard to their Modesty: On the contrary, that Commendation is very fine, that is well turn'd, that has not the Air of Adulation, and which the most modest Persons may hear without a Blush. There is as much difference between one and the other, as between the most exquisite Perfume and the grossest Incense; false Praise renders those ridiculous to whom 'tis given, the grossness of it makes them ashamed, whereas fine Praise tickles their Imagination, and satisfies their Vanity without offending their Modesty.

It is difficult, said *Philanthus*, to humour a Praise so well, that it shall be receiv'd as if it were not one; to speak the Truth, few People, reply'd *Eudoxus*, understand this, and the greatest part of those who make Panegyricks and Elogies in set Forms, have less success than others, we can scarce praise a Victorious Monarch more excellently than an Author has done in a fine Epistle in Verse upon a Country Life. He supposes, in his return from the Country, one of his Friends speaking of the King's Victories, see in what manner he makes him speak.

*Dieu scait comme les vers chez vous s'en vont couler,  
Dit d'abord un ami qui veut me cajoler,  
Et dans ce tems guerrier & second en Achilles  
Croit que l'on fait les vers comme l'on prend les villes!  
Mais moy dont le genie est mort en ce moment,  
Je ne scay que repondre a ce vain compliment  
Et justement confus de mon peu d'abondance  
Je me fais un chagrin du bonheur de la France.*

God knows how plentiful your Verses will be, said one of my Friends, that would flatter me in that warlike time abounding with Achilles: believes that Verses are made as fast as they take Towns.

But I, whose Genius is this moment dead, know not what to answer to that vain Compliment, and justly confounde

for my little Wit, and troubled at the good success of France.

The Praise that one of our Muses and the Chief of them gives to the King, is a Madrigal upon the Dauphiness, appears to me, said Philanthus, very fine.

Quoy donc, Princesse, en un moment  
Vous gagnez de LOUIS l'estime & la tendresse !  
Nostre Dauphin est vostre Amant,  
Et pour vous adorer tout le monde s'empresse.  
Cela tient de l'enchantement,  
Ou du pouvoir d'une Deesse.  
Rien ne peut resister a vos attraits vainqueurs  
Tous efforts seroient inutiles :  
Et un mot vous prenez les cœurs  
Comme nostre Roy prend les villes.

What then Princess; in a moment do you gain the intimate Esteem and Love of Lewis? our Dauphine is your lover, and to admire you every body strives, you have Enchantments sure, or the Power of a Goddess; nothing can resist your Conquering Charms, and all force is useless: In a word, you take Peoples Hearts, as our King takes Cities.

One of our Poets said on the Journey, that the King made in hast to Marsal to render himself Master of it.

La victoire coute trop,  
Quand il faut un peu l'attendre :  
LOUIS, ainsi qu'Alexandre,  
Prend les villes au galop.

The Victory costs too much when one must stay a little for it. Lewis, as well as Alexander, takes Cities a Gallop.

The Journey of Marsal, said Eudoxus, puts me in mind by the by, of Marshal de Grammont, who went to get the Infanta for the King, and who enter'd Madrid riding Post, upon which they made a Romance, and here are four of the Verses.

*Va per la posta corriendo:  
Que de Amor las Embaxadas  
Devenyr a toda priessa,  
Y si se puede con alas.*

But this is not the Matter in question ; I confess, that our Poets and Orators have employ'd all their Art to improve the Rapidity of our Conquests. " Some say, " That his Majesty has surpas'd all Examples, that he " who commands every where, does yet pervert the " whole Order of War ; that he doth that in few " days which should take up several Years ; that he has " found a certain Art to conquer and to abridge his " Conquests, which excels all the Commanders that " ever were, and will make all those, that shall be here- " after, despair ; others say, that at that time when his " Enemies thought themselves safe by reason of the " sharpness of the Season, where no body but him " would have thought it possible to lye in the Field, he " takes a Province in less time than is necessary to sur- " vey it.

You know the Madrigal of Sappho upon the Cam-  
paign of the French Comte.

*Les Heros de l' Antiquite  
N'estoient que des Heros d'este.  
Ils suivoient le printemps comme les hirondelles :  
La victoire en hyver pour d'eux n'avoit point d'asile.  
Mais malgré les frimats, la nege, & les glacons,  
LOUIS est un Heros de toutes les saisons.*

The Heroes of Antiquity were only Summer Heroes  
they followed the spring like Swallows, the Victory  
Winter for them had no Wings, but in spite of Frost  
Snow and Ice, Lewis is a Hero for all seasons.

But perhaps you don't know another Madrigal  
which pleases me mightily.

LOUIS plus digne du trosne  
Qu'aucun Roy que l'on ait vu.  
Enseigne l'art a Bellone  
De faire des imprromptu.  
C'est une chose facile  
Aux disciples d'Apollon  
Mais ce Conquerant habile  
Aplustost pris une ville  
Qu'ils n'ont fait une chanson.

Lewis more worthy of the Throne than any King that ever was: He teaches the Art to Bellona to do unexpected things; Verse is easie to the Scholars of Apollo, but this mighty Conqueror has sooner taken a City, than they can make a Song.

All these Thoughts are ingenious, said Eudoxus, but the Commendation in that is very visible, and the Authors make flattery a Trade, like him that says,

He thinks that they make Verses as they take Towns.

Don't mind that, he has an uneasie Air, and seems to have no other intention than to bring himself, and 'tis by that, that the manner of praise which he gives by the by, is more delicate. A Poet in the last Reign, said Philanthus, took a fine flattering Turn to obtain something of Cardinal Richelieu, and to complain gently of his Misfortune The piece is not long and I have known it a long time.

Armand, l'age affoiblit mes yeux,  
Et toute ma chaleur me quitte :  
Je verray bientost mes yeux  
Sur le rivage du Cocyre :  
Je seray bientost des suivans  
De ce bon Monarque de France,  
Qui fut le Pere des Scavans  
En un siecle plein d'ignorance.  
Lors que j'approcheray de luy,  
Il voudra que je luy raconte  
Tout ce que tu fais aujourd'huy,  
Pour combler l'Espagne de honte.



Je contenteray son desir,  
 Et par le recit de ta vie  
 Je charmeray de deplaisir  
 Qu'il receut au Camp de Pavie :  
 Mais s'il demande a quel employ  
 Tu m'as occupe dans le monde,  
 Et quel bien j'ay receu de toy :  
 Que veux-tu que je luy reponde ?

Armand, *Age weakens my Eyes, and all my heat leaves me shall quickly see my Ancestors on the banks of Cocytus I shall soon be one of the Attendants of that great Monarch of France, who was the Father of the Learned in an Age full of Ignorance; when I approach to him, and he would have me tell him all you have done to day to fill Spain with shame I shall satisfy his desire, and by the account of your Life I shall appease the displeasure which he received in the Camp of Pavia. But if he asks me how you employ me in the World, and what good I received of you, what would you have me answer him then?*

That end is delicate, reply'd Eudoxus, and one cannot ask with better grace. Martial, reply'd Philanthus, also with a great deal of niceness asks in one of his Epigrams, of which here is the Sense. (\*) I then asked Jupiter for some hundred Crowns. He that has given me a Temple, said Jupiter, shall give them you. Truly, he has given Temples to Jupiter, but he has given me nothing. I am ashamed for asking so small a thing of Jupiter. Domitian is content to read my Petition without any concern, and with the same Countenance that he distributes the Kingdoms to the conquered Supplicant Dacians, and with the same that he goes to the Capitol. Prithæ Pallas, tell me, you that are the Divinity of the Emperor; if he denies with such a serene Look, what Countenance does he take when he gives? Pallas in modest Air, answers me herself in two words (\*) Fool that thou art, dost thou think that he has refus'd the what he has not yet given thee? 'Tis very

(\*) *Pauca Jovem nuper cum millia forte rogarem, lvs. Lib. 6.*

( ) *Quæ nondum data sunt stulto, negata putas. Ibid.*

hard, says *Philanthus*, that one cannot obtain ones desire, when one asks thus; especially when the Prince was ingenious and sensible of the Praises.

*Voiture*, in my Opinion, is of all our Writers, he who best prepares a Praise and who Praises the finest in Prose; for Praise to him is nothing, he does it sometimes reproaching or giving advice, nay, sometimes speaking injuriously or in expressing his Anger.

Observe how he prais'd the *Duke of Anguien* upon the success of the Battle of *Rocroy*. "My Lord you do too much for us to pass by in silence, and you would be unjust if you think to do such Actions except it were of greater moment. If you knew how every body at *Paris* discourses of you, I am sure you would be ashamed and amaz'd to see what little respect and fear they have to displease you, all the World entertain themselves with what you have done. To say the truth, My Lord, I wonder what you thought of, and 'twas too bold without lying for one of your years to abuse three old Captains which you ought to have respected because of their Age; kill'd the Poor *Compte de Fontaines* who was one of the best Men of *Flanders*, and whom the Prince of *Orange* never dare touch to take 16 pieces Cannon from a Prince who was Uncle to the King and Brother to the Queen, with whom you never had any difference, and put in disorder the best Troops of the *Spaniards* that had let you pass with so much goodness. I have heard them say, that you are as Stubborn as a Devil, and that it signified nothing to dispute with you. But I vow I thought you would not have transported your self to that Degree; if you continue so you'll render your self insupportable to all *Europe*, and neither the Emperor nor the King of *Spain* will endure you. 'Tis that which the Author of the *Lutrin*, says to the Poet upon the Warlike Actions of our invincible Monarch, said *Philanthus*, is better than that which *Voiture* says upon the first Victory of a Prince that has obtained many others, and for my part, I find that the easiness, the murmurings, and the complaints of the Poet are the finest Praises in the World. Hear them pray you.

*Helas*

Heias, qu'est devenue ce tems, cet heureux tems,  
 Ou les Rois s'honorioient du nom de saineans,  
 S'endormient sur le trosne, & me servants sans bonte,  
 Lassoient leur sceptre aux mains ou d'un Maire ou d'un  
 Comte !

Aucun soin n'approchoit de leur paisible Cour :  
 On reposoit la nuit, on dormoit tout le jour :  
 Seulement au printemps, quand Flore dans les plaines  
 Faisoit taire des vents les bruyantes haleines,  
 Quatre bœufs attelés d'un pas tranquille & lent  
 Promenoient dans Paris le Monarque indolent.  
 Ce doux siecle n'est plus, le Ciel impitoyable  
 A p'ace sur le trosne un Prince infatigable :  
 Il brave mes douceurs, il est sourd a ma voix,  
 Tous les lours il m'eveille au bruit de ses exploits ;  
 Rien ne peut arrester sa vigilante audace,  
 L'este n'a point de feux, l'hiver n'a point de glace,  
 J'entens a son seul nom tous mes sujets fremir.  
 En vain deux fois la paix a voulu l'endormir :  
 Loin de moy son courage entrainsne par la gloire  
 Ne se plaint qu'a courir de victoire en victoire  
 Je me fatiguerois a te tracer le cours  
 Des outrages cruels qu'il me fait tous les jours.

What is become of that time, that happy time, when  
 Kings thought slugard a Name of Honour, fell a sleep on the  
 Throne, and serving me without shame left their Sceptre in  
 the Hands of a Mayor or an Earl ? No care approached  
 their peaceful Heart, they rested all the Night and slept all  
 the Day ; only in the Spring when Flora in the plains  
 silenc'd the blustering Winds four yok'd Oxen of a slow  
 and easie pace walk'd in Paris the indolent Monarque of  
 that sweet age is not more, the unmerciful Heavens has set  
 an indefatigable King upon the Throne : He abuses my  
 good Nature, he is deaf to my Voice, he awakens me every  
 day with the noise of his Exploits ; nothing can stop his vi-  
 gilant boldness, the Summer has no fire, the Winter no Ice  
 I find that at his name alone, all my subjects tremble ; twice  
 in vain, Peace has try'd to lull him asleep ; this Courage

had from me by Glory, is not pleas'd but in running from  
Victory to Victory. I shall fatigue my self to draw you out  
the Scheme of the cruel affronts he commits against me every  
day.

I confess, says *Eudoxus*, nothing can be better ima-  
gined and that all is new : But don't let us leave *Voiture*  
yet. Here are some pretty passages of a Letter he writ  
to the same Prince on the taking of *Dunkirk*, and which  
begins by, " My Lord, I believe that you would take  
" the Moon with your Teeth if you went about it : He  
presently takes notice of his intricacy, and makes him  
a pleasant Proposition.

" Without doubt, in the glorious Station you are,  
" 'tis a very Advantageous thing to have the Honour to  
" be belov'd by you; but to our other fine Wits who  
" are oblig'd to write of the good success that befalls  
" you, 'tis as great a trouble for them to find words  
" that answer your Actions, and from time to time, to  
" give you new Praises. If you are pleas'd to be beaten  
" sometime, or raise a Siege before some place we  
" could save our selves by the variety, and we  
" should find something fine to present you upon  
" the inconstancy of Fortune and upon the Ho-  
" nour that there is, courageously to suffer her  
" frowns.

He gives him afterwards serious Counsels in appea-  
rance, and thus ends his Letter. " My Lord, if you  
" please; put some end to your Victories, tho' it be  
" but to fit you to the Genius of Men, and not to pass  
" beyond their belief. Keep your self at least for some-  
" time at rest and in safety, and permit *France* that in  
" midst of its Triumphs is always in fear of your Life  
" may enjoy for some Months (quietly) the Glory that  
" you have got her. All this means that this magnani-  
" mous Prince achiev'd nothing in the Flower of his Age  
" which he did not bring to pass by his good Con-  
" duct and Valour; that he had done incredible  
" things : To conclude, That he did not spare his



Person, but hazarded his Life on all dangerous occasions.

But mind how our Author praises the Count d'Avaux, upon the Letters he receiv'd from Munster.  
 " We *Apollo's* Favourites are amaz'd that a Man that  
 " has pass'd all his Life in making Treaties, can write  
 " such fine Letters; we wish you Men of Business  
 " would not concern your selves with our Trade.  
 " And certainly in my Opinion, you ought to content  
 " your selves with the Honour of having done so many  
 " great Affairs, and of that which is now in hand; to  
 " disarm all the People of *Europe* without envying us  
 " that Glory that comes from the placing of Words,  
 " and from the Invention of some agreeable Thoughts.  
 " 'Tis not handsome for so grave and considerable a  
 " Person as you are to be more Eloquent than we;  
 " and that whilst you are employ'd to reconcile the  
 " *Swedes* and the *Imperialists*, and to ballance the  
 " Interests of the whole Earth, you should think of  
 " reconciling disagreeing Consonants; to measure  
 " Periods.

There is a great deal of Pleasantness in that, says *Philanthus*, and a Pleasantness of Spirit, that was, in my Opinion unknown to the Antients in matter of Praise. *Cicero* lov'd mightily to Laugh, but when he Praised he never Laughed. *Martial* who commonly Banters and Jokes, is serious and grave in praising both one and the other, says *Eudoxus*, Praise very finely, for there is more than one sort of delicate Praising, and the Serious as well as the Merry have their Wit; as for Example this of *Cicero's* to *Cæsar*, (\*) You are us'd to forget nothing but injuries; one of our *French* Orators, says *Philanthus*, interrupting him, spoke finely upon the Mo

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\* Obliviscè nil soles nisi injurias. Orat. pro Ligario.

deſty of Mr. de Turenne: *Il ne tenoit pas a lui qu'on n'oubliât ſes victoires & triomphes*, it was not his fault that his Victories were not forgot, and one of our Latin Poets upon the goodneſs of his Subjects, with which he made himſelf familiar with him; coming to Paris and dining at the Palace of the City, ſaid, (†) *The King forgot that he was King, and almoſt became a Citizen.* The moſt part of the Praises that Martial gives to the Emperours, ſays Eudoxus, have Wit and Cunning and are very flattering. Upon which Domitian very often made great Presents, ſays he to him, (||) *The People dont love you for the Presents, but the People love the Presents for the love of you.*

He deſires them to return to Rome by telling him that Rome envies the Enemies of the Roman Empire (\*) the Happineſs they have in ſeeing the Emperour, tho' ſo many Victories, which his Abſence brings to his Subjects, are valuable.

(†) *The Barbarians, ſays he, ſee the Maſter of the whole World at hand; indeed your preſence frights them, but they enjoy it.* What the ſame Poet ſays to Trajan is alſo very delicate. (||) *If the Ancient Fathers of the republick ſhould come from the Eliſian Fields, Camillus the generous defender of the Roman Liberty, would be honour'd in ſerving you. Fabricius would receive the Gold that you ſhould preſent him. Brutus would be glad to have you for his Chief and Maſter. Cruel Sylla wou'd put the Command in your hands of that which he did not care*

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(†) *Se Regem oblitus, Rex prope Civis erat.* (||) *Diligeris populus propter præmia Cæſar: Propter te populus præmia, Cæſar, amat.* p. 7. (\*) *Terrarum dominum proprius videt ille, tuoque.* (†) *Terrarum cultu Barbarus & fruitur.* Lib. 7. (||) *Si redeant veteres gentia nomina, dares, &c.* Lib. II.

for; Pompey and Cæsar would love you and be content to be private Men: Crassus would give you all his Treasures. To conclude, [†] Cato himself wou'd have embrac'd Cæsar's Side, says Philanthus, I find a garet deal of delicacy in a Thought of Martials upon Domitian's Son who was not yet born, for the Epigram begins thus, Come forth you true rate of the Gods. He desires that the Emperour would give him the Empire after several Ages; and that the Son when old might govern the World with his very old Father.

*Quique regas Orbem cum seniore senex.*

Martial has taken that from Ovid, word for word, says Eudoxus, and has done nothing but apply'd to Domitian's Son that which Ovid says of Augustus, (†) The turn is really delicate, and those two old sayings are very well imagin'd to make the Son Reign without the Fathers death; nay, without giving him any Idea of his death. One of our Poets, says Philanthus, has found out an other expedient to Crown the Heir of the most powerful Kingdom in the World before the Crown of his Ancesters comes to him.

*Prince, dont la valeur par le Ciel fut choisie  
Pour abbatre le trosne & l'orgueil des Tyrans;  
Regnez des l'age de quinze ans:  
Mais allez regner en Asie.*

*Prince, whose Valour was design'd by Heaven to deströ  
the Throne and the Pride of Tyrants: Reign at fifteen  
Years old, but go and Reign in Asia.*

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[†] *Ipse quoque infernis revocatus Ditis ab umbris si Cato reddat  
cesarianus erit.* [†] *Sospite sic te sit natus quon; sospes, & ob  
imperium regat hoc cum Seniore Senex.* *Trist. Lib. 2.*

The most bantering Jests of Martial, says Euloxus, have not less Wit than his serious Flatterings, here's two or three of them.

(||) Lycoris, the Poisonesse has kill'd all her Friends : O ! that she would become my Wife's Friend: (\*) Here's the 7th Wife that thou hast buried in thy Field, no Fie'd more fruitful than thine ; (†) Paulina would Marry me, I would not, she is old : I would if she were older.

What Ovid says on Hercules's Love seems finer, reply'd Philanthus, he makes jealous Dejanira talk, who dress'd her self in a Lyons Skin, whilst Hercules dress'd himself in Woman's Cloaths, and has made her speak thus to the subduer of Monsters (||) What a shame it is to see a fine Person cover'd with the Skin of a wild Beast : You mistake, 'tis not the Skin of a Lyon 'tis yours ; you have subdued a Lyon, but Omphale has Conquer'd you. The Thought of Lopez de Vega on the same Subject, says Euloxus, is as fine as that of Ovid ; at least it is more Moral.

Si aquien los leones vence,  
Vence una muger hermosa :  
O el de flaco se averguence  
O ella de ser mas furiosa.

" If the Conqueror of Lions is subdued by a beautiful Woman, let one be ashamed to be weaker than a Woman or the other to be more furious than a Lion, Tasso, says Philanthus, has very well express'd on the Door of the Palace of Armida, the Foolishness of those Amorous Herces.

(||) Omnes quas habuit Fabiane, Lycoris amicas, sustulit uxori fiat amica meæ. Lib. 2. (\*) Septima jam Phileros tibi conditur uxor in agro, Plus nulli Phileros quam tibi reddit ager. Lib. 10. (†) Nubere Paula vellet nobis, ego ducere Paulam nolo ; anus est, vellem si magis esset anus. Lib. 10. (||) Falleris & nescis non sunt spolia ista Leonis tua, tuq; terræ victor es illa tui. Heroid Epist. 9.



*Mirasi qui frà le Meonie ancelle  
Favoleggiar con la conocchia Alcide,  
Se'l inferno espugnò, resse le stelle  
Har torce il fuso: Amor se't guarda, e ride.*

A fine Sight indeed of *Hercules*, with the Distaff amongst *Omphale's* Maids, and Spinning with the same Hand that he had supported Heaven and tamed Hell. *Cupid* looks at him and Laughs.

*Amor se'l guarda, e ride.*

The Engravers of the Door of the Palace of *Armida* represent also, says *Eudoxus*, the Sea fight that *Augustus* wone, and the flight of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*.

*Ecce fuggir la barbara Reina  
E fugge Antonio e lasciar puo la speme  
De l'imperio del mondo ou' egli aspira,  
Non fuggeno, non teme il fier, non teme  
Ma segne lei che fugge, e seco il tira.*

"Nothing can be better imagined: We see the Queen of Egypt run away, see *Antony* fly and abandon the hope of the Empire of the World that he pretends to; no, he does not run away, he only follows her that flies, and he draws him after her. What delicacy there is in *non fugge nò, ma segne lei che fugge*, that is not only delicate by way of Wit, but also by the way of Affection: For it must, in my Opinion, says he Smiling, divert the Mind and the Heart.

To tell you then all that I think upon nicety beyond that of Thoughts, which are purely ingenious, there is one that comes from Opinions and where the Affection has more share than the Understanding. *Ovid* is excellent in that sort and his *Heroides* are full of Thoughts which the Passions render delicate; you hate to your

[\*] Exer-  
tibi vile  
on omnes c  
mabilior as  
legit amare

damage the Queen of Carthage said to *Aeneas* (\*) *your hatred costs you dear, if whilst you fly from me death is nothing to you.* That which *Paris* writes to *Hellen* about the Beauty of the three Goddesses, that he was to judge, has a most exquisite nicety of Sence. (†) *They all three deserv'd to win the Cause, and I who was their Judge, was sorry that all of them could not gain it.* *Catullus*, says *Philanthus*, doth not give place to *Ovid* in witty Sentiments. He says upon a Brother that he lov'd dearly, (‡) *My dear Brother, I shall see you whom I lov'd dearer than my Life no more, but I shall always love you.* This Thought, says *Eudoxus*, is very tender; but it is a little too plain and too close to have all the Delicacy that we speak of. That which one of our Poets give to *Titus* upon *Berenice* is finer.

*Depuis cinq ans entiers chaque jour je la vois,  
Et croy toujours la voir pour la premiere fois.*

*Ever since I was five Years old, I saw her every day, and every time I saw her I thought it was the first.*

The Thought of the same *Catullus* upon the injury which a belov'd person doth when she gives occasion for jealousy by her Conduct and Manners is still finer; (\*) *Such an injury forces one to love you more, but to do good less; i. e. that it increases the Passion, but lessens the good Will.* There is a little Mysteriousness in it, that makes it have a delicate Air, which is not at all in the passionate Thought upon his dead Brother.

The Sentiments that *Cornelius* gives to *Sabina* Sister

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[\*] *Exerces pretiosa odia & constantia magno, si dum me fugias est tibi vile mori.* [†] *Vincere erant omnes dignæ, judexq; verebar, non omnes causam vincere posse suam.* [‡] *Nunquam ego vita trater amabilius aspiciam posthac: at certe semper amabo.* [\*] *Injuria talis docet amare magis sed bene velle minus.*

of the *Curiatū* and Wife of one of the *Horatii*, are very fine without being so Mysterious.

*Albe ou j'ay commence de respirer le jour,  
Albe, mon cher pais, & mon premier amour,  
Lors qu'entre nous & toy je vois la guerre ouverte,  
Je crains nostre victoire autant que nostre perte:  
Rome, si tu te plains que c'est la te trahir,  
Fais-toy des ennemis que je puisse hair.*

Alba, where I first began to draw Breath; Alba, my dear Country and my first Love; when I see an open War between you and us, I am afraid of our Victory as much as our Ruin. Rome, if you complain that it is to betray you, get Enemies that I may hate.

These two last Verses, said *Philanthus*, were formerly applied to a Catholique that chang'd his Religion to Marry a *Huguenot*. But all the Mystery of the Delicacy, says *Eudoxus*, is in what one of our Dramatick Poets makes the Confident of the Sultan say, who had sworn the death of *Bajazet*, and who would have reproach'd him before they kill'd him.

*Je connois peu l'amour, mais je puis vous répondre  
Qu'il n'est pas condamné puis qu'on veut le confondre.*

I understand little of Love, but I can answer you, that he is not condemn'd; since they will confound him.

*Armida*, says *Philanthus*, to revenge her self of *Rinaldo*, who had forsaken her, and whom she could not really hate, pursu'd him to the Fury of a Fight, and draws an Arrow against him, and at the same time desires it may not touch him.

*Lo stral volò: mi con lo strale un voto  
Subito uscì, ch'è vada il colpo a vuoto.*

The desire of *Armida*, says *Eudoxus*, shews the Character

acter of a Person in whom Resentment, Anger and fury, have not smother'd all the tenderness, and puts a Passage of young *Pliny* into my mind, said he to *Trajan*, (||) *Your Life is odious to you if it is not joyn'd with the Safety of the Common-wealth: you won't let one desire any thing for you, if it is not something that is useful to those that desire it.* This Sentiment is altogether generous and delicate. What do you think, says *Philanthus* of the Thought of *Tibullus*, in regard to a Person that was ex- stream dear to him? (+) *In the most solitary and most desert Places you are a great company to me.* That which *Martial* says to a famous Roman Lady, with whom he was in the Countrey, seems to me more lively, says *Eudoxus*, (||) *You alone make this Place Rome to me.*

*Cornelius*, who perfectly understood how to describe delicate Passions, and who made the Romans speak so well (says he) said to the Widow of *Pompey* upon *Cesar's* seeing *Pompey's* bloody Head, that he seem'd very angry, and complain'd that any one should dare to attempt so great a Man's Life.

*O soupirs, o respect, o qu'il est doux de plaindre  
Le sort d'un ennemi, quand il n'est p'us a craindre!*

*O Sighs! O Respect! Oh how sweet a thing it is to com-  
plain of the Fate of an Enemy when he is not to be  
fear'd.*

The Complaints of *Cesar*, said *Philanthus*, were not so hearty as those of a Turtle Dove, which they have made speak in a little Dialogue in Verse. The Dia-  
logue is between one that passes by and a Turtle Dove.  
'Tis short and here 'tis.

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(||) *Tibi salus tua iaviso est, si non sit cum Reipublicæ salute conjuncta*  
*mihi pro te pateris optari mihi expediat optantibus. Panegy. Traj.*

(+) *In solis tu mihi turba locis. Lib. 12. (||) Romam tu mihi sola  
facis. Lib. 12.*



*The Art of Criticism.*

## LE PASSANT.

*Que fais-tu dans ce bois, plaintive Tourtelle ?*

## LA TOURTELLE.

*Je gémis, j'ay perdu ma compagna fidelle.*

## LE PASSANT.

*Ne crains-tu point que l'oïseleur  
Ne te fasse mourir comme elle ?*

## LA TOURTELLE.

*Si ce n'est luy, ce sera ma douleur.*

## The Passenger.

*What do you do in these Woods complaining Turtle ?*

## The Turtle.

*I mourn, for I have lost my faithful Companion.*

## Passenger.

*Are not you afraid lest the Fowler shou'd kill you as  
well as her ?*

## Turtle.

*If he does not, my sorrow will.*

Nothing can be more touching, said Eudoxus, and it is  
very nearly the Sentiment that Lucan gives to Cornelia,  
whom we have just spoke of. (+) *It is a shame for me af-*

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(+) Turpe mari post te solo non posse dolere. Lib. 9.

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(1) Cum  
Lib. 10.  
(+) Sente  
is luoque

ter your death not to die of Grief. *Sisigambis*, *Darius's* Mother, says *Philanthus*, died of the same Death that *Cornelia* desir'd ; for as soon as she knew of that of *Alexander*, who always treated her civilly, and like her Mother flung her self on the Ground, melting in Tears, and tearing her Hair ; she wou'd neither see any more the Light, nor take any Nourishment. Insomuch that thus refusing to live she died : Upon which *Quintus Curtius*, in my opinion, speaks very finely, (¶) *having liv'd after Darius she was asham'd to out-live Alexander.*

As far as I see, reply'd *Eudoxus*, you understand very well what a delicate Thought means, and in what it differs from a sublime one, or purely agreeable. But do you believe that surprizing and elevating Thoughts, which affect most by the Delicacy or Sublime, or by the plain agreeableness, and in some kind vicious, if they be not natural, as that of *Crassus*, (†) which we have took for our Model, which has none of the appearance of Affection. I always fear, said *Philanthus*, least that by pretending to be Natural one shou'd become dull and insipid, or lest the thoughts should lose something which renders it lively and sharp ; that's not my intention, reply'd *Eudoxus*, and as in the Language I do not like an exactness which makes the Discourse dry and weak ; what I call natural wou'd not suit with my Inclination if it made a Thought flat and languid ; but that may be avoided ; there is difference between being flat and nauseous, Sauce may be good without a great deal of Pepper and Salt, and strengthening Broth pleases those of a refin'd tast more than a Bisket.

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(¶) Cum Justinisset post darium vivere, Alexandro esse superstes erubuit, Lib. 10.

(†) Sententiæ crassi tam integræ, tam veræ, tam novæ, tam sine pigmentis sacoque puerili. Cic. de Orat. lib. 2.

What do you mean, then said *Philanthus*, by what you call natural Thoughts? I mean reply'd *Eudoxus*, something which is not far fetch'd, which follows from the nature of the Subject (\*) I mean a kind of a simple Beauty, plain without Art, such as the Ancients describe true Eloquence; one would say, that a Natural Thought should come into any body's Mind, and that it was in our Head before we read it, it seems easie to be found (||) and costs nothing where e'er we meet it, they come less in some (†) manner out of the Mind of him that thinks than of the things that was spoke of.

For what remains by the word Natural, I understand not this Natural Character which is the source of the agreeable in Thoughts all Thoughts conceiv'd are natural, to take the word plainness in its proper signification, the great and the sublime are are not natural, nor can they be, for the Natural carries in it some what low, or less elevated; did you not tell me, interrupts *Philanthus*, that Simplicity and Grandure were not incompatible? Yes, reply'd *Eudoxus*, and I say so still, but there is a certain difference between a noble Simplicity, and pure Plainness, one only excludes Ostentation, and the other Greatness it self.

But to explain my self more sensibly, a natural Thought in some measure resembles a Spring which is found in a Garden without the help of Art, or like a fine Complexion without Paint. In the time of *Augustus* they had Thoughts of this kind, especially *Cicero*, *Virgil*, and *Ovid*.

The thought of *Cicero* upon the *Colossus* of *Ceres* and *Triptolemus*, which *Verres* cou'd not carry away, because

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[\*] Grandis & ut ita dicam pudica oratio, non est maculosa nec turpida, sed naturali pulchritudine exurgit. *Petr. Satyr.* (||) Optima minimi accersita & simplicibus atque ab ipsa veritate profectis similia. *Quint. Lib. 8. proem.* (†) Nihil videatur fictum nihil sollicitum omnia potius a causa quam ab oratore profecta credantur. *Idem. Lib. 4.*

(||) H  
(\*) Hi  
Crasso à d  
tor. l. 3.  
acutum a

of their weight, whatever Temptation he had come<sup>s</sup> from the Subject, and Presents of it self. (||) *Their Beauty puts 'em in danger of being taken, their Magnitude saves them.* But that upon the Death of *Crassus* is one of the most natural that can be seen. He takes notice that *Crassus* died before the Troubles of the *Republick*, and that that great Man saw neither the War begun in *Italy*, nor the Exile of his Son in Law, nor the Affliction of his Daughters; nor in short the fatal Condition of *Rome* quite disfigur'd by a continual Course of Sorrows; (\*) after that it appears to one that the *Gods* did not take away his Life, but made a present of Death.

The Thoughts which you see are drawn from the bottom of the Subject; there is nothing in it strange or forreign, there is nothing flat or insipid.

I comprehend you, said *Philanthus*, and judge according to your Principles, that the Thoughts of *Maynard* upon the death of a Child is very Natural.

*On doit regretter sa Mort,  
Mais sans accuser le sort,  
De cruaute ni d'envie;  
Le siecle est si vicieux,  
Passant qu'une courte vie,  
Est une faveur des cieux.*

His death ought to be regretted, but without accusing Fate of Cruelty and of Envy: This Age is grown so corrupt, that a very short Life is now a great Blessing of Heaven.

(||) His Pulcritudo periculo, Amplitudo saluti fuit. *Lib. 3. in Verr.*

(\*) Hi tamen rempublicam casus consecuti sunt, ut mihi non erepta *L. Crasso* à diis immortalibus vita sed donata mors esse videatur. *De Orator. l. 3.* (†) Est enim vitiosam in sententia si quid aut alienum aut non acutum aut subinsulsum est *Acer, de optimo genere Orat.*



I judge the same on another Thought of that Authors upon a Father afflicted for the Death of his Daughter. The Poet makes the Father speak to Heaven.

*Haste ma fin que ta rigueur differe,  
Je bay le mond & ny pretend plus rien.  
Sur mon tombeau ma fille devoit faire,  
Ce que je fais maintenant sur le sien.*

*Hasten my end, which thy Rigor differs, I hate the World,  
and will have nothing more in it; my Daughter ought to  
do upon my Tomb what I have just now done upon hers.*

You judge well of it, reply'd *Eudoxus*, and without doubt, you have the same taste for the Sentiments of the Father of *Pallas* that young Warrior, which *Turnus* kill'd in the heat of the Battle they are the most natural in the World, especially when he says (||) the beginning of a growing Valour was fatal, that the Gods had not harkned to the Voice of an unhappy Father, which surviv'd his Son that remains after him against the Order of Nature; that his Wife was happy in dying first, and in not being reserv'd for so great an Affliction. In short, it wou'd have been more just, that *Euander* shou'd have remain'd upon the place, than *Pallas*, and that the Body of the Father had been brought back, rather than the Body of the Son.

That thought of *Quintilian* upon his Wife and Children, is not in my mind altogether so natural, nor yet so reasonable. (+)

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[\*] *Primitiæ invenis miseræ bellicæ propinqui dura rudimenta, & nulli exaudita deorum vota precesque meæ tuque ô sanctissima conjux felix morte tuâ neque in hunc servata dolorem, &c. Aeneid. Lib. 11.*  
[†] *Quis enim mihi bonum patens ignoscat si studere amplius possum ac non aderit animi mei firmitatem si quis in me est alius usus vocis quam ut in cûsem deos superbes omnium meorum nullam terras despiciere providentiam tesser. Lib. 6. proœm.*

What Father, truly a Father, wou'd pardon me, said he, if I shou'd apply my self again to study, how cou'd a paternal fondness suffer it? I that have a liberal Wit, and a Head strong enough for that, or that my voice might seem fit for other things, that to accuse the Gods of ravishing from me all that I held dear and pure, & my Example that there is no Providence that takes care of the things of this World.

(\*) He swears afterwards by his Misfortunes, and by his Conscience, and by the Means of his eldest Son which he calls the Divinity of his Grief, he swears, I say, that the prodigious Talents and the extraordinary Virtue which he saw in this Child, made him afraid that he shou'd loose him, by reason that that which we love most we soonest lose, and that there is a kind of a jealous destiny which ruins our greatest hopes, for fear probably that the Prosperity of Men should go farther than belongs to a humane Condition.

There is Wit in that, said *Phylanthus*; so there is, methinks, reply'd *Exdokus*, more reason in that than in what *Virgil* said to the Father of *Pallas*. *Quintilian* upbraids the Gods and the Excess of his Grief makes him believe nothing of Providence; whereas *Evander* only blames the Valour of his Son, contents himself with complaining that the Gods had no regard to his Prayers. *Agas-*

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[\*] Juro per mala mea, per infelicem conscientiam, per illos manes numina doloris mei, has me in illo vidisse virtutes ingenii ut prorsus possint hinc esse tanti fulminis metus quod observatum fere est celerius accidere festinatam maturitatem esse nescio quam quæ spes tantas decerpit invidiam; ne videlicet ultra quam homini datum est nostra provehatur. *Ibid.*

memnon in *Iphigenia*, reply'd *Philanthus*, hath no greater regard for the Gods, and the trouble he is in; because the Oracle dooms his Daughter to be Sacrificed by him, seems to allow him to say to *Iphigenia*.

*Montrez, en expirant, de qui vous estes nee :*  
*Faites rougir ces Dieux qui vous ont condamnee.*

Shew by your death from whom you draw your Breath,  
and oblige those Gods that condemn you to blush.

I protest, reply'd *Eudoxus*, that *Agamemnon* ought to be more transported on the Stage, than *Quintilian* in his Closter, I am of the opinion also, that *Clytemnestra*, in the violence of her Pain, cou'd say to *Achilles* to ingage him to save *Iphigenia*.

*Ira-t-elle des Dieux implorant la Justice,*  
*Embrasser leurs autels parez pour son supplice ?*  
*Elle n'a que vous seul : vous estes en ces lieux*  
*Son pere, son epoux, son asyle, ses Dieux.*

Shall she go to implore the Justice of the Gods, and embrace those Altars which are adorn'd for her Sacrifice; she hath none here but you, and you are in this place her Father, Husband, her Asylum and Gods.

But confess also that what *Agamemnon* said under the fatal necessity into which he was thrown by the Order of Heaven, down from the bottom of Nature.

*Helas, en m'imposant une loy si severe,*  
*Grands Dieux, me deviez-vous laisser un cœur de pere ?*

Alas when you impos'd on me so hard a Law, great Gods,  
why wou'd you leave a Father's Heart in me ?

*Brutus*, who put his rebellious Children to death, (†) said *Philanthus*, (||) devests himself of the Sentiments of a Father in *Valerius Maximus*, to act the part of the Consul. *Livy*, who always thinks naturally, reply'd *Eudoxus*, (\*) says on the death of the Sons of *Brutus*, Fortune wou'd have him that refus'd to assist in that Tragick Spectacle, to be the Author: *Florus* who does not always think Like *Livy*, reply'd *Philanthus*, comments on this Subject, and says that *Brutus* (†) in cutting off the Heads of his Sons, seem'd to adopt the People in their place, and so become Father of his Country.

That which *Voiture* writ to Madam the Dutches of *Longueville*, on the Death of the Prince her Father, continu'd *Phylanthus*, " seems to me very Natural; " That 'twas very reasonable that a Person so Celestial " as she was, and who living always, according to the " Will of, and having receiv'd all from him, should patiently bear what he is pleas'd take from her.

That is not only natural, reply'd *Eudoxus*, but well turn'd, and has a great deal of justness. But here are two thoughts very natural, one is *Virgil's*, the other *Ovid's*. *Virgil* says on two Brothers, being extreamly like (\*) the Father and Mother cou'd hardly distinguish them, and their Mistake was agreeable. *Ovid*, in describing the

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(†) Exiit patrem ut consulem ageret. *Lib. 7. c. 8.* (||) Qui spectator erat amovendus eum ipsum fortuna auctorem supplicii dedit. *Lib.*  
 (\*) Liberos securi percussit, ut plane publicus parens in locum liberum adoptasse sibi populum videretur. *Lib. 1. c. 9.* (†) Simillima oles indiscreta suis gratusque parentibus error. *Aeneid. Lib. 10.* (\*) Cies non omnibus una, nec diversa tamen, qualem decet esse sororum. *Ibid. Lib. 2.*



magnificent Pallace of the Sun, says, that the *Nereides* which are engrav'd upon the Doors with the Sea Gods have not the same Air, nor the same Face, nor is there very much difference, they are such as Sisters ought to have.

The thought of *Lopez de Vega*, upon a happy and fine Resemblance, reply'd *Philanthus*, says, that the Nature which pleases her self in drawing, doth not invent every day; that she is sometimes tired, and does her copy. The Subject is a *Spanish* Princess, who dress'd her self in Man's Apparel to follow *Alphonso* King of *Castile*, in his Expedition to *Jerusalem*, and who part for her own Brother.

*Tu miranda el Rey el rostro hermoso  
Tan semejante a Is menia; que a sueuenta  
El pincel natural mara viloso  
Lansado alguna vez copia, y no inventa.*

The thoughts where Nature enters, said *Eudoxus*, cannot fail of being Natural; how ingenious soever they may be, that of *Guarini* is much so, we can't help the foam which Nature has engrav'd in us, and if we would hide it in our hearts it shows it self in our Faces.

*Vergogna che'n altrui stampo natura  
Non si puo' riegare: che se tu tenti  
Di cacciarla dal cor fugge nel volto.*

But I have taken notice, continued he, that the Stile of which we are speaking, meets principally in the thoughts where it has some Conformity with the Inclination of Nature, and that the love of Life is very natural: Here is what *Achilles* said to *Ulysses* in Hell  
(†) I had rather be a Bore, and Servant to some poor Ma

[†] *Odys.* 2.

[\*] *Melior  
This is badly  
Life.*  
[†] *Miraris  
cas petimus,*

which lives by his Labour, than to have an absolute Empire here over the Dead. This is suppos'd to be spoken to Ulysses, after his complaining of his ill Fortune, and that Achilles was the happiest Man in the World, for while he liv'd, the Greeks honour'd him equally to a God, and when dead, like their King and Master.

Our Charles the 9th reply'd Philanthus, was not of Achilles's mind, who said he had rather die a King, than live a Prisoner, nor was he, said Eudoxus, of Solomon's Opinion, (\*) who prefer'd a living Dog before a dead Lyon, but his Ambition had spoil'd his Judgment, and made him speak thus; for if he had consulted with Nature, he had changed both his Mind and his Language: A Thought of one of our famous Writers, to the same purpose, comes in my head; There "was never yet a King that upon the point of Death, "would not have chose to have been the meanest of his "Subjects to have liv'd, nor so miserable a Slave that "that would have changed his Condition with a King "who had but an hour to live.

Let it be as it will, said Eudoxus, the thought of Homer upon Achilles is very natural; those of Martial against the Admirers and Idolaters of Antiquity ought to be so, according to your Principles, reply'd Philanthus, (+) you admire nothing but the Ancients, nor praise none but the deceas'd Poets. Pardon me, I pray, 'tis not such an advantage to die, that one would be glad to please you at that rate; it is so, without doubt, return'd Eudoxus, and all the others of the same Poet, which run upon the desire of Life, are no less;

[\*] Melior est canis vivus leone mortuo. Eccl. c. 9.

This is badly applyed, Solomon seems to be of Achilles's mind, and to prefer Life.

[+] Miraris veteres, Vacerra, solos, nec laudas nisi mortuos poetas; igitur petimus, Vacerra non est ut placeam tibi. Lib. 8.

(†) if *Glory comes only after death*, I am not in haste to acquire any.

(\*) The *Mausoleums* which are to be seen near the City, do shew us how to live, in teaching us that the Gods themselves are not free from death. He understands by those Gods, the Emperours who would have Divine Homage shewn to themselves, and he makes Allusion to the Tomb of *Augustus*.

He says in another place, believe me, it is not of a *Wise Man* to say, *I shall live*, it is living too late, to live to-morrow. He enhances his thought, by saying, (†) *it is living to late to live to day*, he is the wisest that lived yesterday. All that is Natural and even too much, taking the thing in its sense, and according to the Moral of the Author.

Racan has been among us, one of those happy and easie Wits in whom the Genius supplies the Skill, and whose Works have no resemblance of Constraint, nor Study; he has done nothing but what's natural, and two Strophes of an Ode dedicated to *Leoner de Rabutin* Count of *Brussy*, in that kind, seem excellent to me.

*Que te fers de chercher las Tempestes de Mars  
Pour mourir tout envie au milieu des bazards]  
Ou la gloire te inene ?*

*Cette mort qui promet un si digne loyer  
N'est tous jours que la mort, qu'avecque*

[†] Si post fata venit gloria, non propero. lib. 5. [\*] Jam vicina jubent nos vivere mausolea: cum doceant ipsos posse perire Deos. lib. 5. [†] Non est crede mihi sapientis dicere. vivam: Sera nimis Vita est crastina, vive hodie. lib. 1. [†] Hodie jam vivere, Posthume, serum est: ille sapit, quisvis, Posthume, vixit heri. lib. 6.

*Moins de peine*

*On trouve en son foyer.*

*A quoy sert d'élever ces murs audacieux*

*Qui de nos vanitez font voir jusques aux Cieux*

*Les folles entreprises ?*

*Maints Chateaux accablez dessous leur propre faix*

*Enterrent avec eux les noms & les divises*

*De ceux qui les ont faits.*

*What signifies it to you to look for the Tempest of Mars, to die alive in the middle of hazards where Glory carries you ? This Death which promises such a worthy reward, is nothing but death, but with a little less pain that is found in its Fire. For what is the erecting those stout Walls, who shew the foolish interpreter of our Vanities to the very Sky ? Whilst Castles oppress under their own Burden, bury with themselves the Names and Devices of those that made them.*

*Methinks, said Philanthus, that the Expression somewhat contributes to render their thought more plain and natural; you are in the right, reply'd Eudoxus, and the perfection of the natural Stile ordinarily proceeds from a pure Elocution, and easie turn; that one Quatrain directed to a young Person, conceited of his Merit, and who thought not on Death, may give the Idea of what I say.*

*Vous avez beau charmer*

*Vous auren le destin*

*De ces fleurs si fraiches,*

*Si belles qui ne durent*

*Qu'on matin :*

*Comme elles, vous plaisera*

*Vous passerez comme elles.*

*You take pains to charm, you shall have the destiny of those fresh and fine Flowers which last but one morning; you give pleasure as they do, you shall pass away as they do.*



For the generality one may say, tho' the Elocution is not here the Matter in question, it very often mixes it self with the thought, and raises the value of it; a proper and magnifick habit gives Grace and Dignity to a well shap'd Person; and it it be fir, it shews the shape; there are even Terms, so wrapped up with the things, and made for them, (+) that they seem to follow the thought, as the Shadow the Body.

Affectation, pers'd *Eudoxus* is the fault directly oppos'd to that natural Style we speak of. It is according to *Quintilian*, said *Philanthus*, the worst of all Vices in Eloquence, because the others are avoided, and the former is looked for; but it is compleat in the Elocution. Without Offence to *Quintilian*, reply'd *Eudoxus*, that fine and specious Faults in appearance have no less part in the Thought than in the Language. And it is the Sentiment of an industrious *Italian*, who dares give the Lyeto *Quintilian*, upon the last Article of the Passage you spoke of; (||) *questo ultimo*, says he, *e falso, perche l'affectatione consiste anche ne concetti*; he speaks it after an ancient Rhetor, who produces for Example of Affectation in the Thought, the (+) Centaur on Horseback upon himself; but some other Examples shall explain it better.

*Virgil* says, that the Gyant *Enceladus* burn'd with the Lightning of *Jupiter*, spews Flames through the Over-

[+] Ut sensibus inhærere videantur, atque ut umbra corpus sequi *Quintil. lib. 8.*

[\*] Omnium in eloquentia vitiorum pessimum, nam cætera cum vitentur, hæc petitur; est autem totum in elocuone. *lib. 8. c. 3.*

(||) *Proginasim Poetici di udeno nisi elyda vernio.*

(+) Posita autem est mala affectatio, in sententia quidem ut qui dicitur: Centaurus equifans teipsum. *Demetrius Phalerens de elocut.*

ures of the Mountain which the Gods threw upon him; and *Guarini* says, that the same Gyant powers Fire out of Anger and Indignation against Heaven, without discovering him that was stricken with Thunder-bolts, or him that strikes.

*Le dove sette a la gran mole et nea  
Non so se salminato o sueminante  
Vibra il fiero Gigante  
Contra l'Enemico ciel fiamme di sdegno.*

The one is natural and the other affected.

According to the ancient *Pliny*, humane Blood (k) to revenge it self of its mortal Enemy, the Sword, which helps to spill it, makes it rusty. According to *Pliny* the younger, one *Lacinianus*, who from Senator turn'd Professor of Rhetorick to get a Livelihood, (l) reveng'd himself of Fortune by the Harangues he made against her. There is Affectation in the Thought of the former; for that Revenge we attribute to the Blood does not arise from Nature, and the Rust that spoils the Sword, proceeds as well from the Blood of a Beast as that of Man. The thought of the latter is natural, and the Vengeance the degraded Senator takes, has it's Foundation in Nature, which throws unfortunate Men into a Passion, against any thing which they think to be the cause of their disgrace.

I thought, reply'd *Philanthus*, that *Pliny* the younger was not so natural as the elder; sometimes the younger is more natural, reply'd *Eudoxus*; but to speak in general, he shews *Wir*, and, to say nothing here of *Trajan's* Panegyrick, his Epistles are full of touches, which don't seem to me plain enough in the Letter in

(k) A ferro saguss humane se ulciscitur. Lib. 24. cap. 4.]

(l) Seque de fortuna ræationibus vindicat. lib. 4. ep. 7.

which he describes one of his Country-houses, after he had said that the Air is so good, that one can't dye there almost, and to see the quantity of ancient Persons, (m) you should believe you was born in an other Age; he says, that his House, tho' the Sky be never so serene, the Winds it receives from the Appenine are not boisterous, nor violent, but are fatigued and broken, not by the length of the way which they came; those (n) sweet weak and weary Winds have but little plainness. That great way which fatigues them and weakens them, reply'd Eudoxus, resembles to him who describes one of our Poets.

*Il se voit pres du caire une plaine deserte  
Que d'un sable mouvant la nature a couverte  
Et qui semble un espace applani sous les Cieux  
Pour le seul exercice ou des vents ou des jeux.*

*Near the Càire is seen a plain Desert which Nature has cover'd with a moving Sand, and looks like an even-made Ground under Heaven, for the Divertisement of the Eyes or the Winds.*

I find more natural, said Eudoxus, what I have read in the description of another Country-house: "That there is a prospect of so vast an extent on the Sea-side, that the Eyes can find no other Limits but their own Weakness, which don't permit them to discern what they see beyond the Bounds which Nature has prescribed them. But further, you shall hear the difference between a natural Thought and one that is not.

(m) Cumque veneris illo, pates alio te seculonatum. lib. 5. Ep. 6.

[n] Accipit ab hoc auras quamlibet sereno & placido die, non tangens acres & immodicas, sed spatio ipso lassas & infractas. Ibidem.

Terence, continued he, introduced a young Man in the Eunuch, who looks every where for a Person, whose extraordinary Beauty had smitten him, and makes him say, (o) *She does not appear, and I don't know where I shall find her; only one thing gives me hopes, that in whatsoever place she be, she can't be hid long.* Nothing is more natural than that; it is the Nature of great Beauties to draw the Eyes of all the World to them, and to shine.

Tasso is affected in treating of the same Subject; for having said that the modest *Sopronia* stole away in her retreat from the looks of Men, he adds:

*Pur guardia esser non puo, che'n tutto celi  
Bella degna eq'appaia e che s'ammiri  
Ne tu il consenti rnor; ma la rivelli  
D'un Giocinetto o i cupidi desiri:  
Amor ch'or cicco, hor argo; hora ce veli  
Di benda gli occhi, hbra ce gli apri egiri.*

We'll pass by, saying, that a Beauty worthy to appear and to be admir'd, cannot be hid in any Retreat; that is not the Affectation, and it is near the same what Terence says, *Love is sometimes blind, and sometimes Argus; sometimes covers his Eyes with a Vail, and then opens them, turns them, and strikes every where.*

If so that this be Affectation, said *Philanthus*, I am in fear for *Bonarelli's* Thoughts in his *Filli di Setro*,

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[o] Ubi quæram? Ubi investigem? Quem perconter? Quam insistam? Incertus sum, una hæc spes est; ubi, ubi est, diu celari non vult. *Æt. a. Scen. 4.*



Upon Subjects paralel to the former. *Anyntas* being in pain for his *Celia*, who was flying and vanishing away, declares that he will follow her to what place of the World she goes. "I shall have the pleasure, says he, to follow your steps, and I shall know where you have past, by the ways that shall be the most covered with Flowers.

*Conoscerollo a i fiori*  
*Ove saran piu solti.*

"I shall have the pleasure to take the same breath you take before me, and I shall know it by an unnatural sweet freshness.

*Conoscerollo a l'aur*  
*Ove saran piu dolei.*

The same Poet, upon the Subject of another Shepherdess who feared to be known, and pretended to hide her self, makes the Shepherd that speaks to her, say, "There comes from your Eyes, a certain killing Light, which is not seen in others; we shall soon discover you by such a glittering Splendor, and you can never be long concealed.

*Da quegliocchi tuoi, non so qual luce*  
*Che'n altrui non si uede*  
*Troppo viva risplende: a tanto lume*  
*Non potrai star nascosa.*

These are pretty turns which *Terence* never thought on, reply'd *Eudoxus*; but by Misfortune these (p)

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(p) Minuti corruptiq; tensi culi, & extra rem petiti. *Quintil. lib. 8. c. 5.*

pretty Thoughts are full of Affectation, neither do I wonder at it. *Italian* Poets are not used to be very natural, they paint all; and *Tasso* by this only Passage is much below *Virgil*. What difference between the *Dido's* Farewel to *Aeneas*, and that of *Armida* and *Rinaldo*? What the Queen of *Carthage* thinks, and says is an Expression the most tender, and violent that ever was; it is Nature it self that makes her speak; whereas *Armida* does scarcely think or say any thing that is Natural.

What, reply'd *Philanthus*, does she not begin by a very touching thing? "O you that takes away  
"one part of my own self and leaves that; either  
"take the one, or give back that other, or give  
"Death to both.

*Forsennata gridava. O tu che porti  
Teco parte di me, parte ne lassi;  
O prendi l'una, o rendi l'altra, o morte  
Dainsieme ad ambe.*

It is exactly there, said *Eudoxus*, where there is too much Art; the Heart explains it self ill by a turn of Wit, and I wou'd willingly say with a Man of good Judgment. I don't love such a far-fetch'd beginning; above all in a violent passion, in which Sprightriness has no part; the sequel resembles the beginning, except one or two Thoughts which are natural enough.

Perhaps you don't approve, reply'd *Philanthus*, the Passage of *Scudiero o Scudo*? I shall be what you please, said *Armida*, appeasing her self a little, either your Esquire or your Shield to defend

defend you against the blows, even in danger of my Life.

*Saro qual piu vorrai scudiero o scudo.  
Non sia ch'è'n tua difesa io mirisparmi,*

*Per questo sen, per questo ballo ignudo,  
Pria che giungano a te, passeran larmi.*

That turn of *Scudiero o scudo*, is a meer affectation, reply'd *Eudoxus*, which the Poet might spare, if *Armida* had contented her self with saying, I shall follow you in the Combats, and do you all the possible Services, by holding your Arms, in bringing you Horses, in warding off, or receiving, the blows design'd for you; she shou'd have explained her Passion, and shou'd have done it naturally. But *Tasso*, who is such a fine Genius, is like the Lockets in his Stile, who paint themselves tho' ever so beauttful, without considering that the artificial spoils the Natural, and that they should please better if they took less pains to please. (q)

What vexes me the most, added he, is that

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(q) Unum quodque genus cum ornatur caste pudiceque, fit illustrius: cum fucatur, & praelinitur, fit prestigiosum. *Ant. Gell. Noct. Attic. l. 7. cap. 14.*

Tasso falls sometimes into affectation when his Subject drives him from it. For Example, to say that a Passion is not perceived at the first creation of it, and when we perceive it, that it is too strong already, and makes it self quite master of the Heart; he says in *Amyntas*, that a growing Love has short Wings, and can't fly, and thus Men don't perceive its birth, and when he perceives Love is grown bigger, he has took his flight.

*Amor nascente ha corte l'ale, a pena  
Puo tenerle e non le spiega a volo.  
Per non s'accorge l'huom quand egli nasce,  
E quando huom se n'accorge, e grande e vola.*

For my part, upon such a moral Matter as that, I love much better a little Dialogue which I remember.

*A quoy pensiez-vous, Climene.  
A quoy pensiez-vous d'aimer ?  
Ne scaviez-vous pas la paine  
Que souffre un Coeur qui se laisse enflamer ?*

*What did you think on Climene ? What did you think  
on Love ? Did you not know the Pain, a Heart suffers that  
lets it self take flame ?*

Answer.

*On n'y pense pas, silvie,  
Quand on commence d'aimer ;*

En



*Et sans en avoir envie,  
Eu un moment on se laisse enflammer.*

*One does not think on it, Silviuſ when he begins to love, and without having any inclination to it, in a moment his heart is inflam'd.*

For the reſt, (r) Affectation which regards the Thought, commonly proceeds from the exceſs to which we carry them, that's to ſay, from too much ſublime, or too much agreeable or delicacy, purſuant to the three kinds we have eſtabliſhed; the one of Noble, Great, and Sublime Thoughts; the other of pretty and agreeable Thoughts, and the third of gentle and delicate Thoughts: For if we take no care to manage our Underſtanding according to the Rules of good Senſe, and include our ſelves within the Bounds of Nature, we ſpoil all. The bombaſt Stile takes the place of the Great and Sublime; agreeableneſs is nothing but Affectation, and Delicacy is pure refining.

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(r) Per affectationem decoris corrupta ſententia, cum eo ipſo dedecoretur quo illam voluit Author ornare. Hoc fit aut nimio tumore, aut nimio cultu. Diomed. Grammatic. Lib. 2.

I fear, said *Philanthus*, that with all your Distinctions you refine a little your self, and wish you wou'd give me some Examples of this Bombast, of this Affectation and Refining, to see whether you don't carry the Matter too far. I shall easily satisfy you in that, reply'd *Eudoxus*; for in Reading Authors, I have observ'd several Thoughts which are vitious in those three kinds, and which sometimes err by too much Wit.

They were thus far, when one came in and told *Eudoxus* that some Company was coming; they were three fine Wits from his Neighbourhood, great talkers, and laughers, of the number of those honest troublesome Fellows that disturb all agreeable Societies, and the more impertinent, because they don't believe themselves to be so. And one has not in the Country the Conveniencies that's to be had in Town, of shunning such sort of People, or getting rid of them soon; *Eudoxus* was forc'd to receive them. They Dined; after Dinner they were plagu'd with walking till Evening; the Visit was pretty long, and the Night sent away the three troublesome Companions.

As soon as they were gone, *Philanthus*, who cou'd not believe that ever any one cou'd ever have too much Wit, was impatient to know how a Thought cou'd be vitious that way, begg'd his Friend to explain it a little; but

but *Eudoxus* was so fatigu'd by the Company he had just quitted, that he had no strength to speak one word. He begg'd *Philanthus*'s Pardon, and put the Conversation off till next Day.

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*The End of the Second Dialogue.*

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## DIALOGUE III.

**T**HE Day after this Impertinent Visit, - was one of the finest Days of Autumn. Never did the Sun look so bright, nor the Sky so clear: The Air was Calm, and the Heat so moderate, that one might walk at any Hour of the Day without the least Inconvenience. *Eudoxus* was afraid all the Morning of meeting, with the like Persecution he suffer'd the Day before, so that to secure himself from the troublesome Company that might come, he propos'd to *Philanthus* to walk Abroad: Whereupon eating betimes, they went out along the side of a Meadow, leading to a River, whose Banks are very delightful.

They were scarce got to a remote Place, where profound Silence reign'd, and which had all the Charms of Solitude; but *Philanthus* says to his Friend, I think we are now to secure, that in all probability we shall meet with no Interruption to Day. For my part I would not swear it, replies *Eudoxus*, there is no place inaccessible to Impertinent People, and Ill Luck sometimes will throw 'em upon us, when we take the most pains to shun 'em. However, added he, till they have found us out, we may for sometime entertain our selves with the subject we quitted Yesterday. I told you, if I remember, that by aiming at too much Wit, our Thoughts are often Vitious; and that in the sublime Kind, a Thought is faulty, when it is carried on to an excess of Grandeur; that in the agreeable Kind it is so, when it has more Agreeableness than it ought; and in the Delicate, when the Delicacy is stretch'd to an affected Subtilty.

A a

There



These different Affectations, according to a learned Critick, (†) are Attempts, which the Mind makes above both its Matter and Strength. But you expect some Examples, which I shall give you to make my self understood. The Papers I have brought with me will afford us extravagant Thoughts of all Kinds, and all Fashions.

To begin with the Sublime, *Gracian*, whose works you are acquainted with, and know to be one of the *Beaux Esprits* of Spain, is not satisfy'd with saying in his *Heros*, that a great Heart is a *Gigantick Heart*, un *Corazon gigante*: He Treats that of *Alexanders*, as an *Archicaeur*, one corner of which would so well contain all this World, that there was Room enough for six more: *Grande fue el de Alexandro y el archicorazon, puer cupe en un rincón del Todo este mundo holgadamente dexando lugar para otros Seis*. Did you ever see any thing more far fetch'd and bombast.

Indeed, says *Philanthus*, the Thought is somewhat bold and pretending; but it very well describes the largeness of a Heart, which the whole World was too little for. Believe me, replies *Eudoxus* (\*) it is Enormous and Improper, and becomes little by its too much Grandeur, if I dare speak in this manner; and the Author of the *Heros* does like *Timeus*, who, according to (†) *Longinus*, by ever aiming at the use of new and surprizing Thoughts falls into the greatest Puerilities. That of *Voiture* upon the Favour that *Mademoiselle de Bourbon*, and *Madame la Princesse*, shew'd him, is more Judicious and Regular with the Qualification he Adjoins. Thus 'tis in *Voiture*, who you know, I always carry about me; 'Methinks one's Heart is not sufficient for *Madam*, her Mother, and 'her self, and when the one has got her part, there remains too little for the other.

(†) Conatus supra vires & supra Rem. *Jul. Scalig. Poet. Lib. 1. Cap. 27.* (\*) Tumor & omne quod Studio fit indecorum & *Dionys Halicar. de Orator. Antiq;* (†) *Longin. Selt. 5.*

Gracian, return'd *Philanthus*, is not the only one that has Transgress'd his Bounds on the Subject of the Conqueror of *Asia*. Those *Roman* Declamators, whose Sentiments *Seneca*, the Father Quotes, in the Deliberation which *Alexander* makes, whether he ought to push his Conquests beyond the Ocean, are not less Extravagant than the *Spanish* Author. Some say, (\*) That *Alexander* ought to be contented with the Conquest of what the Sun is content to shine upon; (†) that it is time, that either *Alexander* should cease to Conquer, or the World cease to be, and the Sun to shine: Others say, (\*) that Fortune sets the same Bounds to his Victories, that Nature does to the World; (†) that *Alexander* is Great for the World, and the World little for *Alexander*; (†) that there is nothing beyond *Alexander*, no more than beyond the Ocean.

These Thoughts, reply'd *Eudoxus*, don't in the least justify those I told you before: They themselves are not only false, but Excessive, and against the Rules of a just Sublime; but this one, *the World was little for Alexander*, may perhaps be excepted. For indeed Ambition is insatiable, and the Magnanimous has a Heart always elevated above his Fortune. Although *Alexander* had in Effect Conquer'd the whole World, 'twould not have been sufficient for such a Mind as his. This occasion'd the saying, (\*) that one World was not enough for this young Conqueror; that he could scarce breath in so narrow a compass; but was almost smother'd for want of room; that nothing could stop nor satisfy him.

(\*) Satis sit hactenus vicisse Alexandro, qua mundo lucere satis.

(†) Tempus est Alexandrum cum Orbe, & cum sole desinere.

Eundem Fortuna Victoris tui qua Natura finem fecit.

Alexander Orbi magnus est; Alexandro orbis angustus est.

Non magis quicquam ultra Alexandrum novimus quam ultra

canum. *Suaser*. (†) Unus *Pellæo* Juveni non sufficit orbis, *Æstu-*

infelix angusto limite Mundi. *Juvenal Sat. 10.*

Conqueror of this World he demands, another more rich,  
and great than ours, and having no more to Conquer in  
this vast Horizon; he fancies the Universe to be no more  
than his Prison.

*Victorieux du monde, il en demande un autre  
Il en veut un plus riche, & plus grand que le nostre;  
Et n'ayant plus a vaincre en ce vaste Horizon,  
Il sent que l'Univers n'est plus que sa Prison.*

Or to express it in fewer Words, and more lively.

*Maître du Monde entiere s'y trouvoit trop serré.*

Lord of the whole World, he finds himself too closely  
Pent. The Roman Conquests have given no less oc-  
casion for this extravagant Sublime, than the Macedo-  
nian. A Greek Poet boldly bids, (\*) Jupiter shut the  
Gates of Heaven, and keep a strong Guard in the Citadel of  
the Gods: The Roman Arms have subdued both Sea and  
Land, and Olympus is the only Place remaining uncon-  
quer'd. But what a Latin Poet spake by Apollo to  
Augustus, on the Battel of Actium, is more reasonable,  
(†) make your self Master at Sea, at Land you are so already.

The Expression of Xiphares, the Son of Mithridates,  
in one of our Dramatick Poets is noble without Bom-  
bast. All Nations own my Father, and his fortunate  
Fleet have no Enemies but the Winds and Seas.

*Tout reconnut mon pere, & ses heureux vaisseaux,  
N'eurent plus d'ennemis que les vents, & les eaux.*

But that you may the better apprehend the defect  
of a Thought, that is, vitious by its excess of Beauty,  
'twill be convenient, by the way, to shew you some of  
the same Kind that are exact and regular. 'Tis natur

(\*) Antholog. Lib. 1. (†) Vince mari, jam terra tua est  
Prop. Lib. 4.

(\*) Ut sit  
Augat u

for the Spaniards, says *Philanthus*, To conceive very high Notions of the Success of their Nation, and the Advantages of their Kingdom. *Lopez de Vega* in a Poem of his Intituled, *Jerusalem Conquisted*: I don't mean the first Conquest of *Jerusalem* by *Godfrey of Bulloign*; but the second by *Richard King of England* against *Saladin*, who retook *Jerusalem* from *Guy de Lusignan*, who by the Death of *Bandoin* the Vth. became the Master and Possessor of it. This *Lopez* then, who compos'd this Epick Poem in honour of his Nation, whose Grandees attended on *Alphonfus*, King of *Castile*, and Son-in Law of King *Richard*, in so glorious an Expedition, says of the Spanish Nation,

*Es una fiera genta la d'Espana  
Que quando a pechos una empresa toma  
Los tremla el mar, la muerta los estraña  
Diga Numancia, que le cuesta a Roma.*

I don't admire, replies *Eudoxus*, at a Spanish Poet's saying, His Nation is proud, and that when the Spaniards undertake any great Enterprize, that the Sea trembles at their Presence, that Death flies from before 'em, of which *Numantia* that cost *Rome* so Dear, is a Proof. The *Castilians* are generally in the Extreams, especially when they speak of themselves.

Another ingenious Wit of that Country, says *Philanthus*, Thus addresses himself to *Philip* the second in Latin Verse. *Alexander* Conquer'd the Persians, but stopt there; this Son of *Jove* scarce saw the Indies. 'Tis said that *Rome*, the Capital of the World, added *England* to its Empire; and *Cæsar* never went farther. You have carried your Arms where neither of them did. O mighty Prince, no Name is more Illustrious than yours. Within your Dominions the Sun always shines, as well when he rises, as when he sets, (\*) and the Sea and

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(\*) Ut sit in orbe locus motus ubi figere possis, Terra suos fides: Augat unda suos. *Falcon.*



*Land must be extended beyond their Natural Bounds to afford a Frontier to your Empire.*

This would be fine, reply'd *Eudoxus*, if it were a little modester. There is a great Difference between a becoming Tallness, and a Gigantick Stature, (\*) the one makes a handsome Man, and the other a Monster. But to give you my Opinion of the whole Piece, the first Thoughts which prefer *Phillip the Ild.* to *Alexander* and *Cesar* in point of Conquests, are the least daring. Not that I like to see *Alexander* and *Cesar* placed below the other Conquerors, and that I am not altogether of the Opinion of a very ingenious Man, who made so fine a Madrigal upon some Verses composed in Honour of *Lewis le Grand*, and could not bear to see *Alexander* undervalued, for the sake of setting off the French Courage in passing the Rhine, even to the saying, that the Actions of our invincible Monarch, intirely effaced the Memory of the Conqueror of *Asia*. I have forgot the first Lines of the Madrigal, but thus it Ends. 'Tis to the King the Poet Addresses himself, *Don't give these servile Flatterers leave to impose upon you, the passage of the Rhine, and all your other Actions bring Credit to the History of Alexander.*

*A ces lasches flatteurs ne te laisse surprendre  
Le passage du Rhin, & tout ce que tu fais  
Nous font croire aujourd'hui ce qu'on dit d'alexandre.*

However, since the Conquests of the Spaniards were in effect larger than *Alexander's* and *Cesar's*, the Poet is excusable in what he says first. The thought where the Sun is introduc'd is also passable: For the Panegyrist of the Catholick Kings, say the Sun never Sets to them, and that the Prince of Starrs pays 'em

(\*) Quod turgidum granditatem ipsa superare gestit. Longinus  
Selt, 2.

every Moment a Tribute of Light, as if he were their Vassal. But to say that for finding Bounds to their Monarchy, the Sea and Land must enlarge their own, is in my opinion Excessive, and like a right Spaniard. I like better, added he, the Thought of one of the French Academy, in the Compliment he makes the King on the account of the Academy, upon his return from the Siege of Valenciennes: *France, Sir, has no occasion that you should enlarge her Dominions; her truest Grandeur consists in having so great a Master.*

In all probability says Phylanthus, you will mislike the two Latin Verses made on the Funeral Pomp of Charles the Vth, by the same Spanish Author: The sense, however, is Magnificent, and I think one could never Imagine any thing greater. (†) *Place for his Tomb the Universe, and for the Church the Sky, the Stars for Torches, and for Tears the Sea.*

This is exactly, says Eudoxus, the Thought of Saint Gelais in his Epitaph on a Lady of the Court of Francis the First.

*This Marble, Passengers, was intended to publish the Greediness of Death that seiz'd Helene de Boissy, whose least part hereunder lies!! For had she had a Monument answerable to her Value. The whole Earth should have been her Tomb, the main Ocean had been the Tears shed for her; and the high Heav'ns the Church to have laid her in.*

*O Voyageurs ce marbre fut choisi,  
Pour publier la grande extorsion  
De mort qui prit Helene de Boissy  
Dont i cy gist la moindre portion.  
Car s'elle eust eue la proportion  
Des ses valeurs, un just monument  
Tout la Terre elle eut entierement  
Pour son cercueil, & le grande mer patente*

(†) Pro tumultu ponas orbem, pro regimine Cœlum, Sidera pro facibus, pro lacrymis Maria.

*Ne fut que pleurs, and le clair firmament  
L'eust Servi pour un Chapelle ardente.*

Her Name was *Madame de Traves*, says *Philanthus*, and her Epitaph is thus made by *Marot*. I don't know where the *Helene* lyes with whom *Beauty* fell, but here the *Helene* lyes in whom *Virtue* shin'd, and who had eclips'd the *Beauty* of the other, by the *Graces* and *Gifts* she was adorn'd with.

*Ne Sçay on gift Helene en qui beaute gisoit  
Mais icy gift Helene 'en qui bonte reluisoit,  
Et qui le grand beaute de lautre eust ternie  
Par les Graces & Dons dont elle estoit garnie.*

The Thought of *Marot*, replies *Eudoxus*, is more natural and just than *St. Gelais*, where *Fustian* Reigns in its full Latitude, not to mention the Theft which the *Spaniard* in all appearance, has committed on the *Frenchman*, which indeed is but petty Larceny at most.

If you condemn the Thought of *St. Gelais*, 'tis likely you wont approve that of a Modern *Latin Poet*, whose name I don't know, upon *Pompey's* being deprived of Funeral Honours.

(\*) *The Earth which you Conquer'd was too mean a Monument for you: Heaven only was worthy to cover that Body.* This Poet has nearly imitated *Lucan*, and his Translator, says *Eudoxus*, The first says on this subject, (†) *Heaven covers him, whose Ashes have no Urn: The Universe, the whole Roman Empire serve Pompey for a Tomb.*

The Translation does not at all enervate the Thought, and *Brebeuf*, methinks, improves *Lucan* by saying that *Pompey*, Or he has no Tomb, or lies buried in the Universe: All that his Arm has subjected to the

(\*) Indignum stellus fuerat tibi victa Sepulchrum, Non decuit celo te nisi Magne, tegi. (†) Cælo tegitur qui non habet Urnam.

## The Art of Criticism.

9

*Power of Rome, is scarce a Tomb deserving enough for so great a Man.*

(\*) *Qu n'a point de Sepulchre, ou gist dans l'univers :  
Tout ce qui a mis son bras sous le pouvoir de Rome,  
Est a peine un cercueil digne d'un si grand homme.*

There is in these Thoughts a Beauty which engages at once, and even seem convincing at first Sight ; for to appearance, it is somewhat nobler to be cover'd by the Heav'ns than a Marble, and to have the whole World for a Tomb, instead of a little space of Earth ; but this at the bottom is but a Chimerical Grandeur. For the true Honour of Sepulture proceeds from the Affection and Esteem of our Relations and Friends, that erect our Monument only to cover our dead Bodies, and Enclose our Ashes to protect 'em from the Injuries of the Air, and the cruelty of Animals ; this is what the Sky does not in the least do, being destin'd to another Purpose, and covering equally the Bodies of Men and Beasts, without securing 'em from any thing.

Let us add, continues *Eudoxus*, to the Author, and the Translator of the *Pharsalia*, an Historian, that has handled the same Subject. (†) *Thus was the End of Pompey ; After three Consulships, and as many Triumphs, or rather after having subdued the Universe, so Inconsistent with her self, was Fortune in respect of this great Man, that the Earth which had lately been wanting to his Victories, should now be wanting to his Grave.* We must, however, at the same time allow this to be more Ostentatious than grand, and that these Thoughts would have been rejected by *Virgil* or *Livy* as Mon-

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(\*) Situs est qua terra extremo refuso pendet in oceano : Romanum nomen & omne Imperium Magno est tumuli modus. *Idem Lib. 8.* (†) Hic post tres Consulatus & totidem triumphos, doctumq; terrarum orbem, vitæ fuit exitus : in tantum in illo viro se discordante fortuna ut cui modo ad victoriam terra defuerat, accesset ad Sepulturam. *Vellei. Pater, Lib. 2.*



strous Imaginations. I don't know whether Tacitus himself would have been pleas'd with them; but I am sure, what he makes *Bojocalus* say in his Annals, and *Galgacus* in the Life of *Agricola*, is more Ingenious and Just. The one, when he refus'd the Lands offer'd him by the Romans, says, (\*) *We can never want Ground enough to Live and Die in.* The other being jealous of the Liberty of England, and a declared Enemy to the Roman Power, speaks thus to his Countryman. (†) *These Robbers of the World, when the Land is wanting to their Plunders, search out the most remote Seas. Is their Enemy Rich, he becomes a Prey to their Avarice, and if Poor to their Ambition. The East and West cannot satisfy 'em: Of all Conquerors, they are the only ones, that with equal Passion, pursue both the Rich and Poor. To Plunder, Massacre, and take by force, is what they unjustly call Sovereign Authority, and after they have Destroy'd every thing, if you will believe them, they bring Peace.*

You will own. Pursues *Eudoxus* these Thoughts to be a little Preferable to those upon the Funeral Pomp of *Charles the 5th.* What will you say then, answer'd *Philanthus*, of an Italian Sonnet, compos'd upon the Death of *Philip IV.* of Spain, which begins with Crying help, as if the World could no longer support itself, and the Sky was just tumbling on their Heads?

*Aita oh cieli ! or che vacillail mondo.*

*Tremate o mondi ! or che cadente eil cielo.*

Why I shall say, replies *Eudoxus*, that Fancy could never soar higher, and that *Pegasus* carried the Poet

(\*) *Beesse nobis terra in qua vivamus in qua moriamur non potest.* Ann. l. 13. (†) *Raptores orbis postquam cuncta vastantibus defuere terræ, & mare scrutantur. Si locuples hostis est avari, si pauper ambitioni: quos non Oriens, non Occidens Satiaverit, soli omnium opes atque inopiam pari affectu concupiscunt. Auferte trucidare, rapere falsis nominibus Imperium atque ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem apellant.* In vita *Agricol.*

(\*) Res  
ter, magna  
nugis quan  
hec aliud d  
est celo, se

## The Art of Criticism.

II

up into imaginary spaces. But the end, says *Philanthus*, in some manner atones for the beginning.

*Resto l' Alcide a softener il mundo,  
Passi l' Atlante a dominar il cielo.*

*Philip IV.* is the *Atlas* gone to Reign in Heaven, and *Charles the Second* his Successor, is the *Hercules* that Inhabits the Earth, to sustain the weight of the Globe. Believe me, the end is like the beginning, replies *Eudoxus*, and Remember that 'tis no less a Fault to be Grand on little Subjects, than to be too Grand on great ones. (\*) We have already observ'd and cannot to often repeat, that the true Sublime ought be bounded by just measures; all excesses are beyond the Rules of perfection, and even when a Subject is Lofly and Pompous, a Turgid Elevation is unlawful. (†) So easy is it to fall from Grand to Trifling, according to *Longinus*, who call this sort of empty Ostentatious Thoughts, the Dreams of *Jupiter*.

*Martial*, replies *Philanthus*, is by no means of *Longinus's* Opinion. His Thoughts are commonly swelling on great Subjects, and in my opinion not in the least shocking. You will, I don't Question, says *Eudoxus*, admire him upon *Domitian's* Court. (\*) *This Palace is as large as Heaven, but less than the Lord that Inhabites it.* And why not? Answers *Philanthus*, can any one give a loftier Idea of a noble Palace, and an august Monarch. It would have been better, replies *Eudoxus*, to have given a Natural Idea of it, without straining any thing. If I mistake not, you will also admire, pursues he, the same Poet speaking to

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(\*) Res omnes accomodate efferendæ sunt, parvæ quidem exiliiter, magnæ autem magnificæ. *Demetrius Phal. de Elocu.* (†) In nugis quandoq; facillime quæ grandia sunt evadunt. Quid enim hæc aliud dixerimus quam Jovis insomnia. *Scit. 7.* (†) *Par domus est cælo, sed minor est Domino.*

*Domitian* and *Jupiter* in the same Epigram. (a) (I beseech you) O *Cæsar*, to defer as long as possible taking your Place at the Table of *Jupiter*, or do thou O *Jupiter*, if thou art impatient for so great a Guest as *Cæsar*, descend hither. But is not the speaking in this manner to the King of the Gods, continues *Eudoxus*, the using him a little familiarly? Does not he exalt *Domitian* too much, by debasing of *Jupiter* so low.

'Tis a piece of Flattery, says *Philanthus*. I own it, replies *Eudoxus*; but this is such a piece of Flattery, as offends against Religion and good Sense at once. *Martial* ought not to have flattered his Prince at the expence of him, whom the Heathens considered as the Father of Mankind. The King of Kings, who with his Thunder had subdued the Giants, and made the Universe tremble with the motion of his Eye. In a Word, he ought not to have jested with *Jupiter*, as he does elsewhere also, where he says, (b) *Jove has not in all his Treasury enough to pay the Emperor*.

*Horace*, who thought justly, always observed the *Decorum* that Reason and Religion requir'd. When he is flattering *Augustus*, in speaking of *Jupiter*, he is satisfy'd with saying, (c) *To thy Care have the Fates committed the Charge of Cæsar*, and only makes this Wish, *May Cæsar hold the next Place to you in the Government of the Universe*. In these Thoughts he makes a prudent use of the Divinity of *Jupiter*, to set off the Grandeur of *Augustus*, and this is the Moderation, a Regular Wit uses in the sublime. *Martial*, was a stranger to this Vertue, and when he falls upon Flattery, *Domitian* must be above, or at least on a Level with *Jupiter*, very different from *Horace*, (d) *Who allows Jupiter, neither Superior, nor Equal*.

(†) *Esse velis Erosus conviva Tonantis, aut tu si properas Jupiter ipse veni. Lib. 8. vo.* (\*) *Nam tibi quod solvat non habet ar'a Jovis. Lib. 9.* (†) *Tibi cura magni Cæsaris fatis data tu Secundo Cæsare regnis. Horat. Carm. lib. 11. ode 12.* (d) *Unde nil majus generatus ipso, nec viget quicquam simile aut secundum, Ibid.*

Nay *Horace*, continued *Eudoxus*, is so Religious and Prudent in his Praises, that he does not in general compare his Heroes with the Gods, without regard to them. As when he says, (e) *Diomede* is equal to the Gods for Courage; he adds, that it is by the Assistance of a Goddess, and so *Pallas* is honour'd by that Divine Courage attributed to Man.

I agree, says *Philanthus*, that *Martial* does not use so much deference, and that he has very little respect for the Gods, but he is not the only Heathen Author which uses them in that manner. *Lucan*, perhaps, to omit the rest, observes as little *Decorum* as he. In the *Pharsalia*, *Cato* does not only dispute with the Gods; but (\*) *Pompey* at his Death affronts their Power, and (†) *Marius* forgives 'em his Disgrace; this is on the one hand to set light of 'em, and on the other to treat 'em as Criminals.

The Irregularities of *Lucan*, says *Eudoxus*, don't in the least Authorize *Martials*. Both of them are of those sorts of *Beaux Esprits*, that lose themselves sometimes in the flights they take, and are very unlike *Sappho*, that Ingenious and Learned Lady, who de-ferv'd among the *Greeks*, the name of the Tenth Muse. She had no sooner compar'd a very brave Man to the God of War, but was asham'd, and Corrected herself immediately, for judging that impossible for any to be, she says, that he was the Bravest of all Mankind.

Methinks, says *Philanthus*, *Sappho* was too scrupulous in this matter. I confess it, answers *Eudoxus*, and own, that *Homer* made no scruple of Conscience to say plainly, that *Merion* was like that God *Mars*; but 'tis his Custom to indue Men with the Vertues of

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(†) Quis martem tunica tectum adamantina Digne Scripserit?  
aut pulvere Troico Nigrum Merionem, aut ope Paladis Tydidem  
superis parem. *Horat. Carm. lib. 1. ode 16.* (\*) Sum tamen O su-  
peri, felix, nulliq; potestas Hoc auferre Deo. *Lucan lib. 8.* (†) So-  
lacia fatis Carthago, Mariusq; tulit pariterq; jacentes ignovere Diis.  
*lib. 2.*



the Vertues of the Gods, and the Gods with the Vices of Men, which I don't take this to be the best part of his Poem.

*Malherbe* has gone a great deal beyond *Homer*, in calling *Henry* 4.

*Plus Mars que Mars de la Thrace.*

*More Mars, than Mars of Thrace.*

A Poet, answers *Eudoxus*, whose Religion is different from *Homers*, looks upon *Mars*, but as an Hero, that the Fables have made the God of War, and whom they may without scruple, not only equal, but prefer before him a Victorious Monarch, that was the Prodigy of Valour. *Le Plus Mars, the more Mars* of *Malherbe*, expresses no more then the *Moins Hercule, less Hercules*, he uses to the Honour of the same Prince upon his happy success in the Voyage to *Sedan*.

*If thy Atchievements to which France owes its Deliverance, were to be Faithfully Written, who would not Confess, That Hercules was less Hercules than thee.*

*Si tes Labours, d'ou a France,  
A tire sa Deliverance,  
Sont ecrits avec foy :  
Qui ne confers qu'Hercule  
Fust moins Hercule que toy.*

An Infidel Prince seated on his Throne in the middle of his Army, and invested with a terrible Majesty, as the *Soldan* of *Agypt* was, may be Compar'd, as *Tasso* has done it, to the Figure of *Jove* that Darts Thunder.

*Appelle forse o Fidia in tal Sambiante  
Giove formo, ma Giove ale hor tonante.*

The Similitude is noble, and not strain'd : for 'tis, but to the Statue and Representation of *Jupiter*, that the *Soldan* of *Egypt* is compar'd. And there would be no more harm, in speaking Poetically of a Christian Prince, so formidable by his Power and Valour, as our great Monarch is, in comparing him to *Jupiter* himself with the rest of the Gods, as is done in the last Verses of a very Ingenious *Rondeau*. *When he takes the Sword in his Hand, he is the Jupiter that Darts Thunder, unhappy Holland appease his Fury : You had better have all the Gods your Enemies, than the King only.*

*Lors qu'a la main il a le cimiterre  
C'est Jupiter qui lance le tonnerre.  
Pauvre Hollande, appeisez son courroux :  
Il vaut mieux voir tous les Dieux contre vous  
Que le Roy seul.*

But these Examples, continued *Eudoxus*, are no Justification to the Heathens, who set the Emperor upon a Level with *Jupiter*, and Men in a Balance with the King of the Gods. If he was ridicul'd that call'd *Xerxes* the *Jove* of the *Persians*, what must we say of those who degrade *Jupiter*, by making him inferior or equal to any ? (\*)

'Tis flattery, says *Philanthus*, that introduc'd these Thoughts. Yes, replies *Eudoxus*, In Proportion to the decrease of Liberty among the *Romans*, and the increase of the *Cesar's* Power, Generosity, and good Sense alter'd, and Praise became more Servile, and less Natural. Under the Reign of *Augustus*, before Liberty was quite oppress'd, they were contented with (+) dividing the World between *Jupiter* and *Cesar*: But under the Reign of *Domitian*, when the

(\*) *Longin, Sest. 2.* (+) *Divisum Imperium cum Jove Cesar habet.*

Spirit of Slavery had extinguish'd the Remains of the Republican Principles, *Cæsar* was put above *Jupiter*. But to return to what I said just now of (†) *Horace* and *Sappho*, if those, who thought justly among the Heathens, were so cautious of placing Men in an absolute equality with the Gods, that *Pliny*, the younger, reprimands himself for saying that a Pilot, who in spite of a Tempest enter'd the Port, was like a Sea God; ought one of our Religion to flatter a great Minister of State, to divest him of human Frailties, and almost make him a God? This was, however, formerly done by a celebrated Writer, in his Dedication of a Book to Cardinal *Richlieu*, where he tells him he had, 'Freed the Passions from the Tumults they had contracted through Sin, that he had rais'd 'em to the Degree of Virtues, that he had reduced 'em to the necessity of submitting to the Law of Reason, and his Will; that no other evil Accidents affected him, but such as must have affected the Angels had they been mortal; that we are oblig'd to Heav'n for not making him an Angel, but a Man, since he was destin'd to employ so nobly the Frailties of our Nature; that by discoursing with the Genius of the Kingdom, he had learn'd to understand the designs of Mankind, and the inclinations of their Hearts; and to Sum up all, that in the Government of *France*, he imitated God in the Government of the World.

Indeed when the Cardinal was dead, the Author in the second Edition omitted all these Praises, and dedicated his Book to Jesus Christ himself, for a publick Recantation of those Excessive, and almost Irreligious Flatteries. Flattery perhaps says *Philanthus*, did never exalt any one to a higher pitch; and I remember, I have read another Epistle Dedicatory, where they tell this great Minister; *whoever beheld your Visage without being seized with, those transporting Fears*

(†) *Lib. 9. Ep. 26.*

which made the Prophets of old Tremble, when the Almighty imparted to them any Visible Beam of his Glory. But as he whom they dreaded to approach in the burning Bush, and amidst the Noise of his Thunder, sometimes came to them in the coolness of a Zephyr: So the sweetness of your August Visage dissipates at the same time, and condenses into a Dew, those subtile Vapours that Cloud its Majesty.

'Tis in favour of him, return'd Eudoxus, that Balzac has exhausted all the Hyperboles of his Rhetorick. For this I send you to Phyllarchus, and shall content my self to tell you in general, that the Bombast Sublime is as it were natural to Narcissus. But do you know, replies Philanthus a little angrily, that your Voiture himself is sometimes a little turgid, and that his first Letter written to Balzac, has a great deal of this Sublime you so much disapprove off. Philanthus took up the Book, and read as follows. 'Among the many fine Things you have said to my Advantage, all that I can believe flatters me, is, that Fortune has bestow'd on me any part of your Thoughts: Although I don't know whether the Imaginations of a Mind so elevated as yours is, not too weighty, and too reasonable to descend so low as me; and I should have esteem'd my self much more kindly us'd by you, if you had only thought to have lov'd me. For to imagine that you have reserv'd any place for me among those Sublime Thoughts, which are employ'd at this very time in sharing the Glory, and rewarding all the Virtues of the World, I have too good an Opinion of your understanding to believe this meanness, and should not be willing your Enemies should have this to Reproach you with.

'I have seen nothing of yours since your departure, which I don't think Superior to all you have ever done, and by these last performances you have acquir'd the Honour of Excelling, that which excell'd every thing else. All those who are Jealous of the Honour of this Nation, don't so much in-



form themselves what the Marechal de Creguy does as what you do, and we have more then two Generals of the Army, who don't make so much noise with 30000 Men, as you in your Retreat. If that Law which permits the Banishment of the most powerful in Authority and Reputation, were in use among us, I believe the publick Envy would discharge itself on your Head, and that the Cardinal de Richlieu, would not run so great a Hazard as you.

Is not all this upon the extremes, pursues *Philanthus*? And if you approve of such Thoughts, ought you to dislike *Balzac*. 'Tis a good while, replies *Eudoxus*, since I reflected on this Letter of *Voiture*, wherein I discover'd a peculiar Character very different from all the rest. I agree with you that 'tis every where Turgid; but permit me to tell you freely what I think of it. *Voiture*, if I am not deceived, affected this Style, either by that Imitation to make his Court to *Balzac*, or by Counterfeiting it to ridicule him; and what the more inclines me to think 'tis in ridicule, is that a Spirit of raillery runs through the Letter, that *Balzac* began to be Jealous of *Voiture* and at bottom there was not a right understanding between them.

But be it as it will, *Voiture* never thinks like *Balzac*, when he follows the Bent of his own Genius and even in those Places where he is most soaring, one never loses sight of him. And sure you won't call what he says to the Duke of *Anguien*, upon his taking *Dunkirk* to use your own Terms, a Bombast Sublime. 'Eloquence (says he) which adds Grandeur to the meanest Actions, cannot with all its Charms come up to the height of yours, and what in respect of others, she calls Hyperbolic, is but a weak Figure of Speech, to express what we think of you.

'Tis up  
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ing a fault  
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and 'tis bett  
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Million of M  
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though he en  
reality, who w  
If *Balzac* n  
er occasions  
ave nothing  
and his Sub  
*Voiture*'s.  
ifference bet  
the high Tone  
ever Soars b  
of sight, be  
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'Tis upon such occasions as this, pursues *Eudoxus*, here according to *Quintilian* the (\*) boldest Hyperbole is an Excellence in discourse, and far from being a fault; I mean, when the thing treated of surpasses in a manner the Bounds of human Prowess, as the Victory of a young Prince, who had taken *Dunkirk* contrary to all natural Appearance, and performed every day almost incredible Achievements; for in we are at Liberty to say more than we should, because 'tis impossible to say as much as we ought; 'tis better to go beyond the bounds of Truth, than to come short of them. So *Isocrates* being to describe the Expedition of *Xerxes* against the *Greeks*, when he addressed their Country by Land, with an Army of a million of Men, and by Sea with Twelve Hundred Gallies, says very justly, *Where is the Orator, who could he endeavour'd with all his Force to exceed the truth, who would not come short of it?*

*Balzac* made use of his Hyperboles upon no other occasions than these, pursues *Eudoxus*, I should have nothing to quarrel at in his Exaggerations, his Sublime would perhaps be Equivalent to *Voiture's*. But one may easily perceive the great difference between one and to'ther, *Balzac* assumes a high Tone even in low Subjects; when *Voiture* never soars but in great ones, and then never gets out of sight, because he is ever guided by the Rules of Art, (†) or rather by the Rules of good Sense. 'Tis in vain for you to tell me so, replies *Philander* for *Voiture's* Character agrees with that of *Lysias*, in the Opinion of *Dionysius Halicarnassensis*, how natural and plain he generally was, would Soar high, now and then like those Rivers, whose course is regular, and whose Waters are very clear,

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Tum Hyperbole virtus, cum res ipsa de qua loquendum est, hunc modum excessit. Conceditur enim amplius dicere, quia quantum est non potest, meliusque ultra quam citra iterum: *Lib. 8. c. 6.* (†) Simplex esse mavult quam cum periculo sublimi, nec tam artificium ostendit quam naturalem. *De Orator Antiq.*

(\*) yet, nevertheless, do overflow at some certain times.

But *Voiture*, replies *Eudoxus*, has nothing in common with those sort of Hyperbolical Wits, (†) whose Thoughts by the excess of their Hyperbole become insipid, of which sort was he, who speaking of the Rock which the *Cyclops* threw at *Ulysses's* Ship, said, the Goats were feeding upon it. And *Malherbe*, replies *Philanthus*, who in your Judgment is so just and solid, is not always so. He is Bombast upon some Occasions, or to express my self more figuratively This River which in his Course is so smooth and gentle, of a sudden swells into an impetuous Torrent and Roes, and falls down a Precipice. Does not he compare the Tears of the Queen Mother, upon the Death of *Henry the Great*, to the overflowing of the *Scin*. Her Tears, whose fruitful Source has never been dry'd up since thy Death, are like the *Seine* in a Storm dashing his Waves over the Key of Paris.

*L' Image de ses pleurs don't le Source seconde  
Jamais depuis ta mort ses vaisseaux n'a taris  
Oest la Seine en fureur qui deborde son onde  
Sur le quais de Paris.*

But what he says on the Penitence of *St. Peter* is more Violent. Then his Lamentations discharge themselves in Thunder, his Sighs becomes Winds which Oaks resist, and his Tears which one while fell gently, semble a Torrent which in its fall from the high Mountain, destroying and overflowing the Neighbouring Fields would turn the Universe into one Element.

*C'est alors que ses cris en tonneres s'eclatent,  
Ses Soupirs se font vents qui les chesnes combattent.*

(\*) Aequo sublimior & magnificentior in Panegyricis. *Juvenalis*. (†) Ex superlacione sententiae, & ex eo quod fieri nata est fragilitas.

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*Et ses pleurs qui tantost descendoient mollement  
Ressembloit un torrent qui des hautes montagnes  
Ravageant & noyant les voisines compagnes  
Vient que tout l'univers ne soit qu'un Element.*

is not in these Places, replies *Eudoxus*, that I esteem  
and admire *Malherbe*; here he plainly Contradicts  
Character, and I no longer know him. How-  
ever, answer'd *Philanthus*, the Sublime may be  
main'd higher in Verse than in Prose, and a Poem  
will admit of bold Thoughts incompatible with a  
piece of Eloquence. 'Tis true, replies *Eudoxus*, but  
we must set Bounds to that poetical Liberty, and the  
Sublime in *Epopæia* it self grows Ridiculous, when it  
exceeds Probability.

I don't take, says *Philanthus*, the lesser Composi-  
tions of Poetry to be oblig'd by the same strict Rules,  
as Epic Poems are. When those smaller Works, re-  
plies *Eudoxus*, are grave and serious, they ought to  
be as exact in point of Thought, as the great ones,  
and Hyperbole, and unbounded Exaggeration must  
be banish'd, and for my part I have as little Esteem  
for the Epigram of one of our Poets, upon the new  
buildings at the *Louvre*, as *Martials* upon the Palace  
of *Domitian*.

*and je vois ce Palais que tout le monde admire :  
Loin de l'admirer, je Soupire  
De le voir ainsi limite,  
Je prescrire a mon Prince un lieu qui le reserve,  
Une si grande Majesté  
A trop peu de toute la Terre.*

At sight of this Palace, which the whole World admires,  
I am so far from Admiration, that I sigh to see it so li-  
mited. What to prescribe my Prince a place that con-  
fines him! All the Earth is too small for a Majesty so  
great. However, says *Philanthus*, interrupting him,  
of the Inscriptions the Wits have made on the



*Louvre* are of the same Stamp. Says one (\*) *Jupiter never saw such a Palace at Rome, and proud Rome never adored such a Jupiter.* Another bids, (†) *Our Posterity cease to admire at the Magnificence of this Palace, for 'twas the Palace of the Sun.* There are some, says *Eudoxus*, less swelling and surprizing, which, however are not without their Grandeur. I'll shew you one that has altogether the Air of Antiquity, and one would think 't was writ in the *Augustean Age* (\*) *Open thy Gates to the People, O lofty Louvre; there is no House more worthy of the Empire of the World.* I remember another too which in my Opinion is finer (†) *an Hundred Cities taken, prove what Lewis can do in War; one House only, shews what he can do in Peace.* These Inscriptions, says *Philanthus*, put me in mind of the Cavalier *Bernini*; he was sent for into France for to design the *Louvre*, and cut the King's Statue in Marble. This got him the Praises of the whole Court, and occasion'd an *Italian Poet* to write these Verses, upon the Pedestal which was then made.

*Entró Bernino in un pensier profondo,  
Per far al Riggio busto un bel sostegno:  
Essdie, non trovandone alcun degno,  
Piccola basa a un tal Monarca e il mundo.*

To which *Bernini* himself answers:

*Mai mi Souvenne quel pensier profondo  
Par far di Re sì grande appoggio degno  
Van Sarebbe il pensier, che di Sostegno  
Non e mestier, a chi sostiene il mondo.*

---

(\*) *Nectales Romæ vidit sibi Jupiter ædes. Nec tale coluit ma superba Jovem.* (†) *Attoniti tantæ molis novitate nepos Mirari cessant Regia solis erat.* (\*) *Pande fores populis sublimis Lupara non est. Terra cum imperio dignior ulla Domus.* (†) *Q valeat bello Lodoix centum oppida monstrant. Monstrat e valeat pace vel una domus.*

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Here he is fallen into the vicious Sublime, replies  
*Endoxus* : For what can be less grand and solid, than  
 to say a whole World is too little a Basis for so great  
 a Monarch ; or that he who sustains the World, has  
 no need of this support.

This is not all, replies *Philantbus*, upon the Statue  
 of the King on Horseback made at *Rome*, by the Ca-  
 valier *Bernin* ; there is a Dialogue made between  
 the Capitol and his House. The first complains, that  
 having been always the place of Triumphs, this new  
 Triumpher should not be dispos'd of else where.  
 The latter answers, that where *Lewis the Grand* is,  
 there is the Capitol.

*Evero che il tuo luogo equello di Trionfanti:  
 Ma dove e il grand Luigi, e il Campidoglio.*

You must own that this, as well as what I said for-  
 merly, that where the great *Camillus* was, there was  
*Rome*, is truly Great ; and that also, which one of  
 our Poets makes a *Roman* say.

*Rome n'est plus dans Rome, elle est toute ou je Suis.*

*Rome is no more at Rome, but where I am shee is:*

I freely confess, that I cannot away with these  
 pompous Ideas ; and the six Verses, that one of the  
 most illustrious Prelates of the Kingdom has put un-  
 der the King's Statue at his Episcopal Palace, please  
 much more.

*Le Heros, la terreur, l'amour de l'univers  
 avoit des Ennemis en cent climats divers :  
 leurs efforts n' ont Servi qu'a le combler de gloire :  
 son nom les fit trembler, son bras les a defaits:  
 en fin las d' Encasser Victoire sur Victoire,  
 Maitre de leurs destins, il leur donne la Paix.*

*This Hero, the Love and Terrour of the World in a hundred different Climats, had Enemies. Their attempts serv'd only to Crown his Glory, whose Name made 'em Tremble, and whose Arm had defeated 'em. At length when he was weary of heaping Victory on Victory, and had made himself Master of their Fortunes: He gives them Peace.*

However, I am pleas'd to find Foreign Wits, when our Monarch is the Subject, speak of him a little upon the Excess, it is a Proof of that noble Idea which they have of him, and I can pardon that modern Italian Poet, who makes the Paneygrick of Lewis the Great, for saying, that whole Provinces, and impregnable Cittadels cost the King only a Reflexion of his Mind, and a sight of his Armies.

*Bellicose Province, e Rocche horrende  
Gia de' piu prodi inciampo,  
Un Raggio sol castaro  
De la mente regul, de l'armi un Lampo.*

Who no sooner thinks of so many several and noble Enterprizes, but Victory arrives as swift as his Thought:

*A varie ed alte imprese appena intende,  
Che allor veloce al paro  
D'ell eroico pensier, vien la vittoria.*

That his Thoughts are the Fate of Nations, and the Destinies descend on him.

*Son Destin delle genti moi pensieri  
Da lui pendono i fati.*

That he can Thunder with the Glory of his Name, and that his Resolutions are more Effectual in War than the Armies of other Princes.

*Egl i sa fulminar solo col tuono  
Piu' vince il suo voler che l'altrui guerra.*

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That *Lewis* to the shame of *Greece*, who in vain attempted to break through the Isthmus of *Corinth* has united the two Seas, as if the rendring the Symmetry of the World perfect, were an Effect of his Power and Wisdom, and that God who foresaw of what use this Union would be, would not do it himself, for the sake of reserving all its Glory for so great a Prince.

*Ecco in seno alla Francia or son Costretti  
Con l onde pellegrine  
Abboconi il Sireno, el Oceano.  
La Grecia Vantatrice il picciol tratto  
Tento cavar del suo Corinto in vano  
Omai LUIGI ha' tratto  
Mar a Mar piu lontano  
Quasi sua forza; e suo super profondo  
Sia migliorar la Simmetria del mondo.  
A Te Liugi ha 'l Creator serbato.*

I say these Thoughts are pardonable in a Man, on either side the Mountains; but I don't know, if they would be excusable in a *Frenchman*, for our Wit is of another mixture than the *Italian*, and we Relish now, nothing but a just Grandeur. However, replies *Philanthus*, our best Authors make use of Thoughts on the same subject, very much like the *Italian*, as this which relates to the Passage of the Rhine.

*De tant de Coups affreux la tempeste orageuse  
Tient un temps sur les eaux la fortune douteurs :  
Mais Louis d'un regard scait bien tost la fixer,  
La Destin a ses Yeux n'oseroit Balancer.*

The furious Storm of so many dreadful Attacks upon the Water, holds Fortune wavering for a while; but *Lewis* can in a moment fix her with a look. The Fates at sight of him dare not consider.

The



The two last Verses at least are as bold as the *Italian* Panegyrick. They are not at all Bombast, replies *Eudoxus*, but strong, and authoriz'd by a true Grandeur. The Poet does not say, the Fates in general depend on the King, he speaks of the Destiny of War only. The System of his Thought being wholly Poetical, he had a Right to introduce Fortune; and as the presence of so Magnanimous a Prince as ours, renders the Soldiers invincible, he might, speaking Poetically, say,

*Mais Louis d'un regard scait bien tost la fixer  
Le destin a ses Yeux n'oseroit balancer.*

But Lewis can, in a moment, fix her with a Look:  
The Fates at sight of him dare not consider.

Which is as much as to say: As soon as Lewis appear'd the Victory was certain. Is there any thing extravagant here, and was not all *Europe* a Witness of this surprizing Truth. But replies *Philanthus*, do you find nothing of Bombast, where the Poet after having said in a sort of Enthusiam.

*O que le Ciel soigneux de nostre Poesie  
Grand Roy; ne nous fist il plus Voisins de l'Asie?  
Bientost Victorieux de cent Peuples altiers  
Tu nous aurois fourni des Rimes a Milliers.*

O that Heav'n, great King, had been careful, for the sake of our Poetry, to have made us nearer Neighbours to Asia! your Conquests over a hundred proud Nations, would have supplied us with Rhimes by thousands.

Goes on in the same Tone.

*Quelle plaisir de te Suivre aux rives du Scammandre,  
D'y Trouver d' Ilion la poetique Cendre,  
De Jurer si les Grecs, qui briserent ses Tours,  
Firent plus en dix ans que Louis en dix Jours.*

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*What a pleasure would it be to follow you along the River Scamander, and there discover the Poetical Ashes of Troy, and judge if the Greeks who Levell'd her Towers did more in Ten Years, than Louis in Ten Days.*

This last Verse seems to me very strong to say no worse of it. The Thought is very strong, reply'd *Eudoxus*, but reasonable; for it does not say positively, like two other Verses almost like these, of another Poet.

*Et ton bras in dix Jours a plus fait a nos yeux,  
Que la Fable en dix ans n' a fait faire a ses Dieux.*

*And thy Aim has done more before our Eyes in Ten Days, then the Fable makes its Gods do in Ten Years*

After all, replies *Philanthus*, the Thought is not so strong as you imagine. For the Gods that are Wounded and Worst'd in *Homer*, are not at all Superior to the Heroes. You are in the Right, says *Eudoxus*, and *Longinus* I find had reason to say, that *Homer* aim'd as much as possible at making Gods of those Men that went to the Siege of *Troy*; and, on the contrary, he makes Men of the Gods themselves, even to the giving them those weak, base Passions, from which great Men are exempt, Witness the place where *Pluto* trembles, and believes himself Lost. The following Part of which is so admirably rendred by the Translator of *Longinus*.

*L'Enfer s'ement aut bruit de Neptune en furie,  
Pluton sort de son Trösne, il Paslit, il s'ecrie  
Ila Peur que ce Dieu dans cet affreux sejour,  
D'un coup de son Trident ne fasse entres le jour,  
Et par le centre ouvert, de la Terre ebranlee  
Ne fasse voir du Stix la rive desolee,  
Ne decouvre aux vivans cet Empire odieux  
Abhorré des mortels, & craint mesme des Dieux.*

Hell

Hell is all in a Tumult at the Noise of Neptune in a Rage, Pluto leaves his Throne, cries out and grows Pale. He is afraid lest he with a Stroke of his Trident, should Introduce Light into those dismal Abodes, and by disclosing the Center of the Trembling Earth, Explore the Desolate River Styx, and discover to Mankind this Hated Empire so abhor'd by Mortals, and so Dreaded by the Gods themselves.

A Portuguese Writer speaking of the Fortress of Japan, replies Philanthus, says the Ditch of it is so deep, that by it one may go and make War even with the Devils in Hell. *Que parece se abria para ir fazer guerra a os Demonios no inferno.* This is to speak boldly for a Historian, replies Eudoxus, and is but just tolerable in a Poet, (\*) like him who said, that by digging so deep in the Earth to come at the Marble, and Jasper we made the Ghosts in the Infernal Shades, hope to view the Light in Heaven.

Lucan, who is more an Historian than a Poet, replies Philanthus, has a Thought upon the Miseries of the Pharsalian War, which is in my Opinion very generous, but will, without doubt, seem to you too bold. If the Fates could find no other Way to Place Nero upon the Throne; and if Heaven Cost the Gods so dear, that Jupiter was not in quiet Possession of his Empire, till after the Giants War: (†) Ye Celestial Powers we complain no more of you, the most Enormous Crimes Purchased at this Price would please us. The Thought of Pliny the Younger, upon a like Subject, reply'd Eudoxus, is not so Choquant. You remember the Soldiers who killed the Murtherers of Domitian, besieged Nerva in his Palace. Upon which the Panegyrist of Trajan says, *Indeed this was a great Scandal to the Age, the Republick receiv'd a great wound in this Re-*

(\*) Jam montibus haustis antra gemunt, & dum varios lapides invenit usus, Inferni Manes cælum sperare jubentur. *Petro.* (†) Jam nihil, O Superi, querimus Scelera ipsa nefasq; hac mercede placent. *Lib. I.*

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incounter. The Lord and Father of the World is besieg'd, taken and imprison'd, and the Liberty of transacting every thing without constraint, which is the most delightful Part of Empire, is taken from him. (\*) Yet, if this was the only Expedient to make you Emperor, I almost dare boldly Pronounce, nothing is too great a Purchase for so great a good.

This Thought at least does not offend good manners, as *Lucan's* does, and that which is a little extravagant is softned by the, I almost dare boldly Pronounce. But I like still better, what *Corneille* makes old *Horatius* say, after the last of his Sons had kill'd the three *Curatii*, whose Sister was his Daughter-in-Law, and one of whom was to have been his Son in-Law.

*Rome triomphe d'Albe, Et c'est assez pour nous :  
Tous nos maux a ce prix doivent nous estre doux*

So Rome Triumph over Alba, we are rewarded, and ought to Love the Ills so well repaid.

This is Majestical and Sublime without Bombast, added *Eudoxus*, and *Longinus* himself would have approv'd of *Corneille*. If according to this great Master of Sublime, 'tis a fault in Tragedy, which is naturally Great and Pompous to soar unseasonably; how much more is one obliged to avoid soaring in our common Discourse: And from hence it was, that one *Georgias* was ridicul'd for calling *Vultures*; *living Sepulchres*. I don't see, replies *Philanthus*, any thing ridiculous in it. And *Hermogenes*, who thinks the Author of this thought deserves the Sepulchres he speaks off, in my opinion ought himself to be ridicul'd. Indeed, replies *Eudoxus*, the Thought is not altogether so ridiculous, and according to the Translator of *Longinus* would not

(\*) Si tamen hæc sola erat ratio quæ te publicæ Salutis gubernaculis admoverat, prope est ut exclamem tanti fuisse. *Panegy. Trajan.*



beblamable in Verse. (†) *Valerius Maximus*, speaking of *Artemisia* that drank the Ashes of her Husband *Mausolus*, has very properly call'd her a living Tomb; and a gallant Man of this Age, who is yet more illustrious for his Courage and Virtues, than his works, built as a Mausoleum for *Anne of Austria*, a Pyramid of flaming Hearts, with these Words in Spanish, *Assi sepultada no es muerta*, and these French Verses.

*Passant ne cherche point dans ce mortel séjour  
Arme de l'Univers & la Gloire & l'Amour  
Sous le funeste enclos d'une tombe relante:  
Elle est dans tous les cœurs encore après sa Mort,  
Et malgré & injustice, & la rigueur du sort  
Dans ces vivans tombeaux cette Reine est vivante.*

*Passenger, don't within this perishable Mansion look to find  
Anne, the Glory, and the Love of the Universe, under the  
sad inclosure of a moulding Tomb: Even after Death she  
Exists in every Heart, and in spite of the Injury, and  
cruelty of Fate; this Queen yet Lives within these living  
Tombs.*

I can scarce believe, pursued *Eudoxus*, that *Longinus* would have condemned these living Tombs in that Sense. Do you think, replies *Philanthus*, he would have lik'd a Place in the Triumphs of *Lewis* the Just.

*Ces Rois qui par tant de Structures  
Qui menacent encore le Ciel de leurs mazures,  
Oserent allier par une barbare orgueil,  
La Pompe avec la mort, la luxe avec la deuil.  
Aussi le temps a fuit sur ces manes hautaines  
D'illustres chastimens des vanitez humanies.  
Cest tombeaux sont tombez, and ces Superbes Rois  
Sous leur chute sont morts une seconde fois.*

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(†) Quid de illo inclyto tumulo loquere cum ipsa Mausoli vivum ac spirans Sepulchrum fieri concupierit.

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Those Kings, who by so many Structures, that threaten Heaven with their Towers, dare by a barbarous Ambition join together Magnificence and Death, Luxury and Mourning. But time has turn'd these aspiring Buildings into so many signal Chastisements of human Vanity. These Tombs have tumbled down, and in their fall these Kings have undergone a second Death.

These Thoughts are noble, and nobly express'd, reply'd Eudoxus, but these tumbling Tombs, methinks is a ridiculous Chime. (\*) Juvenal has said much better, that Tombs have their Periods, and perish as well as Men; and Ausonius after him, (†) that Death does not spare Monuments themselves. For the last Thought of undergoing a second Death, is probably taken from Boethius, when he asserts that the time will come when the Reputation of the most famous Romans shall be intirely obliterated, and where great Men shall die a second Time.

The same French Poet, replies Philanthus, says in another Place, upon the lofty ruined Buildings of Egypt, where the Statue of Abel and Cain stood.

La le frere innocent & le frere Assassin  
Egalement cassez ont une egale fin,  
Le Temps qu' aucun respect, qu' au cun devoir ne bride  
A fait de tous les deux un second homicide.

There the Innocent and Murd'rous Brother under, the Ruin, and the like Fate, Time, whom no Respect nor Duty can restrain, has committed on both of 'em a second Murder.

I like the second Life of a Child, preserv'd from a shipwreck upon the Corps of his drowned Father, better than the second Murther of the two Brothers, replies Eudoxus.

(\*) Quandoquidem data sunt ipsis quoque fata Sepulcris. Sat. 10.  
Mors etiam Saxi Marmoribusque venit. Auson. (\*) Quod suspexit longius vitam trahit mortalis aura nominis, Cum fera vobis spectet hoc etiam dies: Jam vos secunda mors manet.

The Thought is borrow'd from a Greek Epigram, which is happily applied to the immaculate Conception of the blessed Virgin; and translated into our Language the most ingeniously that can be. It is thus translated, and the Child speaks.

*Les Dieux toucher de mon naufrage  
Ayant vu perir mon Vaisseau,  
Mon presentèrent un nouveau  
Pour me reconduire au rivage:  
Il ne paroisoit sur les flots  
Ni navire ni matelots;  
Il ne me restoit plus d'espoir dans ma misere,  
Lors qu' apres mille vain efforts,  
J'apperçus pres de moy flotter des membres morts.  
Helas, c'estoit mon pere!  
Je le connus, Je l'embrassai,  
Et sur luy juscq; au port heureusement pousse  
Des ondes, & des Vents J'evitai la furie.  
Que ce Pere doit m'estre cher,  
Qui m' a deux fois donne la Vie,  
Une fois sur la Terre, & l'autre sur la mer!*

The Gods touch'd at my Shipwreck, seeing my Vessel left, gave me a new one to reconduct me to the Shore. There was no appearance of a Ship, nor Seaman upon the Waters. When I had no hope of relief left in my Distresses, and after 10000 vain Efforts, I perceiv'd some dead Limbs floating near me, and found, alas! it was my Father! I knew and embraced him, and being upon him fortunately brought to Shore, I escap'd the fury of the Waves and Winds. How dear ought that Father to be to me, who twice given me Life, once upon the Land, and a second time upon the Sea.

I have read somewhere, says Phylanthus, that when Cornelia was burying the Ashes of Pompey, which she supply'd the Place of her Husband himself. She thought she lost him a new, and suffer'd a second

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dowhood. There may be good Sense in all these thoughts, replys *Eudoxus*; however, they are not so bombast as *Lucan*, who generally goes beyond the mark. I confess, 'tis an easie matter in Rising to fly high, but hard to stop in time, as *Cicero* does, so *Quintilian* says (\*) never takes too high a flight: *Virgil*, who is even discreet in his Enthusiasm, is very far from those *Longinus* mentions, (†) who didst the Divine Fury they imagin'd themselves end with, trifle like School Boys: One of our own Poets, whose Fancy is the finest in the World, and who would be a compleat Poet, if he could Govern his Fury, is too transported on some Occasions.

Le Chevalier Chestien, pour aller a la Gloire  
Plus d'un carriere, & plus d'une victoire:  
En tombant il s'élève il triomphe en mourant.  
Et Prisonnier vainqueur, couronne de sa chaîne,  
Il garde a sa vertu la dignité de Reine.

The Christian Knight to obtain Renown, runs more than  
Course, wins more than one Victory, he rises by his Fall,  
Triumphs by his Death, tho' taken Prisoner is a Con-  
queror, and crown'd with his Chain, his Virtue preserves  
Queen's Honour.

'Tis this Poet, replies *Philanthus*, that in another  
Part of his Poem makes the Sultan of Egypt say.

Les Vains & foibles noms d'amis & de Parens  
Sont du droit des petits, & non du droit des Grands.  
Le Roy dans sa Couronne a toute sa famille:  
Son Estat est son fils, sa Grandeur est sa fille,  
Et de ses Interêts bornant sa parente,  
Tout seul est sa Race & sa Posterité.

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Non supra modum elatus Tullius, Lib. 12. Cap. 10. (†) Cum  
tantur sibi cum divino correpti & incitati furore non bacchantur  
elegantur pueriliter. Sect. 1.



Those weak and empty Names of Friend and Relation, are only binding to mean Souls, and not the Great. A King's whole Family is included in his Crown, his Kingdom is his Son, and his Grandeur his Daughter. His Interest Controuls his Relation, and he himself is alone, his Issue and Posterity.

This is called pushing a noble Thought to Extremity; replies *Eudoxus*, and there is no need of my making any Reflection on these two Verses:

*Son Etat est son fils, sa Grandeur est sa fille  
Tout Seulil est sa Race & sa Posterité,*

No more than on this,

*Il garde a sa vertue la dignite de Reine.*

You will do that well enough your self, and are, suppose, convinc'd that a Thought may be Elevate to an extravagant and trifling Sublime. But I am not at all perswaded, that the agreeable can be faulty even by its agreeableness, and that excess of Beauty can be a defect. If I am not mistaken, answers *Eudoxus*, shall convince you of this too, and by examples that are more persuasive than any Reasons.

The first Thoughts that occur on this Subject are of *Metamorphosis of Phillis's Eyes into Stars*. You remember this little Work. 'Tis the perfection of *W* replies *Philanthus*, and I am charm'd with it at every Reading. I was once charm'd with it as much as you return'd *Eudoxus*, but I have reclaim'd my Error, and am no longer an admirer of its affectation. The beginning which I thought so fine, is now in my opinion insipid and ridiculous.

*Beaux ennemis dy jour dont les feuillages sombres,  
Conserve le Repos, le Silence, et les Ombres.*

*The happy Enemies of Day whose gloomy Boughs, Silence  
Repose and Shades maintain.*

How little just Beauty there is in these *Happy Enemies of Day*, and how unbecoming is this Ostentation at first! But what follows to express the height of the Oaks of an Ancient Forrest, with all the Authors Graces displeases me.

*Vieux enfans de la Terre, agreable Titans,  
Qui jusques dans le ciel, sans crainte du tonnerre,  
Aller faire au soleil une innocente guerre.*

*Earth's Ancient Sons agreeable Titans, who fearless of Thunder, assault the Skys, and with the Sun wage inoffensive War.*

Besides the falshood of great Trees not being afraid of Thunder, for their height makes 'em the more expos'd to it, is not this aiming too much, to Please, to Call them *Agreeable Titans, who Wage with the Sun an inoffensive War*. The Description of the Fountain is at the same stamp with the Wood.

*C'est la par un cahos agreable et nouveau  
Que la Terre & le ciel se rencontre dans l'eau ;  
C'est la que l'oeil souffrant de donces impostures,  
Confond Tous les Objets avecque leurs figures ;  
C'est la que sur un arbre il croit voir les poissons  
Qu'il trouve des roseaux aupres des hameçons  
Et que le sens charme d'une trompeuse idole  
Doute si l'oiseau nage, ou si le poisson vole.*

'Tis here that by a new and agreeable Confusion the Earth and Skys meet together in the Water; 'tis here that the permitting the Charming Imposition, Confounds all Objects with their Representations; 'Tis here one thinks he sees Fishes upon Trees, and finds Roses Catch'd upon Rocks, and that the Senses Charm'd with the Deceitful Image, is in doubt whether the Birds swim, or the Fish

Another of our Poets, says *Philanthus* in making the Description of a Shipwrack occasion'd by burning the Ship, says

*Soldats & matelots roulez confusement  
Par un double malheur perissent doublement ;  
L'un se brule dans l'onde, au feu l'autre se noye,  
Et tous en mesme temps de deux morts sont la proye.*

*Soldiers and Seamen confus'dly mixt, meet by a Two-fold ill, a Two-fold Death ; this in the Water Burns, that in the Fire drowns, and these two Deaths Prey upon them all at the same time.*

This Verse

*L'un brule dans l'onde, au feu l'autre se noye*

Is like your

*Doute si l'oiseau, nage ou si le Poisson vole.*

These Thoughts, reply's *Eudoxus*, have a superficial Beauty, which flatters and pleases at first sight, but upon a nearer view, are found to be but affected ones, which please only like false Guineas that look brighter than the true, and are yet much less in value. You Omitted the first 4 Verses in the Description of the Fountain, says *Philanthus* methinks they are very fine and Natural.

*Au milieu de ce bois un liquide cristal  
Entombant d'une rocher forme un large canal  
Qui comme un beau miroir dans sa glace inconstante  
Fait de tous ses voisins la peinture mouvante.*

*In the middle of this Wood, a liquid Christal falling from a Rock, forms a large Canal, which, like a fine Mirror, in its inconstant Glass, reflects the Images of things near it very movingly,*

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If you call this natural, reply's *Eudoxus*, I can't imagine what your Idea of Affectation is. Indeed, replies *Philanthus*, you subvert all my Ideas. Believe me, replies *Eudoxus*, (\*) we should never aim at Pleasing too much even in florid Subjects, and 'twould be a great deal better for a Thought to be a little dark, than so *Brillant*.

However, replies *Philanthus*, I have formerly seen you mightily taken with a Sonnet full of these sort of Beauties. 'Tis the Sonnet on the Looking Glass, Compos'd by the Count d'Etelan, Nephew of the Marechal de Bassompierre, which you taught me, and I remember it.

Miroir peinture & portrait, qui donne, et qui recois,  
Et qui Porte en tous lieux avec toy mon Image,  
Qui peux tout exprimer excepte la langage,  
Et pour estre anime, n' as besoin que de voix :  
Tu puis seul me montrer, quand chez toy Jeme vois,  
Toutes mes passions peintes sur mon visage :  
Tu suis d'un pas egal mon humeur & mon age,  
Et dans leur changement jamais ne te decois.  
Les mains d'un artisan au labeur obstinees,  
D'un penible travail font en plusieurs annees  
Un portrait qui ne peut ressembler qu' un instant.  
Mais toy peintre brillant, d'un art inimitable  
Tu fais sans nul effort un ouvrage in constant  
Qui ressemble Toujours, & n'est jamais semblable,

O Mirror, thou who dost form and receive my Image and Picture, and carriest my Representation with thee every where, who canst express every thing but Language, and to be Alive wantest a Voice only: Thou only, when I see my self in thee, canst shew all my Passions stamp'd in my Face: You constantly follow me thro' my Ages and Humours, and are never mistaken in their Changes. The

(\*) Ludere quidem integrum est verum omni in re habendum est ratio decori. Demetrius Phalareus de Elocut.



Hand of an Artist, enur'd to Paint, can, in many Years, with great Labour, Draw a Picture, which can resemble me but for a moment: But thou, bright Painter, by an Art inimitable, canst Frame, without Paint, an instant Work, that always resembles, and is never alike.

When I was young, indeed replies Eudoxus, this Sonnet charm'd me, and even now. I think these are great Beauties, to be Alive, it only wants a Voice, Thou only canst shew all my Passions stamp'd in my Face. Thou Framest without pains, a Work which always resembles, and is never alike. These Stroaks are both agreeable and natural, but this, thou that dost form and receive my Image and Picture, becomes faulty by its being too agreeable, and ceases to please me. The Sonnet would be in the main excellent, were it a little less affected; and (tho' I believe it will surprize you) in my Opinion, the Thoughts of an Italian Poet upon a Looking Glass, are more natural, however ænigmatical and mysterious they are.

*Sò una mia cosa la qual non è viva,  
E par che viva : Se gli vai dinanti,  
E se tu scrivi parerà che scriva,  
E se tu canti parerà che canti ;  
E se ti affacci seco in prospettiva,  
Ti dira i tuoi difetti tutti quanti ;  
E se sdegnofo gli homeri le volti,  
Sparisce anch ella e torna se ti volti.*

My Image in the Glass is without Life, yet seems to have it; if I Weep, or Sing, one would think that Wept and Sung; it shews me all my outward Defects; it vanishes when I turn my Back, and appears as soon as I turn again, all this is fine, and good Sense. Because that to be Alive it only wants a Voice, does not offend you, nor non e viva e par che viva, I suppose, interrupted Philanthus, the Thought of Tasso upon the Engravers of Armidas's Palace Gate will please you. He says, the Figures are so well made they seem to be alive; they only

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only want Speech, and if we suffer our Eyes to guide us, they don't want ev'n that.

*Manca il parlar, di vivo altro non Chiedi :  
Ne manca questo ancor, a gli occhi credi :*

Which is as much as to say, reply'd *Eudoxus* smiling, that there is so much Motion and Life in the Faces of the Figures, that a Deaf Man, who could see perfectly, would, upon sight of 'em, believe they could Speak. You are merry, reply'd *Philanthus*, Well then to be serious, says *Eudoxus*, this Thought has a great deal of Wit, I own ; but *Virgil* thinks in another manner, in Describing the Engraving upon *Æneas's* Shield. But replies *Philanthus*, one of our Poets, whom I may call the French *Virgil*, says, in the Description of the noble Buildings of *Egypt*, where the Destruction of *Sodom* was Carv'd.

*Le marbre, & le Porphyre ont du feu la couleur,  
Il paroît mesme a l'œil qu'ils en ont la chaleur.*

The Marble and Porphyry were of the Colour of Fire, and lookt as if they had the Heat too.

But the Cardinal *Pallavicini* says of a great Prelate, that he was in his Youth, the Admiration of the Court of *Rome*, who make it their Pride not to admire ev'n Miracles ; that to Look on him, one would take him for a young Man, but to Hear for on old one ; so ripe and so solid were his Discourses, even in the very flower of his Age. *La Corte di Roma la quale si gloria de non ammirare eziundio l'ammirabile ; e pure ammira voi giovane se credeva a gli occhi, vecchio se dava fede all'udito.*

Both these Thoughts, replies *Eudoxus*, are in my Opinion more natural than *Tasso's*. An Italian, replies *Philanthus*, has put under the Statue of *St. Bruno*, painted to the Life, in the midst of a Solitary Retreat. *Egli è vivo, e parlerebbe se non osservasse, la rego-*

*la del silentio.* He is alive, and would speak, did he not observe the Laws of Silence. Is not this agreeable thinking? The Thought, replies *Eudoxus* is entertaining enough, and perhaps is only too agreeable. I believe 'twas produced by *Malherbe's* upon *St. Catherine's* Image.

*L'Art aussi bien que la nature,  
Eust fait plaindre cette peinture.  
Mars il a voulu figures,  
Qu'aux tormens dont la cause est belle,  
La gloire d'une ame fidelle,  
Est de souffrir sans murmurer.*

*Art as well as Nature had made this Image Weep:*  
But for the sake of shewing, that under those Torments,  
whose Cause is Noble, the Glory of a faithful Soul, consists in suffering without Complaints.

The Italians after all, may most properly be said to abound in these sort of Superficial Thoughts, and to be most lavish of their Agreements in their Writings. I don't speak of the *Cavalier Marini*, the Author of such gay *Descriptions*, that calls the Rose, the Springs Eye, the Eye ball of Love, the Purple of the Meadows, the Flower of Flowers.

*L'occhio di primavera,  
La pupilla d'Amor,  
La porpora de' prati  
Il fior de gli altri fiori.*

The Nightingale, a plumed Voice, a winged Sound, an harmonious Feather.

*Una voce pennata  
Un suon volante,  
Una piuma canora :*

The Stars, the Golden Lamps of the Firmament, the Flambeaux of the Funeral of the day, the Glasses

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of the World and Nature, the Immortal Flowers of the Celestial Fields.

*Sacre lampe dorate  
Ch'i palchi immensi,  
Del firmamento orname.  
De l'esequie del di chiare facelle.  
Specchi de l'Universo e di natura.  
Fiori immortali e nati.  
Ne'l campagne amene.  
De sempiterni prati.*

I say I don't mean *Marini*, who makes it his Practice to divert and amuse himself; but the Prince of Italian Poets, and can maintain, that *Tasso* is in a thousand places more agreeable than he ought. He is describing in his *Aminta* a Shepherdess employed in adorning herself with Flowers, and says, now she took a Lilly, then a Rose, and put them to her Cheeks, to compare Colours, and then she Smil'd as if glad of her Victory, and her Smile seem'd to tell the Flowers. I have excell'd you, and I don't wear you for my Ornament, but your Shame.

——— *Io pur vinco.  
Ne porto voi per ornamento mio,  
Ma porto voi sol per vergogna vostra.*

Is not this Charming, says *Philanthus*? I should be sorry, replies *Eudoxus*, if these Thoughts should Charm you; A Shepherdess never makes so many Reflections upon her Dress. Flowers are her natural Ornaments; which she uses when she wou'd be finer than ordinary, but does not so much as think of making them ashamed by it. And according to your taste, added he, these Expressions in Commendation of a fine Song, will be extremely Beautiful, that 'tis an Air which flies with Wings of Honey, a Peacocks Tail, a Meadow of Plumes, the Rainbow in the Sky, which is the Smile of Heav'n in Tears, a Bow with-

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out Arrows, or that has no Darts, but of Light, and which strike the Eyes only. Ah ! how fine is this, says *Philanthus* ? You must observe, replies *Eudoxus*, that the Metaphors drawn from the most pleasant things in Nature, never please but when they are forc'd. *The Air which flies with the Wings of Honey, the Meadow of Plumes, the Smile of Heaven in Tears, the Bow without Arrows, that had no Darts but these of Light, and which strike the Eyes only.* All this is too far fetcht, and even too excessively beautiful to be Good. Indeed, pursues *Eudoxus*, nothing is more agreeable than a Metaphor well Continued, or an exact Allegory ; but on the other hand nothing is farther from it than a Metaphor too long continued, or an Allegory too much extended. You have seen a little Dialogue in four Latin Verses upon *Urban the 8th.* when he was preferr'd to the Popedom. As he bore the Bees in his Arms, so they Allegorically represented him, and the Dialogue is between a *Frenchman*, a *Spaniard*, and an *Italian*. \* The *Frenchman* says first, *They will yield Honey to the French, and will sting the Spaniards.* The *Spaniard* answers, *If the Bees sting they must Die.* The *Italian* says afterwards to reconcile the *Frenchman* and the *Spaniard*, *they will yield all the World Honey, and sting no Body, for the King of Bees has no sting.*

This is what we call a lucky Allegory, where every thing is just and solid, and not exceeding its due limits. There are others, who, for want of being Artificially managed, though they begin well end ill.

*Testi*, who is, as we have already remark'd, the *Italian Horace*, affords an example of it, in the Preface to his second Volume of Lyrics. 'These Songs, says he, which I may call the Daughter of a Father now grown

(\*) *Gallus.* Gallis mella dabunt Hispanis spicula figent. *Hispanus.* Spicula si figent emorientur apes. *Italus.* Mella dabunt cunctis, nulli sua spicula figent: Spicula nam Princeps figere nescit apum.

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old, and who themselves are not young, are every day re-  
minding me of their Age and mine, being unwilling to  
live any longer at home, and impatient till they are in the  
World. Some of 'em that were more bold and forward  
than the rest you have already seen in all Companies and  
all Places; which turn'd to my disgrace; for we  
don't live an Age, where the *Herminias* and *Angelicas*, may, without scandal or dishonouring their  
Family, venture themselves alone in the World.  
This beginning is agreeable, but what follows is an  
instance of pushing a Thought too far. 'I have, adds  
the Author, taken upon me the care of remedying this  
inconvenience by their Marriage. *Ho d'unque havuto  
per bene di rimediare al disordine, e di spesarle in legittimo  
matrimonio a i torchi delle stampe.* But knowing the  
poorness of my Wit, might prevent their being well  
provided for, and considering on the other hand,  
that 'tis the Practice of generous Persons, to give  
assistance to Poor Virgins on the brink of Ruin, I  
beseech you, says he to the Reader, out of Charity  
to afford 'em your Protection, which will supply the  
want of a Fortune.

(t) This Marriage, this Poorness, this Fortune are the  
very Expressions, which render the Allegory Vitious, (\*)  
which were it less continued and less Pleasant, would in  
no wise be so. The Poet might call his last performances,  
the Daughters of a Father advanc'd in years, and say,  
that they themselves being of a mature Age, might be  
uneasie under their Confinement, and desirous of seeing  
the World, which some of them in spite of him had  
already done. But he ought to have stopt here, and  
not said a Word of Marriage; besides, adds *Eudoxus*  
smiling, the Muses are Virgins. The reason of that  
may be, interrupted *Philanthus* briskly, because

(t) Sciri oportet quousque in singulis sit progrediendum. *Longin.*  
lib. 29. (\*) In omnibus rebus videndum est quatenus etiam enim suus  
quique modus est, tamen magis offendit simium quam parum. *Ci-*  
*cero. Orat.*

they are Beggars, and han't wherewithal to be Married.

Be that as it will, replies *Eudoxus*, we commonly offend the Laws of Justness, by extending an agreeable Thought too far; and would you believe, that *Voiture* himself falls sometimes into this Error, witness his Letter of the *Blanket*, and even that of the *Carpe*. I did not believe, interrupted *Philanthus*, that you could ever prevail upon yourself to find *Voiture* blameable upon any occasion; and I am for *Balzac's* sake pleas'd at it: I am sincere, replies *Eudoxus*, and my Love has not so blinded me, but I can discern the defects of my Friends. But of all the ingenious Writers *Seneca* is he that knows how to reduce his Thoughts to the Standard of Good Sense. His aim is always to Please, and he is so concern'd least a fine Thought shou'd not please of itself, that he sets it in all the Lights it can be seen in, and dresses it in all the Colours that can make it agreeable. So that what his Father said of an Orator his Cotemporary, may be applied to him. (\*) *By repeating the same Thought and Turning it so many ways, he spoils it; and not being satisfied with having said a thing well once, he manages it so, that is not well said at all.* (†) This is he who was call'd by a Critick of that time the *Ovid* of Orators: for *Ovid* did not know how to leave off when he had done well, altho' in the opinion of the same Critick, (\*) 'tis as great a Vertue to know when to give over, as to know how to say any thing.

If we believe Cardinal *Pallavicin*, says *Philanthus*, (†) *Seneca* Perfumes this Thought with Amber and

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(\*) *Habethoc Montanus vitium sententias suas repetendo corrumpit, dum non est contentus unam rem semel bene dicere, efficit ne bene dixerit. Controvers. 5. lib. 9.* (†) *Propter hoc solebat Montanum Scaurus inter Oratores Ovidium vocare, nam et Ovidius nescit quod bene cessit relinquere. Ibid.* (\*) *Aiebat Scaurus non minus magnum virtutem esse definire, quam scire dicere Ibid.* (\*) *Considerationi sopra l'Arte delle stile e del dialogo.*

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Civet, which at last give one the Head Ach; at the beginning they please, but afterwards tire. *Profuma i suoi concesti con un ambra, E con un zibetto che a lungo, andare danno in testa, nel principio diletta, nel processo stancano.* But I am not altogether of your Opinion, nor his, for I find *Seneca* more Lively, touching and concise than *Cicero*.

Let us understand one another, replies *Euloxus*: *Cicero's* style has more Compass and Latitude than *Seneca's*, which is broken, and without numbers or connexion. But the thoughts of *Seneca* are more diffus'd than *Cicero's*. That seems to say more things, but this says 'em more effectually; the one enlarges all his Thoughts, and the other heaps Thought upon Thought; and the Cardinal (†) *Perron* had reason to say, that one might learn more in one Page of *Tully*, than six of *Seneca*. I don't produce any example of this, because 'twould be endless, and you will judge better of it yourself, by Reading each of them with Attention. And will be satisfied without doubt, that *Quintilian* had reason to say, (\*) 'twere to be wish'd, that *Seneca* in his Writings had made use of his own Wit, but Another's Judgment. But not to digress from our Subject, I add to the number of those Thoughts, whose fault consists in being too agreeable, all forc'd Antitheses, such as *Life* and *Death*, *Fire* and *Water*, in places I have met with. When *Florus* is speaking of those brave *Roman* Soldiers who were found dead upon their Enemies with their Swords still in their hands, after the Battle of *Tarentum*; and something yet menacing in their Aspect, he says the Rage which animated 'em while Fighting, liv'd in Death itself. (†) *Et in ipsa morte ira vivebat.* 'Twas enough to say there remain'd something menacing in their Aspects, *relicta in vultibus mine.* He should have stop'd there; *Livy* would

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(†) *Perroniana.* (\*) *Velles cum suo ingenio dixisse alieno Judici.* *Quint. lib. 10. Chap. 1,* (†) *Flor. Lib. 1. Cap. 18,*



have been very careful not to have made the Warlike  
fury live even in Death.

One of our Poets describing the descent of the  
*French Army before Damietta*, says,

*Tandis que les premiers disputent le rivage,  
Et qu' a force de bras ils ouvrent le passage,  
Louis impatient saute de son Vaisseau.*

*Whilst the foremost dispute the going ashore, and by force  
of Arms open'd themselves a Passage, impatient Lewis  
leapt out of his Vessel.*

Afterwards he goes on.

*Le beau feu de son cœur lui fait mépriser l'eau.*

*The bright fire of his Heart makes him contemn the  
Water.*

If I were not afraid of falling into the fault which  
I reprehend, added *Eudoxus*, I would say the opposition  
between this *bright Fire* and the *Waters*, is very frig-  
id; but I had rather in other Terms say, that this  
trifling Antitheses of Fire and Water on so serious an  
occasion, is a very unnatural Grace.

Another of our Poets, who has in a manner so  
agreeably and Poetically, describ'd, the passage of the  
*Rhine*, is very far from such Antitheses, and thinks  
more happily, when he says upon the Nobilities pas-  
sing in sight of the King.

*Louis les animant du feu de son courage,  
Se plaint de sa grandeur qui l'attache au rivage.*

*Lewis animating them with the fire of his Courage,  
laments his Grandeur, which confines him to the Shore.*

I perceive, interrupted *Philanthus*, you won't like an  
Epitaph made by *Lopez de Vega* in his *Jerusalem Con-*  
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*quistada*, upon *Frederic*, who after his arrival at *Constantinople* with his Victorious Army, was drown'd in the *Cidrus*, as he was bathing after Hunting.

*Naci in tierra, fui fuego, en agua muero.*

The *Spanish* Poet, replies *Eudoxus*, thought he had done a Miracle, by crouding three Elements in one Epitaph, and saying to make it the more agreeable, that *Frederick* who was born on the Earth, and died in the Water, was compos'd of Fire.

I have no better an Opinion of the Thought which *Seneca* the Tragedian uses, upon King *Priam's* (\*) being depriv'd of Funeral Honours. *This Father of so many Kings is destitute of a Sepulchre, and whilst all Troy is in a flame, wants a Funeral Fire.* Another Poet says, (†) *Troy does not serve for Priam's Funeral Pile, whose dead Body lies extended on the Shoar,* which is almost the same Thought. This Poet is in my Opinion, replies *Eudoxus*, more discreet, and less Boyish than *Seneca*.

Beside you must know, that then Thoughts are most faulty, when the subject it self is Melancholly, and where every thing ought to be Natural. What *Tancrede* says upon *Clorinda's* Tomb, whom he passionately lov'd, is glaring and full of Points, as more then one Critick has observ'd.

*O Saffo amato & honorato tanto  
Che dentro hai le mie fiamme, e fuori il pianto:  
Non di morte sei tu ; ma di vivaci  
Ceneri albergo ove e riposto Amore.*

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(\*) Ille tot Regum parens caret Sepulchro Priamus, et flamma  
diget ardente Troja. In *Troad Act* 1. (†) Priamumq; in littore  
mucum cui non Troja rogas.

I can't help laughing at those Criticks, interrupted *Philanthus*, for what can be whiter then this Marble that contains Fires within, and Tears without; which is not the abode of Death, but the Inclosure of those living Ashes, wherein Love reposes. (\*) Tears and Witticisms, are very disagreeable Company, and grief has no occasion for such Points. The Picture which *Tasso* draws of *Tancrede*, before he makes him speak, promises something more touching and reasonable.

*Pallido, freddo, muto e quasi privo  
Di movimento al marmo gli occhi affisse:  
Al fin sgorgando un lagrimoso rivo  
In un languido obime ! proruppe, e disse.*

But this pale, cold Man, that observ'd so melancholy a Silence, and stood almost without motion, that upon fixing his Eyes on the Tomb, dissolves into Tears, and sighs out a Languishing: Alas; this Man I say, all of a sudden begins to break out into fine Thoughts, and ingenious Trifling, which is methinks just as pleasant as 'twould be for a Man at a Funeral Ceremony, with Mourning down to his Heels, with Tears in his Eyes, and a Face dejected with Grief, to set himself a Dancing a Courant to make the Company merry. The Poet had better have made *Tancrede* say nothing on this Occasion, as he had done before, when this unhappy Prince discovered *Clorinda*, by taking off her Helmet to Christen her, after he himself had given Her her Death Wound:

*La vide e la conobbe : e restò senza  
Evoce e moto. Ahi uista ahì conoscenza !*

(\*) Sententiolis ne flendum erit, *Quint Lib. 11. C. 1.*

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But *Tancrede*, replies *Philanthus*, speaks when he was recover'd from his Swoon, and I remember a fine thing he says, when he beheld *Clorinda* dead.

----- *Ovifo che puoi far la morte*

*Dolce : ma raddolcir non puoi mia sorte.*

This perhaps is but too beautiful, replies *Eudoxus*, O charming Face that can make Death it self Lovely but cannot soften the rigour of my Fate. To be plain with you, I do not think the Thought natural enough, and I like better what he says afterwards : *What, do I yet Live, and see the Light !*

*Io vivo ? Io spira ancora ? e gli odiosi.*

*Rai miro ancor di questo infausto die?*

*Tancrede* in the *Jerusalemme liberata*, is, added he, like *Sancerre* in the *Princess of Cleves* ; their Affection begins more naturally than it ends. And to have done with *Tancrede*, the Author of the *Letter to Madam the Marchioness* \*.\*.\*.\* has, in my Opinion truly observed, that *Sancerre* so passionately touch'd at the Death of *Madam de Tournon*, after having said more than once, *she is dead, I shall see her no more*, ought not to have proceeded, saying, *I am as much afflicted at her Death, as if she had been faithful to me, and repent her Infidelity as if she were not Dead.* I can neither comfort my self, nor hate her. I am more afflicted at her loss, than her Change. I cannot find her Criminal enough to consent to her Death. I pay the same Tribute of grief to the false Passion she feign'd for me, that I thought due to a sincere one. And why might not this be said, replies *Philanthus*, because, answers *Eudoxus*, 'tis too ingenious for a Man in Affliction, and according to *Seneca's Halicanassus*, (†) such witty Expressions up-

(†) *Orines in re seria verborum delicia etiam non inepta, inopportuna sunt, & commiserationi plurimum averfuntur.* In *Juvenalis de Isocrat.*



on a melancholy Subject, are unseasonable, be they never so Just, and even prevent that Compassion we otherwise should feel. I am certain, replies *Philanthus*, that Persons of good Taste are pleas'd with *Sancerre's* Sentiments, and perhaps that are better skill'd in the Passions than you.

But to return to *Tancred*, whom I cannot yet part with, I suppose, the Antitheses and Apostrophes he makes in the Extremity of his Grief, must with you pass under the Denomination of Witticisms? Doubtless, replies *Eudoxus*: For is not this Trifling to say, *I shall live like a miserable Monster of unhappy Love, whose unworthy Life is the only worthy Punishment of his Immense Impiety.*

*Dunque i vivro Tra memorandi essempi:  
Misero monstro d' infelice amore;  
Misero monstro, a cui sol pena e degna  
De l'immensa impieta la vita indegna.*

Believe me this *Worthy* and *Unworthy*, is a turn by no means proper to an extream Affliction. For his Apostrophes to his Hand, and his Eyes, they seem Trifling, that I think them Intolerable. 'Why fearst thou 'and infamous Hand, don't you immediately cut 'the Thread of my Life, you who are so practis'd in 'Wounds and Death.

*A hi man timida e lenta, hor che non ost,  
Tu, che fui tutte del ferir le vie;  
Tu ministra di morte empia & infame,  
Di questa vita rea tronear la flame!*

'And you Eyes barbarous as my Hands the gave 'the Wounds, and you admired her.

(†) Lenitati & compositioni numerosæ studere non est hominibus commoti, sed ludentis & potius sese Ostentantis. *Demet. Phil. Elocut.*

O di par con la man luci spietate  
 Essa le piaghe se, voi le mirate.

This does not come up to what he says afterwards,  
*What do I live? Do I breath? Still? Io vivo, Io spiro  
 ancora!*

But the afflicted are not the only Persons in whom  
 he having too much Wit, or being fond of showing  
 it, is unbecoming. The Thoughts of dying People  
 should also be Natural, and I am astonish'd, at read-  
 ing the last Words of *Seneca* in a little Book bearing  
 that Title, to hear him say Things that look like a  
 Declamator and Academick. Pray hear 'em, says  
*Seneca*, taking a Paper, and reading what follows.

'It looks as if Nature would retain me by force,  
 and shut up the Canals thro which my Life should  
 pass. This Blood which stays in my dislected  
 Veins, is an Enemy to its own Liberty, but a great-  
 er to mine; it comes but by drops, although my  
 desires urge it; as if it intended *Nero's* Justification,  
 and have its spilling thought not unjust, because it  
 is Rebellious to his Commands.

'The Blood which is hardly stop'd in others  
 Wounds, will not leave mine, and one would think  
 bold Intelligence with Death to stick close to me,  
 when he draws it away.

'This Dagger that blushes with *Paulinus* Blood  
 only, as if it were ashamed of wounding a Woman,  
 after having in vain made the first Orifices, shall  
 actually cut the last.

This is exactly *Theophilus* in his *Pyramus*, cries *Phi-  
 lophilus*.

Voicy le poignard qui du sang de son maistre  
 S'est souille laschement! il en rougit, le traistre.

Behold, alas, the Dagger that has basely stain'd it self  
 with Master's Blood! The Traitor blushes at it.

But hear the rest, replies *Philanthus*, 'As insensible as it is, it takes pity on *Nero*, and seeing him troubled with so Violent a Thirst, opens those Sources that may Quench it in Blood, his common Drink.

As for my part, replies *Philanthus*, I don't admire at the Jests *Seneca* makes when he was dying. He died, as he liv'd; and I should have wonder'd much more, if he had alter'd his mind at his Death. One can't make a better defence of the Person that makes him talk so wittily, replied *Eudoxus*, and I have nothing to object upon that matter. I confess however, replies *Philanthus*, That the Dagger which blushes with *Paulina's* Blood only, as if it were ashamed of having wounded a Woman, pleases me more at present than it did formerly, and this Thought revives some others of this Kind.

Mr. *Adams*, the famous Joiner of *Nevers*, says that *Princess Maria's* Complexion.

*De honte a fait rougir les roses  
De Jalousie a fait paillir les lys.*

Made the *Roses* blush with shame, and the *Lillies* turn pale with *Jalousie*.

And the *Carmelite* of *Provence*, Author of the Poem of *Magdalen*, makes this Apostrophe to the Woman out of a Cloister, in recommending the Penitence of *St. Baum*, as a Model for them.

*Ne rougirez vous point deses pastes couleueur?*

*Would not you look Red at sight of her Paleness?*

These are Poets, 'tis true, replies *Eudoxus*, but Poets of very particular Character, in whom 'one may Pardon what would be scarce tolerable in others. But what will you say of the *Italian* Preacher, who speaking of a Saint, whose Beauty had kindled some in pure Flames, and who to cure the ill she had done deform'd her Face? 'That if the Fairness of her

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Complexion could blacken the Souls of her Brethren, her Blood should make 'em Redden with Shame. Now you see to what Extravagance the desire to say fine Things carries us, for want of a good Taste.

I am convinc'd, replies *Philanthus*, that there may be an excess in Agreeableness, as well as in the Sublime: But I can't conceive how any thing can be too Nice, or think that a Thought can be too Fine, (†) Excess is always a Fault, replies *Eudoxus*, and Delicacy has its Limits, as well as Sublime and Agreeableness. By thinking too Finely, we grow affectedly Nice, and then the Thought degenerates into a Subtilty, which exceeds the Bounds of what is call'd Delicacy: It is, if it may be defin'd an exquisite Affectation; 'tis not Fineness, but Subtilty. We want Words to express Things so Curious and Abstracted, they are scarce conceivably, and in effect nothing but Examples can make 'em understood. I have some here of all Degrees, and all Kinds; for there is more than one sort of unlawful Delicacy, and I have been Curious in remarking what I find in Authors most extraordinary in this Kind.

I don't speak here of what is visibly Faulty by too much Subtilty, as that the Poet of *Provence* says upon *Baum's Cave*, which is very moist, and continual dropping.

*Alambic lambrisse sans diminution*

*Lambris alambique sans interruption:*

*An Alembick cieled without Diminution, a Cieling dwelling without Interruption.*

But of some certain Thoughts, who for all their fill'd Subtilty, make a good Appearance, and have something which Surprizes at first sight.

(†) Vitium est ubique quod nimium est. *Quint. Lib. 8. Chap. 3.*



The first I meet with in my Collection is out of the Epigram upon Old ----- Rome, of which we have already more than once spoken.

The Poet, after having said, that now nothing remain'd of this once so proud City but Ruins, which still retain'd something August and Threatning, adds (†), that when she had subdued the World, she endeavour'd to subdue her self, which she at last Effected to shew there was nothing in the World she could not Conquer. He means that the Conquerors, and Masters of the World turn'd their Arms against themselves, and that Rome was destroy'd by the Romans. If he had said no more his Thought had been Just and Natural: But the saying, that Rome had subdued her self, to shew there was nothing in the World she could not Conquer, is a subtile Reflexion.

The Thought of *Pliny*, the Younger, upon the Death of *Nerva*, who had adopted *Trajan* is almost like this. The Panegyrist says (\*). The Gods took *Nerva* out of this World, for fear after so Divine an Act, he should do something humane. that so great a Work as this deserved the Honour of being the last, and that its Author ought immediately to take his Place in Heaven, that Posterity might have Room to enquire, if he was not Deifyed when he did it.

All this is very Subtile Imagination you see: But there's a little too much Subtilty in these Reflexions, and in all Probability this is one of the Quintessent Places, that made *Voiture* have a less Esteem for *Pliny*'s Panegyrick, than a sort of Soup to Eat with *Balzam* and invented by the Master of the House.

(†) Vicit ut hæc mundum, nisa est se vincere; vicit, A se victum ne quid in orbe foret. (\*) Nervam Dii Cælo vindicaverunt, ne quid post illud Divinum & immortale factum, mortali faceret. Deberi quippe maximo operi hanc veneratione, ut novissimum esset, authoremq; ejus statim consecrandum ut quando inter posteros quæreretur, an illud jam Deus fecisset *Plinius*. Panegyrico *Traiani*.

The Wit, about according to Raillerie gyrrick amaz'd Wit, and shines forth turn'd to a son, who he did not doubtless not, was good Earl he had not 'Tis a piece of fine Str at the same that in m too full of Thought another to People (†) would Love me, that an the Gods m ty, whose F believes no when the Go The Th ingenious, sa little too m

(†) Pro no ant Dij quom andum est, princeps. Civ am pie meri zefarem imite

The Comparison is a little Course for a polite Wit, says *Philanthus*, and I can't comprehend where about *Voiture's* Jest lyes in this Similitude. He Rallies according to his Custum, replies *Eudoxus*, but by his Raillery he gives us to understand that *Pliny's* Panegyrick has no Charms for him. That's what I am amaz'd at, replies *Philanthus*. Can a Man have any Wit, and not admire a Performance wherein Wit shines from the beginning to the end. Perhaps, return'd *Eudoxus*, this Redundancy of Wit is the Reason, why *Voiture* does not admire it, or at least that he did not like it so well as *Balzac's* Soups, which doubtless were Nourishing: For *Voiture*, if I mistake not, was always Natural, and had as good a Gust in good Eating as Eloquence. I could wish, however, he had not in general Condemn'd *Pliny's* Panegyrick. 'Tis a piece *Tully* himself would have own'd to be full of fine Strokes, and excellent Thoughts. But it must at the same time be granted in *Voiture's* Justification, that in many places it is something too Subtile, and too full of Point, to be like the *Augustean* Age. The Thought I have cited is of this sort; and I can add another to it, upon the Love which *Trajan* bore his People (†). *The Sum of our wishes is that the Gods should Love us like you. What People can be happier than we, that are not to wish the Prince may Love us, but that the Gods may Love us like the Prince. This Religious City, whose Piety has always deserved the Favour of Heaven, believes no other Addition can be made to their Felicity, when the Gods taking the Emperor for their Example.*

The Thought seems in my Opinion. Fine and Ingenious, says *Philanthus*. It has, replies *Eudoxus*, a little too much Delicacy; which if you don't see, I

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(†) Pro nobis ipsis hæc fuit summa Votorum ut nos sic amaret Dij quomodo tu. Quid felicius nobis quibus non jam illud opus est, ut nos diligat princeps sed Di quemadmodum princeps. Civitas religionibus dedita semperq; Deorum indulgentiam pie merita, nihil felicitate suæ putat adstrui posse nisi ut Dij æquarem imitentur. *Panegy. Trajan.*

don't know how to make you understand, it being better Perceiv'd than Explain'd.

I can assure you, added he, that the Pagan Authors, who are most Guilty of this Subtile way of thinking, commonly do it when they bring the Gods into play. *Lucan* never fails, and his Wit, which is naturally soaring, if I may use that Expression, flies out of sight, evaporates, and is quite lost, when the Gods have any part in the Thought. Hear how he refines upon *Marius*, when beaten by *Sylla*, and deserted by his Friends, he was forced to retire into *Africa*. *Carthage* being ruin'd, and *Marius* Banish'd, they mutually Comforted one another, and forgave the Gods their Common Fate.

The Historian I so much admire, uses almost the same Thought, interrupted *Philanthus*, only he omits the Gods. After having said, that this great Man suffered all the inconveniencies of a Poor Life, in a Cottage among the *Carthaginian* Ruins; he adds, that *Marius* looking on *Carthage*, and *Carthage* beholding *Marius*, might give one another mutual Consolation.

If this be not subtilty, replies *Eudoxus*, 'tis something very near it. But this mutual comfort is much more pardonable in the Poet, than the Historian, who ought to be more natural and plain. One might have imagin'd, that *Marius* receiv'd some comfort upon sight of *Carthage*, without adding, that *Carthage* receiv'd the like upon sight of *Marius*.

*Plutarch* took care to avoid this Subtilty; he was contented with saying, that a *Roman* *Prætor*, then Governor of *Libya*, having by a particular Messenger, expressly forbidden *Marius* to set foot in his Province

(\*) Solatia fati Carthago, Mariusq; tulit, pariterq; cadentes in-  
novare Dijs. Lib. 2. (†) Cursum in Africum direxit, inopem  
vitam in tugurio ruinarum Carthaginiensium toleravit. Cum Ma-  
rius aspiciens Carthaginem illa intuens Marium, alter alteri posset  
esse Solatio. Velle. Pater. Lib. 2.

(†) Ne Ti-  
nem ascitum  
it, comparati  
(\*) Primores  
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was thus answer'd by *Marius*, Go and tell *Sextilius*, that you saw *Marius* sitting among the Ruins of Carthage; to put him in mind, that by the turn of his Fortune, and the ruin of so Potent a City, that he himself had good reason to be afraid.

You don't consider, says *Philanthus*, that while you blame these Reflections, which are so subtle in your Opinion, you are Arraigning *Tacitus*, who you esteem. But this Accusation no ways affects *Livy* nor *Salust*, replies *Eudoxus*, whom I have a greater esteem for. *Tacitus* is indeed a fine Wit, and a great Politician, but in my opinion no excellent Historian. He has neither the simplicity nor clearness requisite in History; he reasons too much upon facts, and rather guesses at the designs of Princes than discovers 'em; He does not relate things as they were, but as they might have been, to be plain his Reflections are too fine, and have too little resemblance of Truth; for instance, is there any likelyhood that *Augustus* prefer'd *Tiberius* to *Agrippa* and *Germanicus*, only to acquire to himself the Glory, that the (†) Comparison of so cruel and haughty a Prince as *Tiberius*, with his Predecessor would produce? For tho' *Tacitus* puts this into the Mouth of a *Roman*, one sees but too plainly, that the Reflection is his own, as well as that he makes upon the Emperor, (\*) remembering in his Will among his Heirs, the principal Men of *Rome*, of whom the greatest part were odious to him. He says he did it through Vanity, and to procure himself the esteem of succeeding Ages.

But *Tacitus* is not the only refining Historian; there are some that Counterfeit him every Day, and think

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(†) Ne Tiberium quidem caritate aut Reipublicæ causa Successionem ascitum; sed quoniam arrogantem Sævitiæque ejus introspectu, comparatione deterrima sibi gloriam quævisse. *Annal*, L. I.  
 (\*) Primores Civitates scripserat plerosque, invisos sibi, sed jactantia gloriæque ad Posteror. *Ibid.*



their Merits lies in the imitations of his Defects. One of these Mimicks of *Tacitus* makes no difficulty to say of a Duke of *Wirtemberg*, 'that he lov'd to do ill for the sole Pleasure that his Distemper'd imagination fancy'd there was in the Committing it; that the Dignity of a King was every way Odious, except for the giving him Privilege of doing ill with Impunity; and of a Bishop of *Utrecht*, of the last House of *Burgundy*, 'that he despis'd those who Prais'd Chastity, as much as those who kept themselves Chast, and that to gain an easy admittance into his Palace, one must pass for a common Whore-master at least. Would you not be much surpriz'd, says *Philanthus*, if the Author should have found this Word for Word in his own Memoirs? Yes certainly, replies *Eudoxus*, but I dare say, that his Imagination alone has furnish'd him with these fine Ideas, as well as what relates to the Queen *Catherine de Medicis*, the Duke of *Anjou*, and the Prince of *Conde*, In a part of the History of *Charles the 9th*; where the Author says, upon the business of a little warm Conversation that happen'd between these Princes, they were dissatisfy'd one with another; 'that the Prince of *Conde* from that moment, 'hated the Duke of *Anjou* as violently, as if his Aversion had not been already exhausted by the double 'Hate he bore the Queen,

Indeed I think this is full of Subtilty, replied *Philanthus*, and very much question if what *Megara* in *Seneca* says, be not of the same Stamp. This Princess's indignation against the Murtherer of her Family, and Usurper of her Crown, provokes her to tell him, (\*) that now all is lost, the Pleasure she takes in hating him, is some sort of Consolation for her Sons; and that the Hate she bears him, is dearer than her Family.

(\*) Patrem abstulisti, regna Germanos, larem Patriam, quid ultra est? Una res superest mihi, Fratre ac parente carior regno, et late Odium hic; quod esse cum populo mihi Commune doleo par quota isto mea est. *Herc. Fur.*

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*Tasso*: Bu  
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tem, nor  
new Fancy

(†) *Homer*  
rimus etiam  
16.

ly, her Crown, and Country, and that one thing only disturbs her, and that is the Peoples hating him also, because she would engross in her own Heart all the hate that could be conceiv'd against so cruel and odious a Tyrant. Every Writer of Moral and Political Reflections, replies *Eudoxus*, are not like the great Man, who has oblig'd us with some so Ingenious and Delicate : The greatest part of 'em are a little Imaginary, and methinks the *Italian Proverb* is applicable to them, *Chi troppo l'affortiglia la Scavèzza*. There are your *Malvezzis* and *Ceriziers*, that Sophistificate their Thoughts, and will tell you, that those who have recourse to the Sword, which Justice holds in one Hand, very rarely mind the Ballance she holds in the other : That Beauty is the most powerful, and most impotent Enemy of Mankind; for as she can Conquer us with a look only, so we can Triumph over her by not looking on her at all.

After all, replies *Philanthus*, these Thoughts are just, and very Witty. That I don't deny, answers *Eudoxus*, I only say they would be much better, were they more Solid; and that they are like some Plates of Metal which are fil'd so thin, that they are reduced almost to nothing, or those small Works in Ivory, which by their too great Finess, have scarce any substance.

An Author of this Character said of a Lady, he endeavour'd to Praise, that the most *Monstrous Grimaces* have *an inexpressible Grace*, when she imitates those that make 'em. I have seen, says *Philanthus*, some terrible Graces in (†) *Homer*, and a noble Horrour in *Tasso* : But I never saw any agreeable Grimaces, and was of the Opinion, 'twas never becoming to make 'em, nor Mimick those that made 'em. This is a new Fancy too, replies *Eudoxus*, and the *Italians* say

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(†) *Homerus in ludendo majorum truculentiam præ se fert, ac minimus etiam dicitur horrentes Veneres reperisse. Demet Phaler de*

of these sort of Novelties, *questo è bizzarmente-pensato*. However, I perceive in *Homer's Cyclops*, something Noble and Haughty that pleases, and that the Camp of *Tasso* is a Spectacle equally Fine and Formidable.

*Bello in sì bella vista anco è l' horrore.*

But I can't conceive how the finest Grimaces in the World, can yield any other Pleasures than the making one Laugh, as those of *Scaramouche* and *Harlequin* do; and I don't think that was the Intention of the Author of the Picture or Elogy, I am speaking of. His aim was doubtless to flatter the Person, whose Portraiture he Draws; and his Thought is, that in her very Grimaces there is something Charming. Indeed I like better what *Scarron* says of a *Spanish Lady*, that no Body ever dress'd better than she, and that the least Pin stuck by her Hand had a particular Grace: At least this is Natural. We oft-times loose the Honour of hitting the Mark, says *Philanthus*, when we try to go beyond others. 'Tis true, says *Eudoxus*, and the Moderns commonly fall into this fault, when they aim at improving the Antients. *Costar* has observ'd that *Bien* only made the Cupids mourn over the Tomb of *Adonis*, and that *Pindar* was contented to make the Muses weep over that of *Achilles*: but that *Sannazar* has inclosed the Cupids in (\*) *Maximilla's* Sepulchre, and that *Guarini* inters the Muses with a dead Person, even to the saying they would weep for her, were they not dead too.

*Piange Parnaso e piagnerian le Muse  
Ma qui teco son elle e morte e chiuse.*

Is not this Refining do you think.

(\*) Hoc sub Marmore Maximilla clausa est, Qua cum frigidulæ jacent Amores.

Another *Italian* Poet does not only bury the Graces and Muses, but *Apollo* their Father too.

*E vedove le Gratio, orbe le Muse  
Parean pur col lor padre in tomba chiuse.*

This *Parean*, replies *Eudoxus*, they seem'd to be inclosed in the Tomb, a little softens the Thought; and I commend the Poet for not burying of 'em quite, added he, 'T would be great Pity to have the Graces, the Muses, and *Apollo* no longer in the World.

We may be comforted for their Death, replies *Philanthus*, or rather we are so already, as (†) well as for the loss of the Graces and Sports, that a learned Man has buried in *Voiture's* Tomb, together with the Latin, French and Italian Muses, in Imitation of *Martial*, who puts into a Comedians of his time, all the Jest, Witticisms and Diversions of the Theatre: But to be a little more serious, continues *Philanthus*, we have no reason to be troubled at their Deaths. The Graces, and the Muses, the Sports, and the Smiles, the Witticisms and Jest have surviv'd the People we have buried 'em with; as Love and Honour have continued in the World, after the Famous *Laura*, altho' *Petrarch* had made 'em leave it with her.

*Nel tuo partir, parti del mondo amore  
E Cortesia.*

But for the Business of Smiles and Jest, pursu'd he, the Modern I just quoted on *Voiture's* Death, has made a fine Epigram on *Scarron*; the sense of it is (\*),

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(†) *Etruscae Veneres, Camænae Iberæ; Hermes Gallicus & Latina Siren; Ritus deliciae & dicacitates; Lusus, Ingenium, Joci lepores, Et quicquid fuit Elegantiarum: Quo Vesturius hoc jacet Sepulchro.* (\*) *Deliciae procerum, notissimus aula Venerat ad Nyctias Scaro facetus aquas. Solvuntur risu Mæstissima turba Silentium, Hic Jocus & Lusus, hic lacrumant Veneres.*



that *Scarron* being come into the other World, all the deceased set themselves a Laughing; and that in this the Sports and Smiles have done nothing, but weep since his Death.

The Poet you see talks like a Divine of *Parnassus*, according to the Rules you have established; and his Thought is very natural, how delicate soever it be.

Reading t'other day *St. Austin's* Confessions, reply'd *Eudoxus*, for I don't always Read Profane Authors, I happen'd upon a place I thought very much refin'd, 'tis upon the subject of a dear Friend, whom Death had depriv'd him of. After having admir'd, that other Mortals liv'd, and because the Person he lov'd like one that never ought to Die, was dead, and that he yet more admir'd, how he surviv'd, being another himself, he adds, (\*) *Some body has very properly called his Friend the half of his Soul, for I know that both our Souls were but one in the same Body; and for this reason I abhor'd Life, because I would not live by halves. And for this Cause also, perhaps I was afraid of Dying, for fear the Person I so dearly loved shou'd intirely Die.* Thus *St. Austin* becomes Subtile, by going beyond *Horace*, who calls *Virgil*, (†) *The half of his Soul*, and says to *Mecenas*, (‡) *If a sudden Death should snatch you away, you who are a part of my Soul, how can I survive with the other, being neither so dear to myself, nor so intire as I was.*

Sometimes, reply'd *Philanthus*, one may add to a Thought without injury or refining. *Horace*, who you last cited, says, that a Cavalier rides with Care behind, which never leaves him. One of our Poets, methinks improves *Horace*, when he says.

(\*) *Ideo mihi horrore erat vita, quia nolebam dimidius vivere, et ideo forte mori metuebam, ne totus ille moretur, quem multum amaveram, Confess. L. 4. Cap 9.* (†) *Et servet animæ dimidium meæ. Lib. 1. Od. 3.* (‡) *Ah meæ si partem animæ rapit Maturior vis, quid morior altera? Nec charus æque nec Superstes Integer. Lib. 1. Od. 17.* (†) *Post equitem sedet atra cura Lib. 3. Od. 1.*

*Un feu rempli d'erreurs que le trouble accompagne,  
Et malade a la ville ainsi qu'a la campagne,  
En vain monte a cheval pour tromper son ennuy ;  
Le chagrin monte en croup et gallope avec luy.*

*A Fool filled with the mistake that accompanies uneasiness: and Sick of the Town as well the Country: in vain gets a Horseback to beguile his Care, for Uneasiness gets up behind and Gallops with him.*

I confess, reply'd *Eudoxus*, the *French* is more fine and lively than the *Latin* ; but there's another place in *Horace*, where (\*) *Care* climbs the sides of stoutest Ships, and pursues the Cavalry with a swiftness superior to that of the Hart or Winds, and this place is very sprightly.

After all, replied he, there are very few Authors capable of improving the Ancients.

In my opinion *Maynard* has done it, replies *Philanthus*, in making a Father resent the Death of his Son in *Lucan's* manner, who says, that (†) *Cornelia* was as fond of her Grief, as of *Pompey*, or rather that her Grief supplied the place of her Husband. Thus the *French* Poet has it.

*Qui me console, exite ma coiere,  
Et le repos est un bien que je crains :  
Mon deuil me plaist, Et me doit toujours plaire ;  
Il me tient lieu de celle que je plains.*

*He that Comforts me, provokes my Anger, and Repose & Good I am afraid of. My Mourning is a Pleasure to*

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(\*) *Scandis æratas vitiosa naves Cura nec turmas equitum relinquit Orior cervis et agente nimbos Ocyor Euro. Lib. 2. Od. 16. Perfruitur lacrymis et amat pro conjuge luctum, Lib. 9.*

me, and ought always to be so; for it supplies the place of him I mourn for.

This is not enhancing a Thought, replies *Eudoxus*, but Translating or Paraphrasing without adding any thing *De novo*. However, it is by no means easy to enhance the Beauty of a Thought, by the addition of new Graces, as an ingenious Wit, has done to that of *Aristotle's*, that *fine Personages carry their commendatory Letters in their Foreheads, by saying they are Letters writ by Nature's own Hand, and Legible to all the Nations in the World*. But 'tis dangerous to aim at having more Wit, than those that have the most: And if this the ready Way to Subtilty, if great Care be not taken, but your Subtile Wits, need only follow their own rambling Genius, to lose themselves in their Imaginations.

One of the Historians of the War of *Flanders* is very Subtile in his Description of the Siege of *Maestricht*. After having said, that the Cannon carried away the Heads of some, the Legs of others, and the Arms and Shoulders of others; that their Members born on with Violence, wounded their Fellow-Soldiers who died if I may use the Expression, by the Hands of their Country-men and Friends, adds, (†) that others being cut off in the middle by Chain-shot, fought with the remaining half of their Bodies, and surviving themselves reveng'd the Part they had lost.

I agree, replies *Philanthus*, that these Thoughts are unnatural in an Historical Description. It belongs only to an *Amadis*, or a *Don Quixot* when they are cut in two, to Fight with one half of their Bodies and to Survive themselves to Revenge the other.

You see then the right way, answers *Eudoxus*, and God send *Tasso* don't mislead you; for give me leave to tell you he goes out of it himself sometimes, and no Body can be more Subtile then he, in places where

(†) Dimidiato corpore pugnabant sibi superstites, ac peremptis partis ultores. *Strad. Dec. 2. Lib. 2.*

Subtilty is very Faulty. *Tancrede* in making the first Apostrophes, I have already spoken off, says to his, Hand: Thrust thy Sword through my Body, and cut my Heart in Pieces; now for the nicety, but perhaps being so accusom'd to cruel and impious Actions, you will think it an act of Piety, to put an end to my Grief. You will better understand her Thought in the Italian.

*Passa pur questo petto, e fieri scempi  
Co'l ferro tuò crudel fà del mio core:  
Ma forse usata a fatti atroci & empì  
Stimia pietà dar morte al mio dolore.*

He proceeds in the same strain, when having enquired where *Clorinda's* Corps was, and thinking to himself, that perhaps the cruel Beasts had devour'd it, he cries out, 'I wish the same Mouth would devour me too, and that the same Stomach, which contains the Remains of that excellent Person, would become my Grave: An honourable and fortunate Grave for me, wheresoe'er it be, provided I am but with her.

*Honorata per me Tomba, e felice  
Ovunque sia, seffor con lor mi lice.*

This Thought, says *Philanthus*, is both Nice and Affionate at once. It has, reply'd *Eudoxus*, much more Subtilty than Passion, and you must own that *So* has many of this sort. I shall quote you but one more, whose Subtilty is so very remarkable, that cannot pass it by, 'tis upon the Combate between *Tancrede* and *Clorinda*. He says they gave one another such deep and mortal Wounds, that if the Soul is not Rush out of the large Orifices, 'tis their Age only which retains it.

*E se la vita  
Non esce, sdegno Tien la al petto unita.*



He uses a Thought, replies *Philanthus*, quite different upon a *Sarasin*, who fought bravely to his last Breath, and was so cover'd with Wounds, that his whole Body seem'd but one.

*E fasso è il corpo suo solo una piaga.*

For he afterwards says, that 'tis not Life, but valour which sustains that Body so unconquerable and fierce in Battle.

*La vita uò, ma la virtù sostiene  
Quel cadavere indomito, e feroce.*

All this, replies *Eudoxus*, seems to me too Fine, and far fetcht.

What will you say then, reply'd *Philanthus*, of the brave Greek that at the Battle of *Marathon*, being fill'd all over with Darts, died upon his Legs, and after his Death, stood upright, being supported by the Arrow that pierc'd him in every part. You mean, replies *Eudoxus*, the Harangue which a learned (†) *Holland* makes the Father of *Callimachus* speak in the form of a Declamation, at the end of the two Funeral Elogies of *Cyreginus* and *Callimachus*; which an (\*) ingenious Jesuit has translated from the Greek of *Polemon*, the Scholast, into *Latin*. This Harangue is full of very lively Strokes, but in my Opinion is a continued affectation from one end to t'other: 'Tis not many Days since I read it, and noted the most remarkable Places, which are as follow, 'tis a Question, (says the Father of *Callimachus*) whether my Son Conquer'd or died Conquering, 'Death has not interrupted, but continued his Victory. He bore the attacks of *Asia*, and never fell. He died, and continued standing. Why did Nature endue him with an immortal Mind, and a mortal Body? He could neither

(†) *Daniel Heinsius*. (\*) *Petrus Possinus*.

Fall, nor be Conquer'd, but was forc'd to Die. He never left his Body, but his Body left him. He is the first that ever in his yielding to Nature, triumph'd over her. He is the first whom Death never humbled, who gave after Death proofs of his Courage, who has extended ev'n by Death itself, the glory of his Courage, and duration of his Life. I am in doubt whether I should require or refuse a *Mausoleum* for him. Would to God, *Callimachus*! You could tell us after your Death how you were able to Conquer! I dare believe you would make us this Answer. O *Athenians*, instead of a Monument, I desire you would preserve in your Minds an immortal Remembrance of me. I should be asham'd to be buried among the rest of Mankind, who most of 'em fell before their Death, and not a Man of 'em continued standing after he was kill'd. Let no Man remove me, least he be crueller than my Adversary, who tho' he could kill me, was not able to throw me down, nor make me change Place. Let no one erect me a Statue; this Corps is sufficient. Let no one raise me a Trophy; this Carcass is one. But, Hands, why don't ye fight on. Are ye afraid, we should believe you were unable to fight? Alas, you have nothing to fear from that Quarter, For Posterity will make no more scruple to believe that a dead Man could fight, than that a dead Man might stand.

This is refining with a Witness, cries *Eudoxus*, or mightily mistaken. Good God! Replies *Philan-*, how would this please a Wit of my Acquaintance, who thinks every thing that is natural is insipid. This would be a *Regalio* for him.

But I would shew you another sort, replies *Eudoxus*; is incredible how the Authors of the *Anthology*, are so natural and plain upon many Subjects; we refin'd upon Misers and Physicians, and to what remedy their Subtilty arises. They make a Man good Health, die suddenly, because he had seen *Democritus*, the Physician in a Dream. 'Tis too

much, says *Philanthus*, to kill him ; methinks, if the sight of the Physician had given him a Feavour, 'twould have been enough. A Miser, continued *Eudoxus*, hangs himself, for dreaming he had spent something that Night. That's going farther yet, says *Philanthus*. I like him better that would not hang himself, because they ask'd too dear for the Rope.

For my part, replies *Eudoxus*, I like *Horace's*, poor Man, and Miser better than this : The one reduc'd to despair (\*), has not Money enough to buy a Rope's end to hang himself with ; the other could not resolve to take a Ptsan made of Rice, which cost three pence. He inquires what it cost to a Farthing, and when they had told him, cries out, (†) *Unhappy as I am, what matters it whether I am kill'd by a Distemper, or by the Hands of Thieves reduc'd to starving.*

The Poets and Writers of Romance have in my Opinion, been extreemly Subtile upon the Eyes of their Heroines, 'tis impossible to say more Absurdities than they do on this Subject, and seriously too. In praise of Black Eyes, a *Spanish* Poet says, they wear Mourning for those they have kill'd.

*Unos ois negros vi  
Y dixé los viendo negros :  
Ojos cargados de luto  
Sin duda que tienen muertos.*

And in Praise of blew Eyes, that they are Cloath'd in blew like Children that go to Funerals.

*Como minos de nitiero  
De azul se vistén.*

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(\*) Cum deerit egenti Æs laquei pretium, *Lib. 2. Sat.*  
(†) Eheu quid refert morbo an furtis pereamne rapinis! *Sat. 3.*

What a Chimera, what a trifling Fancy is here! That's no small one neither, says *Philanthus*, of a Spaniard, who having an Enemy, he had a mind to destroy, desires a Lady to lend him her Eyes to fill him with.

*Venez dame tus oios  
Por una noche  
Porque quiero con ellos  
Matar un hombre.*

I have read in the *History of the Grand Visier's*, purchased he, that a *Sultan's* Eyes were so bright and lively, was not possible to tell what colour they were of. And reply'd *Eudoxus*, have read in the *Conquista di Granada*, that the Eyes of *Elvira* had so much Fire and lightning, that the Stars were Fine, only by their likeness to them. Can any thing be more nicely intended?

*Occhi, appo cui tanto son belle,  
Quanto simili a lor sono le Stelle.*

'Tis usual to compare Eyes to the Stars, and the rarer they come to their Brightness, the Finer they are: But here the Stars are only Fine, by the Proportion of Resemblance they bear to the Princess of *Granada's* Eyes.

You might have read the same Thought in *Tessi*, says *Philanthus*, and almost in express Terms.

*Adorero nel sole e nelle stelle  
Gli occhi, che del mio cor sono il facile:  
Quello e vago diro, queste son bella;  
Sol perche havran sembianza a voi simile.*

That's as much as to say, replies *Eudoxus*, *Tessi* has been robb'd; but the ignorant Thief was deceiv'd Counterfeit, for a right Diamond.



The same Poet, replies *Philanthus*, in speaking of a young Knight of *Majorca*, handsom and well made, who was taken by an *Algerine* Pirate, and put to look after a Garden by the Sea side, says the Brightness of the Gardners Eyes, made the Plants thrive more than the labour of his Hands.

*Epiu de gl' occhi al lampo,  
Ch' all opre della man fiorir fu'il campo.*

And with the Author of the new Idylls.

*Les beaux yeux de Nais d'un seul de leurs rayons,  
Rendent aux fleurs l'eclat, la verdure aux gazons.*

From *Nais* Eyes one Beamy Effluence,  
Does Light to Flow'rs, Verdure to Fields dispen

The Eyes of another Shepherdess don't stop  
burning all Hearts, but

*Ils brulent l'herbe encore, mettent les fleurs en poudre,  
Brillant comme un eclat, et brulent comme un foudre.*

The Grass they Scorch, the Flow'rs to Ashes turn  
They shine like Lightning, and like Lightning burn

These Imaginations, however trifling and unnatural they seem, have not the Subtilty of *Gratian* upon *Elviras's* Eyes, and may have place in an Idyllium or an Eclogue, which does not require the Justness or Truth of an Heroick Poem. But they would be ridiculous in a History or Narration, which ought to be Plain and Natural; and I could not refrain Laughing at the description of the Queen of Spain's entry into *Madrid*: *Iba su Majestad*, says the Spanish Author, *bella que solo se excedia a sa misma: danda con la seriedad de su rostro vida a los prados, y vigor a las plantas*. 'Twas in January the Queen made her Entry,

with the Serenity of her Visage, gave Life to the Meadows, and strength to the Plants.

But to return to the Poets, continued *Euclerus*, *Tasso* is in my Opinion very refined in that part of his Poem, where *Rinaldo* says to *Armida*, that if she will not condescend to look on him, he wishes she would at least look upon her own Face: that then certainly those Eyes, which no other objects can satisfy, will enjoy the perfection of Pleasure.

*Deh poi che degni me, con' egli e uogo,  
Mirar tu almen potessi il proprio volto:  
Che'l guardo tuo, ch' altrove non e pago,  
Gioirebbe felice in se rivolto.*

Besides, that 'tis in vain to admire herself; that a small Glass can neither express, nor contain such Celestial Beauties, that the Sky is only worthy to be her Looking Glass, and the Stars the places where she may most effectually reflect on her Person.

*Non può specchio rifrar sì dolce imago,  
No in picciol vetro e un paradiso accolto:  
Specchio e' en degno il Cielo, e ne le stelle  
Puoi riguardar le tue sembianze belle.*

Did you ever see any thing less reasonable and foolish? But what *Armida* says to *Rinaldo*, when they were at variance, is a compleat piece of Subtilty.

*Tempo fu' ch' io si chiesi e pace e vita:  
Dolce hor saria con warte uscir di pianti;  
Ma non la chiedo arc; che non e cosa,  
Ch' essendo dono tuo sia odiosita.*

Observe the Subtilty. 'There was a time when I ask'd Peace and Life of you, now my sole wish is to die, to put an end to my Ills; and Death would be a pleasure to me: But I don't ask it at your hand,

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'because every thing that comes from you will be un-  
'grateful and odious.

Indeed, says *Philanthus*, *Armida's* Reflexion is a little too Delicate, and I am concern'd to see it, for *Tasso's* sake. But I am glad to see *Miguel de Cervantes* exceed *Tasso*, when he makes a Man in despair and weary of Living, say,

*Ven muerta tan escondida,  
Que no te sienta venir :  
Porque el plazzer dol morir  
No me torne a dar la vida.*

This Stanza, says *Philanthus*, is translated, and the Thought well express'd.

*O Mort viens promptement contenter mon envie,  
Mais viens sans te faire sentir ;  
De peur que le plaisir que paurois a mourir,  
Ne me rendist encore la vie.*

O, to my Wish, kind Death arrive,  
But softly Steal my Breath ;  
For fear the Joys I tast in Death,  
Again shou'd make me Live.

As there is, replied *Eudoxus*, but one step between Delicacy and Subtilty, so the Passage from Subtilty to the (\*) *Galimatias* is easy : The one inclines of itself, and leads directly to the other.

But did you never observe, that the Devotees are sometimes more guilty of too much Refining than the Poets ? I read a little while ago a *Spanish* Collection of several Pious Meditations, where I met with this

(\*) *Galimatias*, a florid, but abstruse and senseless Discourse  
From καλή Egregia, Notable, and μάλα Stoliditas Foolish-  
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*Dios mio si me dieran, ser tambien dios : no, se que me hiziera, o reusarlo porque no tuvieras igual o aceptarlo por amarte como mereces.* Do you understand it rightly? My God, if I were upon being made a God, I 'don't know what I should do ; if I should refuse it, 'that you might have no equal, or if I should accept 'of it, that I might Love you as you deserve to be 'Loved. This does not come up to a *Gallimatias*, says *Philanthus* smilingly but it comes very near it. 'Tis, I can safely swear, one of your finest *Gallimatias*, reply'd *Eudoxus*, and I can't believe these flights inspir'd by the Holy Ghost.

But such abstracted Thoughts, are very rare, and those Authors who Subtilize them most, don't always evaporate to this degree : Besides, do you think the *Spaniards* and *Italians* are the only Distillers of Wit, to use the Expression of an (†) *Italian*, who compos'd a Discourse, *della distillatione del cervello* ? The *French* do it too, and we have Wits of the first Rank, who are excellent at too much Refining. *Balzac* is a great Master, and I don't believe it possible to Subtilize in Prose more than he.

'Tis he that says of a shady Wood, there enters no more Day than is necessary to distinguish it from Night. Is not thinking in this manner being too refin'd. And is what another Writer says at all better ? They went through a Great Forest, whose thick and interwoven Trees rais'd themselves to so prodigious a height, that the Sun at noon day gave no more Light than was just necessary to Direct them.

Perhaps *Balzac* was fond of the Thought, or rather the turn of it which you dislike : for he uses it oftner than once, and I remember I have read it in his Letters, *I have no more Life than is just necessary to my not being quite Dead. The French Women have no more Beauty than is necessary to their not being Homely.*

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(†) Vincenzo Gramignas.



This turn of Thought, replies *Eudoxus*, would not altogether displease me, if 'twas taken the same Care of as *Voiture* does in a Letter, and in the Harangue of an Academick of our Time. The one says to the Cardinal *Valette*, 'The Sun went down in a Golden and Azure Cloud, and yielded no more Rays than were necessary to the forming a sweet and agreeable Light. The other says to the King. The first stroke of the Thunder you were arm'd with, fell upon a Haughty City, whose Pride nothing could Humble; and as proud as it was of Baffling the united Efforts of two famous Captains, it resisted you no longer, than was necessary to give you the advantage of taking it by Storm. One may say under a great Affliction, *I have no more reason than is necessary to give me a just Sence of my Grief*; but to say, *that I have no more Reason than is necessary to make me know I have none, is Subtilizing*. *Balzac* says of a little Man, one might swear he never grew above a Hairs Breadth. He says of himself that tho' the Stone he feared, would prove a Diamond, or the Philosophers Stone, he could receive no abatement of his Torture. His Letters are full of these sort of Imaginations, to which I refer you, if you had not rather Consult *Phyllardus*. But I can't help telling you his *Barbon* is a continued piece of Subtilty, little more than airy Thoughts without any semblance of Truth, or Foundation of Reason.

The design of *Balzac*, replies *Philanthus*, is by giving the Idea of a Conceited Doctor, to make *Barbon* ridiculous. However, returned *Eudoxus*, he ought not to have form'd an imaginary Creature, which never was, nor could be. The Orator of *Cicero*, answers *Philanthus*, the Prince of *Xenophon*, and the Courtier of *Castiglione*, are no more than invented Pictures. But, replied *Eudoxus*, they are Images drawn from Nature, and extracted from the bottom of Things. The Orator, the Prince, and the Courtier, however perfectly they are describ'd, are drawn after Nature; and those great Masters to whom we

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owe these Models, don't strain their Characters beyond a possibility of Truth, even when they carry things to perfection.

Balzac might have painted a perfect Pedant, a Man spoil'd by his *Greek* and *Latin*, or if you will a Fool by his much Learning and Logick: But his Picture ought to have been more conformable to the Picture we have of those mistaken wise Men. The first Strokes of his Description are beyond Imagination, and full of a compleat Subtilty: I have observ'd some, let me read 'em to you.

'The first thing the Pedant does, when he is come from the College, where he had learn'd to make Syllogisms, was in Mood and Figure to give his Father and Mother the Lye, and to Contradict 'em, nay, when they were of his Opinion, for fear it should be thought he was of theirs.

'He imagin'd that above all Things he must avoid common Sense, because a wise Man ought to employ his Thoughts in nothing but the search of Things which are rare. He was so disgusted with the word *Common*, being added to *Sense*, that from thenceforward he was resolv'd to have none at all.

Whatever Passion I have ever had for Balzac, says *Philanthus*, I cannot deny but this is a little too refin'd. A more natural Wit, replies *Eudoxus*, would have said that *Barbon* thought no Body had common Sense but himself, but this is a refin'd Way of robbing him of it, to say he resolv'd to have none at all. But the other Places have much the same Solidity.

Sick Men never dream'd any thing so Monstrous, but he would confirm with an Oath. 'He was about changing his Name and Country, and deriving himself in a right Line from *Aristotle*. He is such a lover of Antiquity, that he never wears new Cloaths. He has upon his Coat some Grease of the last Age, and Spots and Dirt of *Francis* the First's time. He would think he had chang'd his Sex, should he conform to the Mode.

All the Thoughts in this Satyr, interrupted *Philanthus*, are not so subtle. There are three or four, reply'd *Eudoxus*, natural enough, and make no ill Representation of the humour of those Doctors of whom *Moliere* says.

*Un Sot Scavant est Sot, plus qu' un Sot ignorant.*

*A learned Fool, is a greater Fool, than an ignorant Fool.*

For Example, that *Barbon* in his Studies took the most incredible for the most Ingenious ; that his only use of Speech was, that he might not be understood by any Body ; To define him rightly, he is a ruin'd Library, and in greater disorder than that just after a Removal : That he dates his Letters not on the first, and the twentieth Day of the Month, but on the Calends and Ides : He would give all the World for *Turnebus* his Slippers, for *Erasmus* his Spectacles, for *Ramus's* square Cap, or for *Lipsius's* Escritore, if 'twas possible to find these rare Pieces in some Bodies Cabinet that would sell 'em.

But indeed the rest is beyond probability, and I Question whether the Piece be capable of pleasing the Men of Sense, as the Author promises himself in the Epistle Dedicatory.

*Moliere*, whom you just now quoted so much to the purpose, does not himself take heed of the Probability in many of his Pieces. To pass by his *Misanthrope*, and his *Precieuses Ridicules*, is not his *Miser* unnatural, where *Harpagon* says, after he had been ' robb'd of his Money : ' 'Tis done, I can do no ' more, I die, I am dead, I am buried. Will no Body raise me up again, by restoring my Money, or ' discovering the Thief ? I'll go to a Justices, and have ' all my Family Examin'd, my Servants, Sons, ' Daughter, and my self too.

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'He is Natural, replies *Eudoxus*, when he says, there is not a Soul I see but causes my Suspicion, and I think every Body would rob me, I would have all the World hang'd, and if I don't find it, then I'll hang my self. But is n't he too refin'd, replies *Philanthus*, in adding. Gods! Who can I confide in you hereafter? Let us swear no more by any thing, I believe after this, I am a Man to rob my self.

Don't the learned Ladies, pursued he, exceed Nature in more Places than one. Is it possible for *Armanda* and *Philaminta* to be ravish'd at the sight of *Vadius*, because he understands Greek; but 'tis improbable, that *Martin* should be turn'd out of Company for making false Latin.

I am of your Opinion, says *Eudoxus*, 'twas doing Probability justice enough, to say that the Mistress of the House reprimanded her Servant for using a Word condemned by *Vaugelas*, but this was by no means doing justice to the Pit.

Comical Writings, whose end is to make People laugh, ought to be like those Pictures that one sees at a Distance, where the Figures exceed the Life. So one of our Dramatick Poets, who was so great a Master of Nature, and has express'd its most delicate Sentiments, in his *Andromache* and *Iphigenia*, goes, I think, a little beyond her in his *Plaideurs*: For the People expect bold Strokes, and such as strike powerfully at once. 'Tis not so in other pieces of Wit, which are design'd more for Men of Sense than the People: Refining is of no use there, and if they are not Natural, they will not please Men of Solidity.

I am of your Opinion, reply'd *Philanthus*, as well as of the learned Persons, who says, a forced Ridicule is necessary in Comedy, if you would have them cure the Follies of the Audience; as 'tis common to add to the defects of the Original, to Represent 'em in a more disgusting Shape.

But



But this Subject, says *Eudoxus*, perhaps will draw us too far, and for this time I think we had best stop here. Hereupon they call'd a new Cause, and walk'd gently along the River in their way Home, talking of divers Things. But once or twice *Philanthus* renewed to his Friend, the subject of these Thoughts to confess to him, that he began to alter his Taste, and did not doubt but he should one time or other prefer *Virgil* to *Lucan*, and *Tully* to *Seneca*.

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Dialogue

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## DIALOGUE IV.

THE two Friends were so well satisfied with their Walk. that they resolv'd to renew it again the next day, but the days in *Autumn* prove not always alike, the next was so Misty and Cloudy, that they could not stir out of their Lodgings, the morning was spent in Study, each in private ; after Dinner *Eudoxus* invited *Philanthus* into his Closet. For to make an end, says he, of our former Discourse, it is not enough that every thought in the Works of the Learned shou'd be proportionable to the Subject they treat of, nor that the style must be embellish'd, agreeable without affectation, nice without refining ; but it must be clear, and intelligible, without that I laugh at the marvellous and haughty Stile, the agreeableness and delicacy are good for nothing, or rather I do not know what it means, nothing pleases me, but what I understand very well ; and I admire that *Cicero* in his praise of *Crassus*, has made no mention of Perspicuity, he suppos'd it without doubt an Essential Virtue ; for as the Thought is but an Image which the Mind forms in itself, it must clearly represent the things, and nothing is more contrary to it than to be obscure. *Quintilian* (\*) observes, that the cleanness of Expression, is the greatest Beauty of Eloquence, and according to him, Those are the best Orators which are easiest to be understood (†).

(\*) Prima est eloquentiæ virtus perspicuitas, lib. 2. c. 3. (†) Plerumque accidit, ut faciliora sint ad intelligendum & lucidiora studio, quæ a doctissimo quoque dicuntur.

The Antients whom you esteem so much, said *Philanthus*, are often Obscure enough, and few understand them without the help of Interpreters, if the Obscurity proceeds from the Thought itself, answered *Eudoxus*, I condemn the Antient as well as the Moderns; but if it relates to certain Historical Circumstances, we have nothing to reproach them with, they writ for the Age they lived in, not ours. They allude to things of which we have lost the Memory, and they are unknown; which is not their faults, if we don't understand them. The Commentators guess sometimes the matter, but commonly they oblige an Author to say what they please, and they put him to the Torture like a Criminal, to make him speak against his Will. I doubt whether the comparison be altogether just: but I know part of what we write now, will meet with the same fate, as the works of Antiquity, and I cannot forget that one day we shall not understand the Author of the Satyrs in the description of his Feast.

*Surtout certain hableur a la guele affamée,  
Qui vint a ce festin conduit par le fumée,  
Et qui l'est dit Profes dans l'ordre des Costeaux,  
A fait en bien mangeant, l'eloge des morceaux.*

And I verily believe 'twill puzzle the Commentators to explain *Ce Profes dans l'ordre des Costeaux*, we may easily correct him in Reading,]

*Profes dans l'Ordre de Cisteaux.*

By reason that *l'Ordre des Costeaux*, is not mentioned in the Ecclesiastical History, and that the People of that time won't know, that that Order was a Society of Luxurious Debauchees, that wou'd never Drink any Wine but what came from a certain Coast, and therefore they called them *Les Costeaux*. What you imagine of the correction of the passage is very pleasant, said *Philanthus*. I think it probable enough, answered *Eudoxus*.

*Eudoxus*, there have been several Corrections made in the Antients, which are not so well grounded as this regarding only the Terms; for if we examine the ground of the thing in itself, there is certainly no resemblance 'twixt Luxurious People, who have only a relish for the things of this Life, and those have left all Thoughts of this World, and think only of Eternity.

I say as much, continued he, of the name which *Alexander* has in the Satyr against Man.

*Co fougéaux l'Angely, qui de sang alteré,  
Maitre du Monde entier, sy trouvoit trop serré !*

This is clear at present, because we know that *l'Angely*, was a Jester of the Court, who the Prince of *Conde* brought from *Flanders*; and if that grows obscure in time, you must not blame the Author for it.

It is not then those sorts of obscurities we speak of; nor of those proceeding from the misplacing of Words, from a wrong construction of an Equivocal, or of a barbarous Word.

I speak of an obscurity on the Thought itself, and I say again, that there are some that we may compare to dark Nights accompanied with very thick Fogs, that hinder us intirely from seeing. We may look near, and have piercing Eyes; yet 'tis in vain, for we can distinguish nothing.

This sort of Obscurity, reply'd *Philanthus*, is very rare in the Works of Witty Men. I own it, said *Eudoxus*, nevertheless there are some who are very obscure in some places, and the Funeral Discourse that was held at the Obsequies of *Lewis the Just*, in the Holy Chappel of *Paris*,——has a taste of this Character. I have preserv'd it as a piece of Curiosity, and rare in its kind, he has for his Text, *ascendit super Occasum*, He is ascended above the Clouds, because the King died on Ascension-day, and he begins admirably.



‘What then great Sun of our Kings, art thou set in the middle of thy Course, and from such a high Pitch of Glory art thou hurried into an eternal Declination! No, no, fair Stars, you rise by your setting, and measure your Elevation by your fall. You Funeral Poms, why do you disguise his Triumphs to me; if my Holy Chappel be Ardent, it shall break out in Bonfires; it is in the evident demonstration, I shall reproduce our great Monarch, because he has been very Humble, and highly Elevated in God, in a Crown’d Servitude, for not having had any Crowns, but what were Subjected to him.

That is not intelligible, said Philanthus, no reply’d Eudoxus: Nor is it quite Nonsense, it is what we call Phebus only, what then you make some difference between Gallimatias and Phebus, answer’d Philanthus, yes, replied Eudoxus, as thus, the Gallimatias has within its self a deep Obscurity without a reasonable Sence, and Phebus has a Brightness which signifies, or seems to signify something; there is a kind of a Lustre in it, which perhaps is the Reason of its being call’d Phebus, but sometimes Phebus becomes Obscure, so far as not to be understood, then Nonsense is joyn’d to it, for you can see nothing but Brightness and Darknes.

The Thoughts of the Author of the Panegyrick on the Kings of Spain, interrupted Philanthus, are I believe of the same kind, when he says, that the Sun seems to take his Course about their Throne, when he goes round the World, and that their Crown is the Zodiac upon the Earth; right reply’d Eudoxus, this is exactly Phebus and Nonsense mixt together; I am very much mistaken, reply’d Philanthus; if the Book call’d the Illustrious Prince, which we Read in our Youth is not full of both these sorts, it is a rich and perfect Model of it, answer’d Eudoxus, do but open the Book, and you’ll find some admirable Thoughts which cannot be comprehended, and I shall always remember that Glorious Picture which the Author presented to his Hero, ‘that Picture, I say, without Cloth, sooner finish’d than Drawn, which had the Blood of his Enemies mixt with his own Sweat for his Colour

his Sword for his Pensil, his Heart for his Painter, his Desire for his Drawing, and himself for his Original; but to return to the Discourse of the Holy Chappel after having said, 'That the Man in the King will do what he can, and the King in the Man can do what he will,---that the one makes his strength from the Weakness of the other.' He praises the Prince for having been insensible to all that flatters the Sence, then crys out 'Royal Abstinence from Pleasure, Sun rising in the Abyss, Fullness in Emptiness, Manna in the Desert, Fleece dry, where all is wet, Fleece wet, where all is dry.---Dry Body where Pleasure may draw it, Body wet and sunk in with Consolation where Austerity drys it up. I don't know, said Philanthus, which to admire the most, the Phebus or the Galimatias; that is not all, said Eudoxus, mind what follows, 'Go great Soul, deserving Host of that rich Palace; if of a matter so Vile, as that of a Beast; you have made as pure as the Stars, and as it is unalterable by your Vigour, so let it be immortal by your Recompence,---And your Sacred Ashes the remains of that Chast Light of all the Solemnity of the Obsequies, I have none for you but an Anticipated Translation, which without moving out of the place from the Tomb, puts you into the Cradle, and the setting Sun brings you into the Orient. I'll not Commit you to the Ground as Europeans do, nor to the Water like the Barbarians, nor to the Air in a Chrystal Bottle, as the Egyptians, nor to the fire like the Romans; I'll put you for reserve in the Bosom of Providence, which Destiny is to enclose the Globe and Sears, and the Chariot of his Triumph, of which the finest solemnity, will be the Motto of Louis the Just ascendit super Occasum.

Do you consider all this?

It is very difficult to decide, answer'd Philanthus, which carries it, the Nonsense or the Phebus, for I never saw any thing so bright with less light; but I could gladly see some Nonsense or Fustian alone, I'll show you some in Perfection, says Eudoxus, open and read the following Letter.

(\*) 'Esteeming every where the great importance, I won't say the Omission, but the least Intermission, being in Action or in Word of Friendship, and being not of the opinion of those that believe, that the Contemplative carry it above all other in the Exercise of all sorts of Virtues, having always lov'd the Actions beyond the words, and the words more than the Meditation, and solitary Entertainments in Friendship, I can't nevertheless with Assurance say, that I have not fail'd in this Occasion, and that the cause of my delaying will be as agreeable to you, as a Letter would have been, with much more diligence, so that designing to tell you once for all, with an Expression equal to the profoundness of my Thought, in what manner I pretend to give my self to you, I have done contrary to those famous Painters, who can lessen their Imagination, I being not able to raise mine to that point where my resentment wou'd lodge her; so that in the debate between my Heart and Spirit, which never meet by the Conception of his motion, so that I chuse to be silent for some time waiting for the return of that Sound, and rarified Spirit that help to form those high imaginations, that when he says a thing with a diminution, and unto the prejudice of the spring of my Passion, when it is only Lawful where they proceed from true Love, to be without fear of Reproach from any sort of Ambition.

I never saw any thing like it, interrupted Philanthus, and I must own its past my Understanding; this is only the beginning, said Eudoxus, see what follows.

I took the Pen, as if I would spill the Ink over the Paper, I writ with one stroke what follows, 'tis you must judge whether I have been so happy as the Painter, who in a fury flung his Pensil, and by Accident represented that fine form, which all his Skill had failed to draw.

And to assure your self of me, Sir, and that you may

(\*) Letter of the Abbot of Cyran, Printed by Mr Previle in 1655.

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judge hereafter in the same Nature ; certainly I must tell you, that you'll always find my Actions stronger than my Words, what do I say? Than my Words? Than my Conceptions, than my Affections, nay, than my inward Motions, for all that are belonging to the Body, are not sufficient to render the Acknowledgments of a thing Spiritual, being the Imagination which is Corporeal, is found in the Motion of the Affection. So that I hope you'll judge me by a thing more perfect, that holds nothing of those things which are mixt with the Body, with the Blood, the Smoak and Imperfection, because there remains in the Center of my Heart, before it opens and delates, by moving towards you it produces Spirits, such Conceptions, such Imaginations and Passions, and something yet more excellent which I feel within, as a weight of a most affectionate Desire, which I dare not produce, nor Brood upon for fear of exposing a holy Secret: I will give it that name in my Opinion to my Spirit, to my Passion which tarnish of a suddain, and cover like a Cloud the best Production of the Soul. So that to give my self to you Gratis, intirely, and as purely as can be seen or imagin'd, I will not do't by Imagination nor by Conception, nor by Passion, nor by Affection, nor by Letter, nor by Words, all these being inferior to what I feel, in my Heart elevated so much above all Things, that giving to the Angel in my Philosophy, the acknowledgments of what is Visible, and what is Floting; if I may call it so: Upon the Heart, there is none but God that knows the Bottom, and the Center of it.

That is indeed an imperious Passion, said Philanthus, I am sorry, I comprehend it not---you are not at the end yet answered, Eudoxus, mind and try to conceive.

'I my self, that offer you mine, (he speaks of his Heart) seeing nothing in it, that cou'd be describ'd or call'd by a Name, and know nothing in it but that Vast, Infinite, Immobile, Propension. That I have to Love and Honour you, which I will not determine by any Name, that I may persuade my self to be in the infinity of a radical Affection, I almost said Substance.



Having regard to Things Divine, to the Order of God where the Love is Substantial, for I pretend it to be infused in the Substance of the Heart, the Center being the quintessence of the Soul, which is infinite in Time, and in practicable Virtue, as she is the Image she Represents, I may boldly say, I am capable of Operations for you by Affection, as God operates towards Man; there remaining in me more Power to move, and Love with Efficacy, than I can show by my Actions, therefore I Abridge them, as well as the Imagination, as Things incapable to give you Demonstration of my Passion, and of the share you have in my Soul, which cannot be divided, therefore gives herself intirely away, it is the least of her Part, or she would not give her self at all.

What say you to that, said Eudoxus to Philanthus, I say, reply'd Philanthus, that this is the most accomplish'd piece Nonfence, and the closest follow'd that can be imagin'd. the rarity of it is, continued Eudoxus, that he who wrote it was cry'd up for an Oracle. and a Prophet amongst some People. I believe, answer'd Philanthus, that a Wit of that Character had nothing of the Oracle, nor Prophet in him, except the Obscurity, do you know, said Eudoxus, that his Parry cries him up as a Man sent from God to reform the Church, on the model of the first Ages. I can't believe, said Philanthus, that if there had been any thing to reform in the Church, the Holy Ghost would have chose such a Paper Scull for such an important Enterprize, after all reply'd Eudoxus, it is not to be admir'd, that a Man who has made War with Aristotle, and St. Thomas, should fall out with common Sense, he ingeniously confesses it himself in another Letter, where he says, *His Heart is sounder than his Brain*. But what I wonder at is, that when one of his Friends who had told him, I suppose, that his Writings were not to be understood, to justify himself he answers thus.

Least Strangers mistake my way of Expressing myself I'll give them a Rule, by which they may interpret whatever I shall say or imagine, or that they

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'call Extravagant in my Letters, it is in case of Metaphors, Figures or Ciphers, the Terms being different, and the Expression quite contrary, signifie the same thing, and because the Lovers Language is Figurative, and Mysterious, from thence follows, that when I said, I command you, I desire you, and when I forbid you any thing, I then offer my Obedience.

This is a pretty come off, said *Philanthus* smiling, it can't be made clearer, he gives the same reasons in another Letter, which I have here.

'Our Philosophy teaches, that the same Limitation that Bodies have by their quantity, the Angels have by their Actions, which debars me of the means to spread my Passion towards you, and obliges me to know, that my being created in the only Limitation that would make me hated, if I did love in you what is increate; which desire of mine, nothing but the same that I bear to you, of which you are without doubt satisfy'd, seeing that you can find in me that infinite, you will find it in him that Loves you, and by the Assistance of my infinite Love.

But I am afraid I shall tire you with this Nonsense, and therefore will desist, we must own, reply'd *Philanthus*, that these Letters out do *Nerveze*, and *la Serre*, and he that writ them merited a place in the History of the last Troubles in the Kingdom of Eloquence, (†) without doubt, reply'd *Eudoxus* laughing, he should have had the first Post in the Army of Prince *Galimatias*, and it is a manifest injustice to have forgot him. But to be serious, this Author's Thoughts are so dark, that 'tis impossible to clear them, and we might say of him, what *Balzac* said of another, that he does not fall into Nonsense, but that he throws himself into it with a chearful Heart. I

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(†) *Nouvelle Allegorique ou Histoire des derniers troubles Arrivés au Royaume d'Eloquence.*

could say of this Scribler, answer'd *Philanthus*, what *Mainard* said of a writer of his time.

*Charles, nos plus rares esprits  
Ne seauoient lire tes e'crits  
Sans consulter Muret or Lipse  
You p'hebus s'explique si bien  
Que tes Volumes ne sont rein  
Qu'une eternelle Apocalipse.*

*Charles, our finest Wit, can't be read without the help  
of Dictionary, for his Volumes are an eternal Mystery.*

The Simile would hold, said *Eudoxus*, for one might understand his writing, at least by the help of a Dictionary, but these Lettets are not to be comprehended. But do you think, said *Philanthus*, that such Men who can't be understood, do understand themselves? Truly reply'd *Eudoxus*, I can't tell what to say, but I suppose they think they do, but in reality I believe they do not, and if one should desire them to explain their meaning, I much doubt, whether they could do it clearly.

We imagine Things sometimes, reply'd *Philanthus*, which we can't express for want of Words that are adequate to our Thoughts. Rather, reply'd *Eudoxus*, we feel Things that are above our Expression, because the Sentiments of the Heart are sometimes so Blinded, or so Delicate, that we can explain them but very imperfectly, and what I have read in *Diana of Montemayor*, seems probable enough, that he who expresses himself largely upon what befalls, does not feel so much as he expresses.

*Quien tambien sabe desir lo que siente, no deve  
Sentir tambien comolo dize.*

But

But words are seldom wanting to explain the Conceptions of the mind, except it be dark and incumber'd of it self, and 'tis a certain sign that it is so, when we can't find words to explain what we mean.

I have heard say, interrupted *Philanthus*, that the famous Bishop *du Bellay*, *Jean Pierre Camus*, being in, Spain, and reading of a Poem of *Lopez de Vegas*, who was then living, finding he could not understand it desir'd that Poet to explain it to him; but *Lopez* having read it over, and over, ingenuously confess'd, that he did not know what he meant by it himself. The fine Wits of that Country, reply'd *Eudoxus*, are obscure, nor is it look'd at as a fault, the *Spaniards* own that they don't understand their Poet *Gongora*: And perhaps, for that reason, they surnam'd him *The Marvellous*, *Lewis de Gongora*; but it is certain, that his obscurity passes for a Proverb, and as the *Castilians*, say commonly, *Es de Lopez*, to notify that a thing is excellent, they in the same manner, say *Escuro como las Soledades de Gongora*, to signify a thing is obscure. Those *Soledades*, are two little Poems upon Solitude, which has a degree of Darknes in them, which the rest of the Works of that Author have not.

What do you say, reply'd *Philanthus* of *Lorenzo*, or *Baltazar Gracian*? For we find *Baltazar* is his right Name, and we owe such a fine Discovery to a learned Man of our Days, who has great Converse in Foreign Countries, and who has had considerable Employments, and who began to be known in *Portugal*.

I have read the Works of *Gracian*, reply'd *Eudoxus*, but I must confess, I did not understand all that I read, 'tis a fine Genius that takes pleasure to hide himself sometimes from the Reader, and I am of his Opinion, whom you just now quoted, who says in his Preface to his Courtier, 'That we must not wonder that *Gracian* passes for an unintelligible Author, consequently not to be translated, as most of them that have read him say, and a learned Man answer'd one that told

'him

'him, that some Body was going to translate, *El oraculo Manual y Arte de Prudencia*. Answer'd, That he was very rash to undertake to Translate what the Spaniards themselves did not understand.

You jest interrupted *Philanthus* briskly, the Translator is so far from thinking what you say, that he has declar'd War against the Author of the Dialogues of *Aristus* and *Eugenius*, because *Aristus* accuses *Gracian* of being dark, he terms him a ridiculous Censurer.

That proves, reply'd *Eudoxus*, that the Translator contradicts himself in owning on one side, those, even the Spaniards, don't understand *Gracian*, and of the other side takes it ill, that *Aristus* accuses him of Obscurity; but it is the word *Incomprehensible* which *Aristus* uses, that angers the Translator, when these of *Unintelligible* or *Untraduceable* which the Translator uses, would have been as good, 'If *Gracian* is *Incomprehensible*, and does not understand himself, says he 'in one of his Notes, how can the Critick find him good Sense?

One might have answer'd, reply'd *Eudoxus*, that an Author may write well for some time, yet at last be so out of the way, as not to understand himself, at least so far as not to make what he writes be so, so that *Aristus* did not talk impertinently in saying, that the writer which we are talking of has Subtilty, and even good Sense. But 'tis not to be understood sometimes what he means, nor perhaps does he know himself, what the Impertinence falls upon. The Translator, and his *Don Juan de Lañanosa*, which agree that *Gracian* is not clear, but short and enigmatical; 'tis true that he boldly owns, it is to reconcile more Veneration to the matter, that he does not tell all the World that he affects to be dark, not to be popular as *Aristotle*, who writ obscurely to please his Disciple *Alexander*, who could not bear to have other Peoples Knowledge so large as his own, so that though the Works of *Gracian* be printed, they are never the commoner, because

'cause in buying them, you can't by that mean to understand them.

Nothing seems more pleasant, said *Philanthus*, than to affect to be obscure, which puts me in mind of a Pedant mention'd by *Quintilian*, who us'd to teach Obscurity to his Schollars, and then would say, *That is excellent, I don't understand that myself.*

What I think most Comical, replies *Eudoxus*, is that the Translator pretends to Penetration, yet does not understand his Author, he imagines himself to Penetrate into the Mystery of *Gracian*, as he declares in his Preface.

'The Language of that writer is a kind of Figures, but a good understanding may Decipher 'em, without going to a Conjuror. But there are several Parts though, which he has not explain'd, I remember the Author speaking of Wit.

*Es este el atributo Rey: assi qual quier  
Crimen contra, el, fue de lesa magestad.*

The Translator describes this Passage so. *The Will is the King of the Attributes, and consequently the least Offence committed against him is a Crime of High Treason.*

The Author says upon the subject of Dissimulation.

*Sacramentar una voluntad Serà soberania.*

The Translator turns it thus, *He that can make a Sacrament of his Passion, is Sovereign of himself.* I understand the Original Spanish better than the Translation, said *Philanthus*, and I don't know what he means by the King of the Attributes in our Tongue, or of making a Sacrament of his Will, I guess by, *El Atributo Rey*, that the Spirit is the governing Perfection of Man, the Sovereign Perfection, which holds the first Rank, I imagin'd that *Sacramentar una voluntad*, had been to hide the Motions of the Heart, and make



make a mystery of it to others; but *the King of the Attributes, and of the will being made a Sacrament*, is a Riddle to me, and I will say that the Reader does not understand it; which is as much as to say, reply'd *Eudoxus*, that it wants an *Oedipus* to explain it, if I had time to examine the whole Translation, pursu'd he, and that it was worth my while, you should see that this Translator, who flatters himself to have translated with Success, a Book which is not intelligible in the general Opinion from his own Confession, not so good an understander as he thinks to use his own Terms, he resembles *Lipsius*, (†) said *Phylanthus*, who having undertook to explain *Tacitus*, did nothing less, or shews that he did not understand him very well himself in several Places. The comparison is just, reply'd *Eudoxus*, in that point, as in others; for the Translator of *Gracian*, and the Commentator of *Tacitus*, both together make not only the Apology for, but the Elogy of the obscurity of their Authors; saying that they have not writ for all the World, that they have done it only for Princes, Statesmen, and for Men of wit; and it is not so much their Faults as their Readers if they be not understood. Unhappily, reply'd *Phylanthus*, Princes, Statesmen, and Men of wit understand no more than others, Things that are difficult: After all, continued he, the Translator is an able Man, and a fine Wit. I don't deny it, reply'd *Eudoxus*, I affirm to you, that I read with a great deal of pleasure his Epistle Dedicatory, where he gives to *Lewis the Great*,

*De Roy Rey, de Maistre Rey, de grand Tout, de non  
Plus outre de la Royante.*

*Of King, King, of Master King, the great all, the no  
further Royalty, pleas'd me mightily; it seem'd to  
me like the Prædictorious of the Vice-Chancellor of Na-*

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(†) *Gaspar Sciopp. de Stilo Historico.*

varre; who begins thus, *My Pen in the Air*, I have seen in *Homer*, said *Philanthus*, *King more King than the others*, in *Marot*, *King, the most King that ever was crown'd*, and in a Modern Poet, *King, holy King*, but I have never seen *King, King, and King, King*, seems as pleasant as *Parrot, Parrot*. In fine to leave the Translator, added he, *Gracian* does not charm you; to speak freely to you, reply'd *Eudoxus*, there is something in his Works so dark, and so abstracted, and so opposite to the stile of the Ancients, that I can find no pleasure in him. The Work that is Translated and Entitled in Spanish, *el Oraculo Manual y Arte de Prudencia* in French, the *Courtier*, which *Dom Laстанoso* calls a reason of State to himself, and a compass by which it will be easie for him to arrive at the Port of Excellence, the Translator, a sort of Rudiment of Court & politick Code. *Nerveze* would not speak to the contrary, interrupted *Philanthus*. This Work, reply'd *Eudoxus*, is a Collection of Maxims which have no natural Connexion, which tend to no end, unsubstantial and chimerical for the most part, and so dark that nothing can be understood particularly in the Translation. The Book Intitled, *Agudeza y Arte de ingenio*, is a fine Project, but ill executed in my mind. I was surpriz'd the first time I saw it, which made me have a mind to Translate it, but having read some of it, I was soon cur'd of the Temptation. For though I found Subtilty and Reason in several Places, yet I did not meet what I expected, and I guess'd by my going on that a Work of that sort would be a Monster in our Language. There the Author pretends to teach us the Art of having it, but all his Methods are grounded upon such Metaphysical Rules so dark, besides so uncertain, that in following them one may easily lose the way. The other Books of *Gracian* are of the same Stile with his *Politico Fernando*, who is more intelligible, and more reasonable, for without speaking of his *Criticon*, which I could never make any thing off, his *Discreto* is a little Whimsical, and  
his

his *Hero* is altogether a Swagerer, of which the first Quality is the incomprehensibility, and the first Advantage the Author gives

*Primor Primero que'l Heroe platique Incomprehensibilidades de Caudel.*

In a word, perhaps, never writer had Thoughts so Subtile, so overstrain'd and dark. The Master in obscurity which I put you in mind of, said *Phylanthus*, would have been glad to have met in *Latin* the stile of *Gracian*, neither had he been sorry, reply'd *Eudoxus*, to find in his Language what we have in our own, of some late Writers (†), who believe that they shall be admir'd by saying Things which are not clear, and that they had not had Wit, if what they say had no need of Interpretation. *Eudoxus* pull'd out a loose Sheet, wherein he had gather'd several Examples of obscure Places, and he read the following:

*Hell is the Center of the damn'd, as darkness is the Center of them that fly from the Light; 'tis there that the Light of God incommodes them the least, and the reproaches of their Consciences are less Lively, or their Pride less confounded, thus it is a kind of an ease to them to run headlong into it.*

I protest, said *Philanthus*, I don't well comprehend it, only I perceive something in it not very true, I believed till now, that the divine Light wherewith the damn'd are lighted internally in the midst of the Darkness which encompasses them, which makes 'em feel more sensibly than ever, their Misfortune of having lost the Light of God; and I did not think, that Hell was made for the comfort of the impious.

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(†) *Pervasis Jam multos ista persuasio, ut id Jam denuum Eleganter atq; exquisitè dictum putent, quod interpretandum sit. Quintilian, lib. 2. c. 3.*

Do you think, reply'd *Eudoxus*, that the Soul of herself inclines to Dispair, Rage and Hell, like a Stone that naturally falls down, 'tis what the same Author says, here are his Words.

*The Soul is carried by her proper right to despond and dispair, the Center of Corrupt Nature, is Rage and Hell; to plunge her therein, you must separate her from the Objects, and reduce her to think of nothing but herself.*

These Propositions seem to me incomprehensible, reply'd *Philanthus*; for in short, if Despair, Rage and Hell be the Center of Corrupt Nature, one cou'd find no rest but in despairing and inraging, and in suffering the torment of the Damn'd, like a Stone which rests not till it find its own Center. I don't comprehend better, adds he, *that for to sink the Soul quite into that Centre, she needs but to be separated from all Objects, and be reduced herself*, and that borders a little upon Nonsense, as well as the Thoughts of an *Italian*, against them that measure the greatness of the Mind, by the bigness of the Head.

*Nonsano*, says he, *Chelamente è il Center del Capo; è il Centro non Cresce per la Grandezza del Circola*, which is to say, *that the Mind is the Center of the Head, and the Center does not grow by the greatness of the Circles.*

*Eudoxus* went on with his Paper, and read what follows.

*I have known them that have acknowledged to me, that the reservation of one single prejudice, has kept them long time in the right way, because that the Bent which the Soul takes, forms a sort of a Spring, which insensibly returns when the destruction is not entire; the Heart mutinied against the Rites of Friendship sometimes, the respect which is form'd in us by a pretty long Habit, manages cunningly our Minds to get the mastery of our Hearts.*

There is no Law upon Earth, of which the Counterpart, is not unjust in the whole, or in part.

*If the Friendship of the great are commonly destroyed by the same degrees, that they were form'd; they cease sometimes by a pretty exact relation of the cause that gave them*

them Birth, with the bent of those which becomes unconstant.

Good Heavens, what Jargon, interrupted *Philanthus* is this? I understand nothing of it, and who are these People that think thus? They are Philosophers and Historians, answer'd *Eudoxus*. Ho, I forgive the Philosophers, they have some dark sayings, reply'd *Philanthus*, *Aristotle* their Father is obscure enough, and perhaps the secrets of Nature, require to be express'd something mysteriously; but I cannot bear that Historians should speak obscurely; and *Tacitus*, who I like very well, does not please me when I don't understand him; for I think that perspicuity is no less essential to History than Truth.

You say right, reply'd *Eudoxus*, I shou'd be very well pleas'd with you, were you not a little too indulgent to Philosophers, believe me they ought to write as clearly as Historians, and they are the more oblig'd to it, because it belongs to them to discover the secrets of Nature, I admire *Aristotle* where he is intelligible, but I cease to do so where he is not; and I remember *Socrates*, who after he had read a Book of *Heraclitus* that was very obscure, wittily censur'd it, saying that what he understood was very fine, and he did not doubt but what he did not understand was so too. It is that *Heraclitus*, reply'd *Philanthus*, who said to his Disciples, *Darken your Thoughts, and speak by Riddles, lest you be understood by the People.*

To speak in general, reply'd *Eudoxus*, every Writer, Historian, Philosopher, Orator or Poet, does not deserve to be Read, when he makes his meaning a Mystery, 'tis like those Women who go Maskt through the Streets, or hide themselves with their Hoods, and would not be known; you must let them go by, and not so much as look at them.

But, says *Philanthus*, you told me yesterday, that delicacy partly consisted in something Mysterious, which cannot be express'd, but leaves you always room to guess. Yes, reply'd *Eudoxus*, a nice Thought must have something in't, but one never ought to make

My-

(\*) Major  
reg; malo i



Mysteries of ones Thoughts, but 'tis not so mysterious but that the hidden meaning may be easily discovered, it is not a Mask or thick Vail, that covers the Face all over, it is a transparent Crape as we have said, thro' which we have the pleasure of seeing and knowing the Person, but when I make a Mystery of my Thoughts, I wrap it so that others can scarcely see through it, and that a good Author ought not to do.

'Tis laid to *Costar's* Charge, said *Philanthus*, to have been obscure, in saying, that *Voiture* disputed the Glory of Writing well, to some Illustrious Men of Foreign Nations, and forced the *Eccho* of *Parnassus* at a time, when it was but a Stone, to be as much in Love with his extraordinary Merit as she had, when a Nymph for the Beauty of young *Narcissus*.

They were in the right, reply'd *Eudoxus*, for 'tis not clear, to say no worse, and I comprehend less the *Eccho* of *Parnassus*, which being but a Stone, is taken with the Merit of *Voiture*; than the *Eccho*, which being but a Stone, answered not at the Noise of Thunder, but teaches us, that what the Gods do, can't be express'd by Men. It was the Opinion of a Writer in the last Age, to exalt Cardinal *Richlieu*, but what said *Costar* himself to one of his Friends, there is one thing in your Letter which would be very pretty I believe, if you and I understood one another. *Balzac*, continued he, speaking of *Virtue*, which is her own reward, says, That the Glory is not so much a strange light, which shines externally upon the Heroic Actions, as a reflection of the proper Light of his Actions, and a brightness which has been sent by the Objects that received them. Here's a great deal of Light, and Brightness, but little Clearness, and I find the saying of (\*) *Salust* more plain, that the

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(\*) Majorum gloria posteris quasi limen est, neque bonum eorum  
 reg; malo in occulto patitur, *Bell. Jugurth.*

*Glory of our Ancestors are like a Light that shew the good and bad qualities of their Posterity.*

The Poers, who speak the Language of the Gods, says *Philanthus*, are not to be understood by Men always. Witness the Verses that were made for that great Minister, which you named but just now.

*Je scay que les travaux de mille beaux Esprits,  
Pour t'immortaliser ont fait une peinture,  
Qui montre à l'univers que ta gloire est un prix  
Pour qui le Ciel dispute avecque la Nature.*

I know that the Labour of a thousand fine Wits to immortalize him, have drawn a Picture, which shews the Universe, that thy Glory is a Prize, for which Heaven disputes with Nature.

The Verses which I have Read in an Heroick Poem, reply'd *Eudoxus*, are better than yours. The Subject is a fine rich Armor.

*L'etoffe & l'artifice y dispuoient du prix ;  
Les diamans mestez avecque les rubis  
S'y montroient à leur flame & vive & mutuelle,  
Ou toujours en amour, ou toujours en querelle.*

The Stuff and the Workmanship disputed the Price, the Diamonds mingled with Rubies, it shew'd their Flame and Lively and Mutual, always in Love, or always in Hatred. I don't know, said *Philanthus*, which is the clearest, the Prize for which Heaven disputed with Nature, or Diamonds mingled with Rubies, always in Love or always in Hatred. The four Verses of the Song which was made for the King upon Peace, and of the Marriage, are not so obscure as the preceeding yet perhaps are none of the clearest neither.

*Le destin consentoit que Madrid fust en poudre :  
Pour complaire à l'Infante il contredit les Cieux ;*

*Des mains de Jupiter ill arrache la foudre :  
Et desarme les Rois, les Peuples, & les Dieux.*

*Fate represented that Madrid was in Rubbish to please  
the Infanta, it contradicts the Heavens ; from Jove's hands,  
she snatches the Thunderbolts, disarms Kings, the People,  
and the Gods.*

These Verses are part of a Song which begins  
thus

*Braves, reposez-vous a l'ombre des lauriers,  
Le Grand Louis consent que vous preniez haleine.*

*Brave Men pray take your rest,  
Under this shade of Bays,  
It is great Lewis's Pleasure  
That you all take Breath.*

Say positively, reply'd *Eudoxus*, that these four  
Verses are not very plain ; and say also, that they  
Border on Nonsense ; but here are three Dramatick  
Verses, which I remember are truly stuff.

*Ce départ cependant m'arrache un aveu tendre.  
Et dont mon cœur confus a un silence discret,  
En soupirant tout bas m'avoit fait un secret.*

*This parting yet forces a love Consort, whereof my Heart  
perplex'd by a discreet silence, softly Sighing had made it a  
secret.*

Have you not seen, says *Philanthus*, what a famous  
*Portuguese Orator* said in an *Historical Discourse on the  
Birth-day of the most Serene Queen of Portugal* ? That  
if a Prince relies on his Subject, it may be said that  
that Heart relies on another Heart ; but when the  
Husband depends on his Spouse, it cannot be said that  
one Heart relies upon another, but that it relies upon  
itself. *Where shall one half of a Heart, says the Au-  
thor*

thor of the Historical Discourse, put a surer trust, than on the other half of itself.

The Thought of this Portuguese Orator is pretty Odd, reply'd Eudoxus, but that of the French Poet is still more, an Ancient Critick, laugh'd at one who said, that (\*) a Centaur rid upon himself, as we have already observ'd he might have laugh'd at the Portuguese Orator, who says, that a Heart relies on itself, *that half of a Heart confides on the other half of itself*; and he had expos'd our Dramatick Poet, who makes one of the Actors say, that a Heart *softly Sighing had made of his Passion a Secret even to himself*.

All our Poets, said Philanthus, have neither the Wit, nor clearness of Malherbe; notwithstanding his Wit and Clearness, he sometimes as well as Homer stumbles to that degree, that he writes almost Nonsense. He took Malherbe's Works, and read in the Ode to the Duke de Beleg the following Verses.

*C'est aux magnanimes exemples,  
Qui sous la banniere de Mars  
Sont faits au milieu des hazards,  
Qu'il appartient d'avoir des temples.  
Et c'est avecque ces couleurs  
Que l'histoire de nos malheurs  
Marquera si bien ta memoire,  
Que tous les siecles a venir  
N'auront point de nuit assez noire  
Pour en cacher le souvenir.*

It is to those magnanimous Examples, which under the Banner of Mars, are made in the midst of dangers; that it belongs to have some Temples, and it is with these Colours, that the History of our misfortunes will so distinguish the memory, that all succeeding Ages cannot have a night so dark, wholly to hide the remembrance of it.

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(\*) Demetrius Phalereus.

What are, do you think, *Examples*, to which it belongs to have *Temples*, and which are made in the midst of *Dangers*, and what *Colours* does the Poet mean? Truly, said *Philanthus*, that is not clear, and I had not minded it. *Eudoxus* read afterwards the beginning of *St. Peter's Tears*.

*Ce n'est pas en mes vers qu'une Amante abusée  
Des appas enchanteurs d'un parjure Thésée,  
Après l'honneur ravi de sa pudicité,  
Laisée ingratement en un bord solitaire,  
Fait de tous les assauts que la rage peut faire,  
Une fidelle preuve à l'infidelite.*

'Tis not in my Verse, that a Mistress to be fond of the enticing Charms of Perjur'd Thelus, after she had been robbed of her pudicity, was ungratefully left on a Solitary Shoar, makes of all the Assaults that rage, is capable of a faithful proof to infidelity.

Most of those that read these two last Verses, fancy they understand them, because they have some Harmony, and seem to be Witty, and that the preceeding Verses are Sense; as for my part I do not understand all the Assaults that Rage is capable of, whereof *Adrienne* makes a faithful reproof to the infidelity of *Theseus*. However I must acknowledge, that these reflections on *Malherbe* were made by a worthy Friend of mine, who has a great deal of Judgment; and who, tho' he is but in the flower of his Age, is both an able and a wise Man.

*Malherbe* was himself very young, when he writ these Verses, and he in a manner disown'd them; if we will believe Learned Men, who yet say it cannot be deny'd, but that there are a great many fine things in this piece; and that as *Longinus* said of the *Odysses*, that it was a work of old Age, so it may be said of the Tears of *St. Peter*, that it is a work of Youth, but of *Malherbe's* Youth.



After all, reply'd *Eudoxus*, these reasons don't clear the six Verses which are obscure; they only excuse the Poet, and put a value upon the places of this Poem, the whole Piece wou'd not be the worse, if every thing was plain in it, at least it wou'd please me better, for I must confess, that the very shadow of Nonsense is dreadful to me.

The Song of the *Abortive*, continues *Eudoxus*, seemed excellent to you; and it does so still, reply'd *Philanthus*, for can any thing be better continu'd and manag'd.

Toy qui meurs avant que de naistre,  
 Assemblage confus de l'estre & du néant ;  
 Triste avorton, informe enfant,  
 Rebut du néant & l'estre ;  
 Toy, que l'amour fit par un crime,  
 Et que l'honneur défait par un crime à son tour,  
 Funeste ouvrage de l'amour,  
 De l'honneur funeste victime.  
 Laisse moy calmer mon ennuy :  
 Et du fond du néant ou tu rentre aujourd'hui,  
 Ne trouble point l'horreur dont ma faute est suivie.  
 Deux tyrans opposez ont décidé ton sort :  
 L'amour, malgré l'honneur, te fit donner la vie,  
 L'honneur, malgré l'amour, te fait donner la mort.

Thou that Diest before thou art Born, Confus'd, Compound of something, and yet nothing; sad Abortive, unform'd Child, refusal of nought and of something, thou product of Criminal Love, which Honour by a greater Crime destroys, thou fatal work of Love, and fatal victim of Honour; let me quiet my inward grief from the bottom of nought, where this day thou returnest. Don't increase the Horror which wracks me for my fault, two different Tyrants have determin'd thy doom. Love in spite of Honour forc'd me to give you Life, and Honour in spite of Love, forces me to seek thy Death.

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 cacozele  
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I like very well what is fine in this Song, the first Thought is happy, and the marvellous naturally agrees with Truth.

*Thou that Diest before thou wert Born.*

The last Thoughts are very just, and are perhaps but too exact, or at least too free.

Love in spite of Honour forc'd me to give thee Life, but a confus'd Compound of something and nothing, is not as clear as might be wish'd, no more than the refusal of nought and something, that is too bold to be clear. Ah, but answer'd Eudoxus, by your leave a little less Strength, and more Perspicuity for me, neither can I tell, whether what you think is so emphatical is really so, for according to the Masters of that Art, (\*) swoln Wits like bloated Bodies, are rather Weak than Strong, and are in the main Sick, however plump soever they appear.

Truly it requires a very nice Judgment to think so, that the Thoughts may be clear, and yet not weak; and to be understood by the meanest Capacities, and yet lik'd by Men of Parts.

As we do not here examine the Language, added he, I say nothing of a Grammatical fault, which is in the Tenth Verse of the Song of the Abortive, where *this day thou return*, instead of *returnest*, which did not Suit with the Poets conveniency, it is exactly the same fault, that we have observ'd in the Sonnet of the Looking Glass.

It is pleasant, said Philanthus, that chance would have these two Songs so fine in their kinds, have both the same faults of Grammar; that's nothing, said Eudoxus, as for me I had rather suffer a Solecism,

(\*) Nam tumidos & corruptos & tinnulos, & quocumque alio cacozeliæ genere peccantes, certum habeo non virium, sed infirmitatis vitio laborare; ut corpora non robore, sed valetudine infantur. Quintil. lib. 2. c. 3.

than the least Nonsense; the one is but against the Syntax, or use, the other is against good Sense, which should always have clear Thoughts and Expressions: Now that we speak of Solecismes, reply'd *Philanthus*, what say you of one of our Writers, who in a very serious work calls irregular Buildings, *Solecisms of Stone*. 'tis he that call'd Romances *Paper Juglers Sentences*, the *white Paper of Dictien*, and of Womens long Tails, *Cloth Hyperboles*. Besides that these Thoughts are mean, and somewhat Burlesque, reply'd *Eudoxus*, they have much of the nature of a Riddle, for they cannot be understood without guessing. Would it not be better to say nothing, than to speak Enigmatically? And is not *Maynard's* precept very reasonable?

*Mon ami, chasse bien loin  
Cette noire Rhetorique :  
Tes ouvrages ont besoin  
D'un devin qui les explique.  
Si ton esprit veut cacher  
Les belles choses qu'il pense :  
Dy-moy, qui peut t'empescher  
De te servir du silence ?*

*My Friend, put far from thee this dark Rhetorick, whose Words have need of a Conjurer to explain them, if thy wit would hide the fine Things of thy Thoughts, tell me, who hinders you from holding your Tongue ?*

I was t'other day in some Company, said *Philanthus*, where they examin'd this moral Reflection, *Gravity is a Mystery of the Body, invented to hide the defects of the Mind*. Every Body found this reflection Delicate, and full of Sense, but some thought it Dark and Obscure; this *Mystery of the Body* seem'd to them too *Mysterious*, and I should be of their Opinion, reply'd *Eudoxus*. And I like better, that which they said of the Action of the Orator, that it was the *Eloquence of the Body*, I am in pain to understand what that

that *Mystery of the Body* means, for I easily conceive what the *Eloquence of the Body* is, according to the Author of the *Moral Reflections*.

*There is an Eloquence of the Eyes, and Air of the Person, not less persuasive than Words.* I am convinc'd, said *Philanthus*, that clearness is necessary in Thoughts, but I would know precisely, why they are obscure sometimes; that happens very often, reply'd *Eudoxus*, because the Mind is obscure in its self; and does not always see the Things in their true Light, as its Notions are not clear, neither can then the words be clear, which are their natural Images. But to come to particulars, obscurity comes from a far fetcht Thought, as for Example, of a Metaphor, or a Comparison which has no Relation to the object of the Thought; as thus, *the Solecismes of Stone* are something obscure, for there is a great deal between a Solecisme, and a Building.

Many Metaphors join'd one with another, produce also this ill Effect, and we may say of the Thoughts, what *Quintilian* said upon discourse, (†) as the Metaphor renders the Discourse clear, when we employ it *A propos*, and when it is seldom us'd, it obscures it when it becomes frequent, and makes Riddles on't when we use it continually; the reason is, that so many strange Images mingled together, produce Confusion in the mind of the Readers, or the Authors; it happens so where two Metaphors not of the same kind are join'd, diminish something of the clearness of a Thought. I understand you, said *Philanthus*, and I see now, why the Thoughts of a knowing Person are much above her Sex, which has undertook to explain to us what the taste of Wit is, which is in so delicate a manner. Why (say I) did the true and solid thought not ap-

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(†) Ut modicus atque opportunus translationis usus illustrat orationem; ita frequens obscurat, continuus vero in allegoriam & anigma exit. *Quintil. lib. 8. c. 6.*

pear to me extremely clear? It without doubt desires the *tast*, which is a Metaphor, by a Harmony in their Nature, and I remember here is their Definition, *the tast is a Harmony according to the Mind and Reason*. You profit nothing by what is said, reply'd *Eudoxus*, and the Example which you have just now used proves my Argument, you must nevertheless confess, that if these two Metaphors darkens never so little the Definition, the Explication which is made, is clear enough to make it be understood by them, that will take the pains to search the depth, the other Definitions of the *Tast*, which I have read in a very fine Letter, reply'd *Philanthus*, will help us to understand the clear Notions and Distinctions. 'The *Tast*, says the Author of the Letter, is a natural Sensation of the Soul, and which is independant from all the Sciences that one can acquire, the *Tast* is nothing but a certain Relation which is found in the Mind, and the objects which it Represents, in short the good *Tast* is the first Motion or a sort of Instinct of right Reason that draws it, with Rapidity, and who Conducts it more surely than all the Reasons it can make.

These Distinctions are very fine and just, reply'd *Eudoxus*, they make me conceive, that the Author of the *Moral Reflections* had reason to say, that a good *Tast* proceeded more from Judgment, than Wit, they put me in mind of another of these Reflections.

*When our Merit is low, our Tast is low also:*

This is a delicacy which slips me, and 'tis perhaps my fault, said *Philanthus*, it seem'd to me that I understood these Reflections every time, I read them, for I have read the *Moral Reflection* more than once. But I find now that I understand them no more than you, and I believe that we have both the same Wit.

What



What if we have, reply'd *Eudoxus*, I am assur'd, that if the Author had taken a little more pains to understand his own Thoughts in the unfolding them more, they would have been more intelligible, for the Brevity always contributes to the obscurity, according to the words of *Horace*, when I would be short I am obscure, in effect it commonly happens, that squeezing Things too hard they are choak'd, when a thought is confus'd. it is not understood as it ought to be, the same is like a Geographical Chart, where the places are too much pent up: That the Rivers and Mountains, Cities and Suburbs has not room enough to be distinctly seen. *Thucydides*, was not always clear for fear of being concise, and too subtle in his Thoughts if we believe *Cicero*, (†) *Tacitus* is not clear, he often puts his discourse into so few words, that it is a pain to find out what he means, continued *Eudoxus*, and we must be Angels to Communicate our Thoughts without words, but not being so pure as Spirits, we are forc'd to have recourse to our Tongues, to explain our Thoughts, and these Thoughts are not to be understood without a certain number of words, if you retrench some things under pretence of rendring the Thoughts more strong, you fall infallibly into Obscurity. This is a fault which *Seneca*, and *Quintilian* reproach (\*) *Sallust* with, reply'd *Philanthus*, (†) one says this famous Historian, valu'd himself in his time for having his Thoughts concise, and a little obscure: The other said, you must avoid the brevity of *Sallust*, and that sort of his writing, which consists in breaking the meaning. Sometime there is, for all that, reply'd *Eudoxus*, a generous brevity which consists in employ-

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(†) Horum concisæ sententiæ, interdum etiam non satis aperte cum brevitate, tum nimio acumine. *Cicer. de Clar. Orat.*

(\*) *Salustio* vigente, amputatæ sententiæ, & obscura veritas fuere proculu. *Senec. Ep. 114.* (†) *Viranda illa Sallustiana brevitās, & abruptum sermonis genus. Quintil. lib. 4. c. 14.*

ing all the words that are needful, and leaving out what is not, or to use the same sometimes, which signifies several Things, (\*) it is that brevity which *Quintilian* thought so fine in *Sallust*, in relating what that Historian said of *Mithridates*, that he was arm'd with a great Stature. But as it was remark'd by *Quintilian* in the same place, when we imitate those places badly, we become obscure. *Tasso* did not imitate *Sallust* ill, reply'd *Philanthus*, in saying that one of his Hero's was as well arm'd in his own Person, as with his Buckler and Headpiece.

*E di fine armi, e di se stesso armato.*

'Tis less an Imitation, reply'd *Eudoxus*, than an honest theft. Is it not just, said *Philanthus*, that *Tasso* should make the Antients, pay for what the Moderns steal from him? I could cite you a Thousand, but I confine my self to one, which I remember the *Italian* Poet, in speaking of the *Po*, whose rapid course throws it self into the Sea with Violence, says, it is more like making War, than paying Tribute to the Sea.

————— *E pare*  
*Che guerra porti, e non tributo al mare.*

One of our Poets said almost the same upon a River.

————— *Le Tigre écumeux & bruyant*  
*Se poursuivant toujours, & toujours se fuyant,*  
*De sa fougueuse course étonne son rivage,*  
*Et porté pour tribut à la mer un orage.*

(\*) Est pulcherrima brevitās, cum plura paucis complectimur, quale illud *Sallusti* est. *Mithridates corpore ingenti perinde armatus: hoc male imitantes sequitur obscuritas. Lib. 8. c. 3.*

*The frothy noisy Tigris doth always fly, and yet follows himself, and by his rapid stream amaze the Shoar, he gives the Sea for his Tribute nothing but a Storm.*

That's visibly stolen, and all the difference that is between the *Italian*, and the *French*, is, that one is more just than the other, for Tribute and War has some Relation, or rather Opposition, and the sense of *Tasso* is fine, that an impetuous River should be an Enemy that Wages War against the Sea, and not a Vassal that brings it Tribute, whereas *Storm* and *Tribute* do not agree: The Tribute then here in question is Metaphorical, said *Eudoxus*; in a Metaphorical stile, what Tribute can suit better with the Sea than a Storm? This is exactly to present it with what it Loves, Being of its Nature so Tempestuous, and subsisting only in Storm. But to come to the brevity, pursu'd he, I find nothing better than to say much of this in few Words, so that we be but understood, but the difficulty is in being so, and all the secret consists in keeping the same Measure, that the Clearness diminish nothing of the Force, nor the Force of the Clearness.

That which puzzles one most, said *Philanthus*, is to see one says nothing, and yet speaks a great deal; and obscure though not short. The Sense, said *Eudoxus*, is commonly lost in a multitude of Words, and I always took notice, that a Man who talk'd most, understood less than he, who did not talk so much.

It seems to me, reply'd *Philanthus*, that Thought cannot be clear which has two Faces, and one does not know in what sense to take it, and doubts whether it be true or false. *Tacitus* is full of such Thoughts. Those on the Christians in the Troubles of *Rome* seems to me of this kind, (†) *They were no otherwise*

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(†) *Haud perinde in crimine incendii quam odio generis humani convicti sunt. Annal. lib. 15.*

*convicted*

*convicted of Burning the City, than by the hatred of Mankind, I don't know whether it is the hatred of the Christians to the Heathens, or the hatred of the Heathens to the Christians, and that the Reader who is not stupid ought to understand it at first sight. The Obscurity, said Eudoxus, comes from the Expression, and the Thought would be clear if the Historian had took the pains to remove the Equivocate hatred of mankind. The Epigram of Martial on the death of Cicero and Pompey, reply'd Philanthus, ends by a doubtful Thought which leaves the mind, undetermined concerning the truth of it. (†) Anthony committed a crime equal to that of Egypt, their Arms cut off two sacred Heads, one was the head of Victorious Rome, the other of Eloquent Rome; nevertheless, the Crime of Anthony is still greater than that of Photinus, this was a wicked fellow for the Service of his Master, the other for his own Interest.*

The Poet decides a thing which is not certain; and the Decision is the cause of the Difficulty; for he who is wicked for his Master, committed perhaps a greater Crime, than he who did it for his own Ends. And the Author of the Dissertation, which is at the head of the Collection of the choice Latin Epigrams, has remarked very well, that those who Sin for their particular Interest, are carried by self Love, and violent Passions, which diminish the Hainousness of the Crime, in diminishing the Liberty, whereas those which are the Ministers of the Passion of others have more sense of the Crime in the commitment, and consequently more Malice. Therefore the Proposition which makes the turn is not clear.

You have taken notice, said he, that the Obscurity of the Thought proceeds from the lameness of the

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(†) Antoni tamen est peior quam causa Photini: Hic facinus domino præstitit, ille sibi.

Sense;

(\*)  
sepult  
Carne  
quia p  
Brut.

Sense. If I dare explain my self in that manner, I mean, that the Sense is not compleat, and that they have sometimes Things in them that are Monstrous, like Statues that are imperfect or defac'd, which gives but a confus'd Idea of what they represent, or rather none at all.

*Tertulian* in his Book of the *Flesh of Jesus Christ*, says to prove the Truth of our Mysteries, (\*) *The Son of God is dead, that is Credible, because 'tis ridiculous, having been buried, is risen again, that is certain, because 'tis impossible.* I say that these Thoughts are not intire, that they are indigested, and for that reason they seem to be False, Extravagant and Incomprehensible. The Author would say, that the death of the Son of God is the effect of an infinite Charity, and not being within the Rules of humane Prudence, which finds it false to put the innocent to Death to save the Criminal, nothing renders the mystery of Faith more incredible, or less reasonable to the Eyes of Man. He would say, that the Resurrection of Jesus Christ surpasses all the force of Nature, and cannot be any other than the Work of a Power altogether Divine, that it is certain, that this God Man has taken again of himself a new Life, because it is impossible to rise again Naturally: But the Thoughts do not tell us what the Author would say, or if they do, 'tis so obscurely that they are not understood without much Study. In short, (†) these kind of empty and profound Thoughts are in some Measure like Abysses, whose depth dismays and startles the Sight, and I would willingly compare those Writers which do not think exactly, nor explain themselves clearly, to the Poet spoken of by *Gombaud*.

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(\*) *Mortuus est Dei filius: credibile est, quia ineptum est; & sepultus resurrexit: certum est, quia impossibile est. Tertull. de Carne Christi.* (†) *Præceptum quædam, & cum idcirco obscurum, quia peracuta, tum rapida & celeritate cæcuta oratio. Cicer. in Brut.*



*Ta muse en Chimeres seconde,  
Et fort confuse en ses propos,  
Pensant représenter le Monde,  
A représente le Chaos.*

*Thy Muse abounding with Chimera's, and very confus'd thinking to represent the World, has represented the Chaos.*

But now we are speaking of Nonsense and Obscurity, let's take care we fall not into the same error, tho' we shou'd not be the first which have hapn'd to do so. The Author of the Dialogues of *Timocrates* and *Philander*, who accuses the Author of the *Sanctity and Duty of a Monastical Life*. Is manifestly guilty of Nonsense and the same fault, in a place which required much Clearness, Perspicuity and good Sense. Here is the Book, I'll read you the Page.

‘Tis a glorious thing for Truth, to find in the Combates which are given her, a proof of the Power she must enjoy in the World. All the extravagancy of humane Hearts are expos'd to, in Matters of Religion, having had for their Foundation a Primitive Truth, which every one form'd himself an Idea after his own fancy.

That is not altogether Nonsense, added *Eudoxus*, but if I'm not mistaken, you shall see some presently, For we must not imagine, that Men have endeavour'd to destroy her; they attack'd her e're they were aware; they flatter'd themselves to see an agreement between her and the Passions; 'twas done, and that 'twas that lost her. The Libertine insensibly losing himself; the Superstitious is bubbled by his own Heart, who won't permit himself to see the secret Springs that carry him to the extended bounds of Truth; it proceeds only from the desire of extending his own, in making himself Arbitrer of Laws, to which he was to be subject,

I shou'd rather forgive the Author of those Dialogues a little Nonsense, said *Philanthus*, than a Libertine.

ertine railing Wit that affects scurrility throughout his Book, and I don't believe such a Work ought to be imputed to any but those who have abandoned Religion and Honour; but this is not the matter in question at present, and not to digress too far one of the most famous Writers on the other side, of the Mountains, seems obscure to me in the very place where he blames *Lucretius* for being so, *Lucretio* says he, *Con l'oscurita dello still Poetico non solo Veste del viso, non tanto fregio che adorni, quanto maschera che Nasconda*. In your opinion, what doth he mean in saying, that *Lucretius* covers with his Poetical Stile not only the Body, but the very face of the Thought, and that which covers the Face, is not so great an Ornament to set it off, as if it is a Mask to hide it.

For my part, said *Eudoxus*, I don't comprehend this much better than what a Platonick Teaches, that the Phantomes of the Morning, impress in the most beauriful Flower of the Spirit, represent themselves distinctly in the Looking Glasse of the Soul, where admirable reflections are to be drawn from those first Ideas, which are the forms of Truth. He means I suppose, that the morning Study is the best, for then the Spirits are strongest.

Upon my Word, reply'd *Philanthus*, I acknowledge freely, my dear *Eudoxus*, that upon stricter examinations I find but little difference between your taste and mine, and *Italian* and *Spanish* Authors for the future, will not have the power to please me as heretofore. You will be like those, interrupted *Eudoxus*, who by applying themselves to serious Study of things relating to the World, have been undeceiv'd at last; and be advised not to imitate that Fool, (\*) that imagined himself always upon the Stage seeing a Play, but being

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(\*) Pol, me Occidistis amici, Non Servastis, ait, cui sic extorta voluptas, Et demptus per vim mentis gratissimus error, *Horat. Ep. lib. 2. Ep. 2.*

Cured of his Error by a certain Liqueur, which his Friends made him take, complain'd of them as if they had Assassinated him.

'Tis a pleasant comparison, reply'd *Philanthus* smiling, but I deserve it for suffering myself to be charm'd with Harmonious Follies, (†) but you see I can quote *Horace* to the purpose, as well as you; indeed, pursu'd he, I am convinc'd now, that ingenious Thoughts like Diamonds ought to be valued more for their Solidity than their Brightness; and according to my fancy, (\*) it is deceiving ones self extremely, to believe that Vicious Eloquence can be plausible or reasonable, wherein they have no regard to decency, either in their Thoughts or Expressions, that run into excessive bombast in a subject, where the matter treats of nothing less, that confounds the Sublime with the Extravagant, the Fine with the Florid, and under pretence of a free Air and Briskness, launch out into Folly.

I rejoice, said *Eudoxus*, that at length you have quitted your false Ideas, and that you are no longer capable of preferring the Points of *Seneca*, to the good Sense of *Cicero*, and the tinsel of *Tasso* to the Gold of *Virgil*.

But, my dear *Philanthus*, least you fall again into your former Error, 'tis good to recal to your memory from time to time, what we have said concerning right thinking. I shan't forget, reply'd *Phylanthus*, that truth is the Life and Soul of Thought; that Nobleness, Agreeableness and Delicacy are the greatest Ornaments of it, (†) and Enhance the value, that nothing can be fine which is not Natural; and that there

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(†) Versus inopes rerum nugæque canoræ, *Hor. de Art. Pot.* (\*) Falluntur plurimam qui Vitiosum et corruptum dicendi genus quod aut puerilibus lascivis aut immodico tumore turgescit, aut inanibus jocis bacchatur aut casuris si leviter excutiantur, flosculis niter aut precipitia pro sublimibus habet aut specie libertatis insanit magis existimant popolare atque plausible. *Quintil. lib. 22. cap. 10.* (†) Ornatus Virilis fortis et Sanctus sit, nec effeminatam levitatem, nec fucos eminentem Colorem amet Sanguine et viribus niteat. *Quint. l. 8.6.3.*

is a vast difference between the Natural Complexion, and that which is Artificial, between real fat and being bloated, a Genteel Carriage, and Affectation.

Above all, don't forget, reply'd *Eudoxus*, that to be over-Nice, is the worst of all Affectations, and as in the Intrigues of the World, according to *Montagne*, we must not handle matters too Subtily, we must also be aware of those Thoughts, which are too fine in the Works of Ingenious Men; if Clownish Stamping be a fault, 'tis as great a one to walk always on Tiptoe, or to make another Comparison, 'tis better to be indifferently shap'd, than extreamly slender; but remember too, nothing is more opposite to true delicacy, than to explain things too much; and the Art consists, (\*) not to say all upon certain subjects, but slide over, rather than dwell upon them; in one Word, to leave more to the Reader's Thoughts than we have said of them. I wish, added he, every one wou'd remember what that Celebrated Accademick (who Translated *Virgil* into Verse) so admirably express'd in his Preface, speaking against those Poets, who imagin'd they shou'd arrive to the highest pitch in Poetry, if they left no room for the Reader's Thoughts. According to the Opinion of the Translator of the *Aeneids*, such Characters are even disagreeable in Conversation, and those who have made the World their Study, and the Art of pleasing, know that is not the method they shou'd take. Men are naturally so fond of their own production, and the Actions of the Soul which imitates the Creation, dazzles them, and deceives them so insensibly, that the Judicious Spirits observe, that one of the surest ways to please, is to leave the Ingenious room to exercise their Judgment in thinking and speaking, rather than speak and think all themselves, giving an insight only to the Reader, you may give him scope to employ his Faculties, and what he

(\*) Quædum non prolata majora videntur, & potius in suspitione relicta *Demetr. Phalar de Elocut.* (†) Nonnulla relinquenda lectori quæ suo Marte Coligat. *Demetr. Phal. de Elocut.*



produces he attributes to the effect of his own Genius and Ability, tho' it is but a consequence of the Authors dexterity, who shews him his Images, and prepares matter for him to work upon; if to the contrary, one explains himself too much, not only the pleasures that charms, and allures the Reader is took away, (\*) but it causes a secret indignation in his Heart, to find his Capacity mistrusted, and amongst the humblest Tempers, you'll find but few that are not mortified at the discovery of their own weakness.

Notwithstanding, remember that obscurity is very Vicious; and what appears dark to Persons of Understanding, cannot pass for Ingenuity; (†) *Quintilian* says, he strives most to be Thought a Wit, who has least of it, as a little Man struts to seem taller, and the greatest Coward Bullies most; in fine, we are guilty of this Error, according to the defect of our Judgment, and the depravity of our taste; and the great Master of Eloquence observes, (\*) a Thought ought to be so clear, that the Readers and the Auditors may understand without too much application of Mind to comprehend it; that is to say, it shou'd enter into their Genius, as the Light does into their Eyes without any Meditation; insomuch, that the Care of him that thinks, ought to be, not that his Thought may be understood, but to make it impossible not to be so.

In short, you have in my Opinion the manner of judging rightly the Works of the learned, taking the thing in its self without considering the Purity of the Language, or the politeness of the Stile.

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(\*) Qui omnia exponit auditori ut nulla mente predicto similis est qui auditorem improbat atque contemnit, ib: (†) Quo quisque ingenio minus valet hoc se magis attollere. (\*) Et dilatare Conatus ut statuta breves indigitos eriguntur, et plura infirmi Minantur erit ergo obscurior etiam quo quisque deterior, *Quint. l. Cap. 3.* Dilucida et negligenter, quoque audientibus aperta; ut in animi ratio tanquam sol in oculos etiam si in eam non intendatur incurrit quare nos ut intelligere possit, sed ne omnino possit, non intelligendum. *Idem lib. 8. c. 2.*



After all, reply'd *Philanthus*, it signifies but little to think well, if we explain our selves ill; and even the most beautiful Thoughts are unprofitable, according to the Masters of the Art, (\*) without the Ornament of Words.

Agreed, answer'd *Eudoxus*, yet it must be granted that nothing can be more Ridiculous, than a mighty sound of Words, even the most beautiful, and best chosen, when not supported by good Thoughts, and sound sense. I advise those, who write either in Verse or Prose to think well on the matter they design to compose, and that they should not only have read particular eminent Authors, such as writ in the time of *Augustus*, and the modern Pieces which approach nearest those excellent Originals, but when they write they should imagine several looking on as Judges of their very Thoughts; for Example, to avoid the false Lustre, it is necessary to propose to ones self a method, by which one may be able to judge right, naturally and reasonably; a Man must ask himself, would this please such a one? Would this stand the Test of *Patru*? It would not be amiss perhaps to have Cardinal *Richelieu* before your Eyes, whose discerning Judgment was not satisfy'd with the pretiness of the Subject, but it must be good also, for the latter excels the former infinitely; he observes that a famous Writer of his time, writ nothing for the Soul, but only for the Imagination, and the Ear; and his fancy in the Choice and Disposition of Words, the Numbers, and fine Turn of a Sentence, left him very often in what regarded the thought.

For great and noble Thoughts we should set before us, some of those elevated Genius's of our time, who cannot suffer any thing low or indifferent, and whose discourses are full of Sublimity.

For the agreeable and delicate, I should propose to my self *Voiture*, *Sarrazine*, and St. *Evreumont*, I thank

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(\*) Nulla utilitas cogitationis præclaræ est, si ei quis pulchræ locutionis non addiderit ornamentum. *Diogen. Halicar. de Collocat. verbo.*

you, said *Philanthus*, that you honour *St. Evremont*. What we have of his shews, an admirable Genius that penetrates, and enlivens all the matters he treats of, I say, what we have of his, for all is not his that goes under his name. And among those that pass as such, there are Supposititious ones that he publickly denies, and not without reason. But to return to our subject, reply'd *Eudoxus*, for the perspicuity of Thoughts, I would recommend *Coeffeteau's* Style, who according to *Vaugelas*, digested his Thoughts so finely, that Nonsense was no more compatible with his Wit, than Light with Darkness. It would not be amiss in regard of clearness to keep in mind some Body, whose Judgment is not so Penetrating, nor too easy of Conception, and to say to one's self sometimes, Sir, should such a one understand my meaning?

'Tis doubtless a good Way, said *Philanthus*, but one comes into my head which I think infallible, which is to avoid as much as possible the Style of certain known Authors, which I formerly admir'd, such as *Quintilian* mentions, (†) who refuse every thought that nature suggests to them, that never search for what adorns Truth, but for Vernish to lower it; (\*) who are pleas'd with nothing plain nor proper, and had their Works been anothers, they themselves would have found nothing delicate in them; who make use of the Figures and Metaphors of scurvy Poets; in fine, who believe they have no Wit, except they puzzle their Readers.

Believe me, reply'd *Eudoxus*, the surest method to arrive at that Perfection we describe, is to think to speak and write as one of our Friends did, who was the Glory of the Bar, (†) the loss of whom cannot

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(†) Quibus sordent omnia quæ natura dictavit qui non ornamenta querunt sed lenocinia *lib. 8. proem.* (\*) Quid quod nihil proprium placet dum parum Creditur disertum quod et alius dixisset a Corruptissimo quoque Poetarum figuras seu translationes mutuamur, tum demum ingeniosi scilicet ad intelligendos nos opus sit ingenio *ibid.* (†) *Mr. Pageau, a celebrated Lawyer in Paris.*

be enough lamented; for was there ever a greater Genius more agreeable, finer, or more polite?

It is very difficult, reply'd *Philanthus*, to match those great Models, but nevertheless 'tis good to propose them to one's self, and to imitate them as much as possible. He who you speak of, and which I suppose you forbear to Name, least it should renew the grief which the Death of so dear a Friend occasion'd, was one of those extraordinary Men rarely to be Parallel'd, and methinks 'tis pity such should ever Die.

He had, reassum'd *Eudoxus*, all the Perfections requisite for his Profession, and the Picture that was drawn for him is very like. That Peice gives him an agreeable Pronunciation, a free Gesture, an engaging Air, which Anticipates the Mind in his favour before he speaks; a natural Eloquence which pleases the more, having the less of Art, a marvellous Facility in the Management of a Cause, a happy command of Words accompanied with solid Sense, which charm'd the Auditors; there it is said he join'd the Sweetness, and strength together; that his Style was even, his Expressions modest, his Thoughts correct; that he avoided vain Glory, and swelling Bombast, far fetch'd Ornaments, and that false Lustre which some Authors strive to dazzle People with; but his Discourse was ever Perspicuous, Fluent and Sublime, never cringing and mean; they add, that he insinuated himself into People's minds, by the beauty of his Language, and the cleanness of his Arguments; he had a lucky way of exciting the Passions, and easily gain'd the Heart. For the rest, he included himself always within the bounds of reason, that he elevated himself without Passion, and abas'd himself with Dignity. In short, 'tis said, that great Man, beside his Qualifications for the Bar, had all those necessary for Society; that was honest, easie, obliging, disinterested; that he was a lover of Mirth, and that Business never prevented him from enjoying his Friends.

It might be added, reply'd *Eudoxus*, that he had not only an exact Probity, but a solid Piety; that being convinc'd of the truth of Religion, he perform'd all the Duties of it, that in his Person were united the true Christian, and the perfect Man of Honour, and what a great Man has said of him in one of his Harrangues, is perhaps the most perfect Elogy that can be made of him, the matter he propos'd to the Advocates as a Rule for their Conduct, was Religion.

'What Examples, said he, did not your Brother, whom Death has rob'd us of some Months ago, give? His Goodness, the beauty of his Genius, the agreeableness of his Wit, his Religious dealing with his Clients; but what was more his Justice, which render'd him to every body, as a defender of Truth in all important Causes, and the Judges had no less pleasure in hearing him, than the Parties had confidence in their Right, when asserted by such an Advocate.

There is in few Words a compleat Panegyrick, and so much the finer in that the Testimony of him that spoke so Authentickly of him, was confirm'd by an universal Approbation. 'Tis true, reply'd *Philanthus*, there was but one Voice on the Merit of our Illustrious deceas'd, and that even his Enemies, in spite of Envy did him Justice. Nay you may say, interrupted *Eudoxus*, that his upright Heart, and courteous Behaviour oblig'd all the World to love him; and that he was the Ornament, as well as the delight of the Bar.

We shall never conclude, said *Philanthus*, if we let our Thoughts range, but we must finish, and I must leave you for an Affair requires my Presence. After these Words *Philanthus* having took leave of his Friend, return'd to the City very well pleas'd with his Visit, and fully resolv'd to declare for good Sense, against the florid Emptiness of false Pretenders.

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